

The Belgium of the Future - BY ANTOINE BORBOUX
 February 1916

Price 6d^{NE}

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ACKENZIE'S
LING BOTTLE.
Cold in the Head, the
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stores, price 2/3, or per
e United Kingdom.
Jae, Castle St., London

ERNHARDT
h great success for Tint.
friends to use them."

PTUS
PASTILLES

ASTHMA,
CATARRH,
COUGH.

SRS, TEACHERS, etc.
Boxes, 13/6, and 25/6

VAGE, LONDON, E.C.



TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT



FOR
BEECHAM'S PILLS

THEY KEEP ME FIT AND WELL.





A DIFFERENCE.

The AutoStrop is different from every other kind of safety razor. Only those who have tried it can appreciate its vast superiority. You can put up a new keen edge on the blade daily—by simply slipping the strop through the razor and passing it to and fro.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

As a safety razor it eliminates risk; and its special construction eliminates the necessity of constant blade renewals and the time and trouble in cleaning which every other safety razor involves.

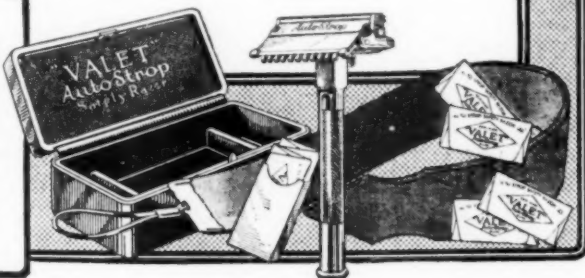
Of all high-class dealers throughout the World.

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD.,
61, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

And at New York, Paris, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

The word "VALET" on razors, strops, and blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London.

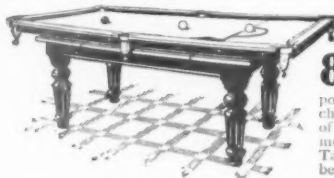
STANDARD SET,
as illustrated, comprising heavily silver-plated self-stropping safety razor, first quality "Valet" horsehide strop and 12 finest lancet steel tested "Valet" blades, the whole in handsome leather-covered or nickel-case, lined or velvet and satin 21/-



Home Billiards!—never was a jollier “whileaway” for empty Winter evenings

IN the vacant hours from dinner to bed-time—it’s then that the young people feel the boredom of doing-nothing—then’s the time to bring out the “Riley,” and in a trice you’ve got them so fascinated they’ll never think of looking outdoors for amusement.

Fascinating?—well, everyone seems to want a hand in it at once; and there’s one thing about Riley’s Home Billiards—everyone, from ten-year-old Tommy to grandfather, can easily become skilful on a Riley’s Billiard Table. And even the expert player finds that so well-finished and well-proportioned are Riley’s Tables that on the smallest size one can make the most delicate run-through stroke or long pot, and play every stroke with the same nicety as on a full-size table.



Riley’s Miniature Billiard Tables.

To rest securely on any dining table. Solid mahogany, French polished, with best slate bed, low frost-proof cushions, ivory or crystalate balls, and all accessories included.

Riley’s no-trouble way to pay.

8/6 Send 8/6 postal order to us this evening, and within a few days the 5-guinea size Riley Miniature Table (the most popular size) will be dispatched, carriage paid (no charge for packages), to any address within a mile of railway station. The remainder you pay in twelve monthly instalments of 8/6. Any other price of Table in 12 equal monthly payments, 5 per cent. being added to cash price.

Cash prices are as follow:—

Size 4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in.	£3 7 6	Or in 12	5 0
“ 5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	£4 7 6	monthly pay-	7 0
“ 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	£5 5 0	ments 5/6	8 6
“ 7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in.	£7 5 0	being added to	11 0
“ 8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	£10 0 0	cash price	16 0

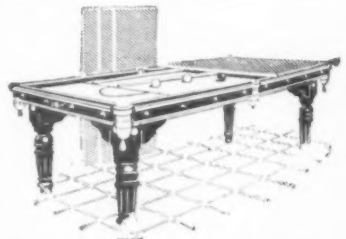
Riley’s “Combine” Billiard-and-Dining Table.

Handsome as a dining table and perfect as a Billiard Table. Solid mahogany; low frost-proof rubber cushions; best slate bed; patent automatic raising and lowering action. Dining table top of highly polished mahogany.

Cash prices are as follow:—

Size 6 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in.	£13 10 0
“ 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.	£15 0 0
“ 7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in.	£18 10 0
“ 8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.	£24 10 0
“ 9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 10 in.	£32 0 0

Or in 12 monthly payments, plus 5 per cent. on above cash prices.



FREE.—On receipt of post card full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries.

TRY FREE—for Seven Days

Couldn’t be a better guarantee of satisfaction than Riley’s promise to accept the Table back if after seven days’ trial you are dissatisfied. Send first instalment at once and make this test quite free.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., **Brandon Works, ACCRINGTON.**

London Showrooms—147 Aldersgate Street, E.C.



Filled in a moment with an ink pellet and water.

THE Onoto is the one really satisfactory pen for active service.

Pens which leak when turned upside down or which require glass fillers are useless at the Front.

When closed the Onoto will not leak in any position, and can be sent by post full of ink. The Onoto Pen needs no filler, it fills itself in a moment from any ink supply, or when liquid ink is not available ink pellets can always be used.



Directions for filling the Onoto by means of ink pellets:—

- 1.—Unscrew the head of the pen at "A" and pull out the rod to its full extent.
- 2.—Unscrew the nib carrier at "B" and drop one ink pellet into the barrel of the pen.
- 3.—Replace the nib carrier and screw up tight.
- 4.—Fill the pen with water as if filling with ink by holding the nib and top of the nib carrier under water and pushing home the rod "A." This crushes the pellet and the water rushing into the pen dissolves it instantly, the pen will then be filled with ink. If there is a little clear water left in the nib it can easily be shaken out.

**Needs no Filler.
Will not leak
in any position.**

Military Size
Black Vulcanite
10/6

Onoto

THE Pen

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.

IF YOU ARE GREY-HAIRED TRY THIS REMEDY FREE

Wonderful Scientific Method of Restoring Natural Colour to the Hair Without Dyes.

How You may at once Commence to regain the Natural Rich Colour of Your Hair.

IF you are grey-haired, if your hair is just "turning" at the temples, this announcement, which offers you a complete free-of-cost trial supply of a wonderful new discovery that ensures the return of hair colour in a speedy, permanent manner, particularly interests you.

It has been proved conclusively in a host of cases that the wonderful discovery, "Astol," restores the rich colour of the hair in a natural manner, and so that all who are grey or turning grey may practically test this, Mr. Edwards, the discoverer, has decided to send the first supply of "Astol" free of cost to all who wish to once again look young and get back all the fine, healthy, natural colour of their hair.

"Astol" is not a dye or stain. Its action on the hair is most interesting. As this wonderful liquid is applied, so the starved colour cells take it up, and gradually from the roots upwards there comes back all the original colour of the hair itself.

**NO MATTER WHY YOU ARE
GREY—THIS RESTORES
COLOUR.**

Whatever the cause, or however long your hair has been robbed of its natural colour, your free supply of "Astol" will at once commence to restore the natural original colour, just as it was five, ten, twenty, or even thirty years ago.

Every grey-haired man or woman should accept the generous offer made here, and send for the free supply of "Astol," with full instructions for use. In a few days you will notice a change, and if you continue your hair will regain all its original colour.

With the Free Supply of "Astol" will be sent a Trial Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the delightful hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the hair for the application of "Astol."

YOUR FREE GIFT.

If you are troubled with any of these signs:

Patchy Greyness	Streaky Greyness
Temple Greyness	Greyness over the Ears
White Hair	Recent or Outstanding Greyness

send the form below, and you will receive:—

1. A free trial bottle of "Astol," the natural scientific remedy for grey hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the hair for the application of "Astol."
3. A free copy of the remarkable book, "Good News for the Grey Haired," that tells all about "Astol," and how to carry out the simple home treatment.



—is a natural scientific preparation which even in most advanced cases of grey hair will prove immediately effective in restoring colour. You may test "Astol" free by sending the form below.

After you have experienced the delight of seeing your grey hairs beginning to regain their former colour and lustre with a ten-fold beauty and attraction, you can always obtain further supplies of "Astol" from any chemist at 2/9 and 4/11 a bottle, or direct, post free, on remittance, from the Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

Foreign and Colonial readers can secure supplies of "Astol" and any of Edwards' Harlene Co.'s preparations from all chemists in all parts of the globe, or direct from the London address given here, in exchange for International Post Office Money Orders, which should also cover postage.

POST THIS GIFT COUPON NOW

**To EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,
20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.**

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of "Astol." I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

QUIVER, Feb., 1916.

Very Acute Kidney Disease

Cured of Renal Colic by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Mr. Ingram, Wilts

Sufferers from kidney troubles will find new hope in the story told by Mr. S. A. Ingram, of West End, Westbury, Wilts. Mr. Ingram had suffered for two years, and suffered intensely. All the medicine he had taken had proved useless, and he had made up his mind that an operation was the only means of obtaining relief. Yet he was cured without operation by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. He says:—"I had been suffering from kidney disease for two years, and was so weak I could not get up or down stairs by myself; indeed, I could hardly walk. My complaint was called renal colic, and caused me much pain. Even to breathe freely started sharp pains in my side and back. I had much trouble with my bladder, and there was always a thick deposit. Another trying affliction was that I could get no proper sleep. I had been off work for over four months by this time, but I felt none the better for the rest. Of course I had been taking doctors' medicines, and had tried other things besides, but nothing did me any real good. Then I was advised to undergo operation, but on getting to the hospital found there was not a bed vacant, so had to come home again.

"Then I decided to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I am very glad I did. The first result was that they enabled me to sleep. After that I began to feel better. The pain went out of my side and then out of my back. Soon I was well enough to get back to work. I have now been working five months, and have not felt any return of the complaint."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

**SEND FOR A
FREE BOX.**

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box BK7, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmotic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Spinal Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Anemia	Mal-nutrition	Premature Decay

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1/-, 1/3, and 3/- the 3/- size being the most economical.



Supremacy!

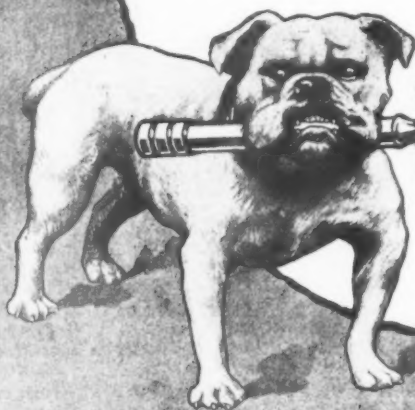
Like the British Army, the "Clemak" has firmly established its ascendancy. It may be outnumbered, it cannot be beaten. It may be attacked by every weapon known to commercial warfare, but still it triumphs. Sheer merit! That's the secret of "Clemak" success.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5!

No loose parts to worry about and no adjusting—it's simplicity itself. And so safe you can shave in a dim light—or in the dark if necessary. Cleaned in a moment—Stropped in a minute—and a blade so keen that all the science in the world can't make it keener.

Obtainable from all **Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, &c.**, or post free from the Clemak Razor Co., 17 Billiter Street, London, E.C.

Sole Australasian Agents—W. PLANT & CO, MARKET STREET, SYDNEY.



5/-

Silver-plated Clemak Razor with stropping handle and Seven blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, Twelve specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine, with velvet hide Strop

10/6

BRITISH MADE



The Charm of a Garden.

PREPARE now that your garden this year may be a perfect picture, full of glorious bloom and sweet perfume. Think of the summer and scent of Sweet Peas, and remember that Eckford's Sweet Peas are recognised by experts as the finest one can possibly grow. Below we give a list of our most popular Collections that will make your garden a veritable wealth of bloom right on until the Autumn.

Genuine Eckford Seeds can only be obtained direct from Wem. No agents are employed.

SPECIAL SWEET PEA COLLECTIONS FOR 1916.

Villa "A" Collection.

50 Splendid Varieties, 25 seeds of each, exquisite for garden effect and cutting. All free flowering and strong. A fine range of colour. Price **10s.**, post free for cash.

Villa "B" Collection.

24 Varieties. A splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting. 50 seeds of each. Price **5s. 6d.**, post free for cash.

Exhibitors "C" Collection.

24 Splendid Waved Varieties, excellent for any purpose, fine for exhibition. 10 seeds of each. Price **5s. 6d.**, post free for cash.

Villa "D" Collection.

10 Varieties. The same as Villa "C" exactly, only 25 seeds of each variety. Price **1s. 6d.**, post free for cash.

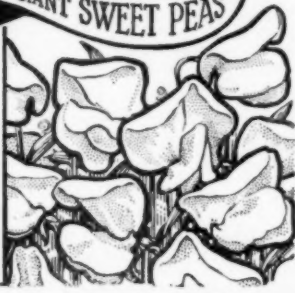
We also send a specially written *Tractlet on the Culture of Sweet Peas FREE* with each Collection.

FREE Send a Post Card to-day for large Illustrated Catalogue. It gives all particulars of the **NEW SWEET PEAS** for 1916, and contains a full list of **ALL FLOWER and VEGETABLE SEEDS** necessary for your garden.

HENRY ECKFORD, F.R.H.S., Seed Crower & Specialist, Dept. 58, WEM, SHROPSHIRE.

Eckford's

GIANT SWEET PEAS



W. HARBROW, Iron Building Works, S. BERMONDSEY STATION, S.E.

Telegrams—"Economical, London."

Telephone—Hop 746 & 747.

Design 1033.

BUNGALOW, containing Drawing-room, Dining-room, Three Bedrooms, and usual Offices. Constructed of timber framework, roofing red diagonal asbestos tiles, walls "Rough Cast" plastering.

Price **£310**, including foundations, chimneys, and fittings.



Design 1054.

PAVILION, containing Club, Refreshment and Dining-rooms, Two Dressing-rooms, Lavatory and Front Verandah.

Price **£136**, delivered and erected on purchaser's foundation.



110 PAGE CATALOGUE of Churches, Chapels, Mission Halls, Bungalows, Cottages, Billiard Rooms, Stables, Hospitals, Sanatoria, Stores, Club Rooms, Farm Buildings, Sheds, Gymnasiums, Aeroplane and Motor Garages, Skating Rinks, and Electric Theatres, &c., **POST FREE** on mentioning this Publication.

SPECIAL EXPORT CATALOGUE.

THE LARGEST ACTUAL MANUFACTURER IN THE TRADE.

THE QUIVER

CRIMPOLINE HAIR-CURLING FLUID

Beautiful natural curls or waves produced in a few days without the aid of tongs or pins. Crimpoline will make your hair soft and silky and keep it curly in roughest weather. It is neither greasy nor sticky. When once the hair curls with Crimpoline it always remains curly or wavy with very little attention. Crimpoline cleanses and restores faded or dull hair, and always keeps it fresh and young. It has also the advantage of being a splendid hairdressing. Results will surprise you.

1/9 and 2/6 a bottle, postage 3d. extra.



PERALIA

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

There is no waiting. First application shows a wonderful improvement to the most troublesome complexion. Further applications enhance your beauty still more. The more you use Peralia the more beautiful you become.

If you are already beautiful Peralia will intensify your beauty; moreover, existing beauty is always retained if Peralia is used occasionally. Peralia has wonderful powers, removes Redness, Greasiness, Roughness, Sallowiness, Tan, Freckles, etc. Restores youthful beauty lost through age, illness, or worry. Imparts to faded cheeks a youthful bloom and freshness. Makes the hands and arms soft and white. 1/- and 2/6 a bottle, postage 3d. If your Chemist or Drug Store is out of stock send direct to us; take no substitutes!

PERALIA PERFUMERY CO. (Dept. E.), NORTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.



"Real good toffee always did appeal to me—that's why I eat Mackintosh's now."

It's the one sweet that delights grown-ups, and its pure deliciousness never fails to captivate

the children—it's pure, wholesome and nutritious—cannot pall or satiate.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh way."

Just Toffee-de-Luxe cunningly blended with real English Mitcham Peppermint.

Fig 11

4 lb. tin, 5/-; 1/4 lb. loose, from all Confectioners; sold also in 1/2 tins.

viii

BLUSHING

Remarkable discovery that will interest every man and woman suffering from involuntary Blushing.

EFFECTIVE TREATMENT THAT PERMANENTLY REMOVES

THE CAUSE.

Men and women who suffer from involuntary blushing need no longer despair. Out of a mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their self-consciousness can be so thoroughly removed, that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had this embarrassing complaint. Mr. S. K. Temple is the scientist who has formulated this marvellous home method, that cures to stay cured. The treatment he prescribes goes to the very root of the disease, and cures it, so that the frequent blushing and flushing becomes a thing of the past. Mr. S. K. Temple wishes it understood that his method of cure is different entirely to the many others which have given only temporary relief. This new method is a simple home treatment that members of either sex can easily follow to a perfectly satisfactory issue—i.e. a permanent cure. By sending your name and address, and enclosing stamp to pay postage, to **Mr. S. K. TEMPLE (Specialist), 39 Maddox St., Hanover Square, London, W.**, you will receive full description of this remarkable method, which will enable men and women, previously nervous and shy, now to take their places in Society with pleasure and ease, and get greater profit from their business. The description is posted to you free, in a perfectly plain sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily you can be permanently relieved of blushing and flushing of the face and neck, and it will pay you to write to-day; don't neglect to do so.

CHIVERS'
Barpet Soap
CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW
AT ALL STORES 6^d



EARN 25 TO £20 WEEKLY. Ladies and gentlemen are required at once to learn Advertising business at home in spare time under expert direction. You can qualify for good positions and profitable home work in short time. Write to-day for Illustrated Book explaining how. Dept. Q R, Page-Davis Co., 113 Oxford Street, London, W.

NOTE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements in Provincial Newspapers. Full particulars as to this class of publicity, by means of a large number of the above circulating in England, Scotland, and Ireland, may be had on application to the Manager, Advertisement Department, CASSELL & COMPANY Limited, La Belle Sauvage, Lodgegate Hill, London, E.C.

THE SWEETNESS OF PERPETUAL YOUTH



If you wish a Lovely Skin, free from Spot and Wrinkle, Massage the Face, Hands, and Arms with **M. F. T. SOCIETY'S SKIN FOOD COMPLEXION WAX**. Yes, this Every-Weather Treasure corrects extremes of Sun, Wind, Fog, Frost, etc. Refines away Wrinkles or other traces of Work, Worry and Years. 2/2 and 4/9, post free. It prevents Hairs growing on Face.

COMFORT FOR BEAUTY FEET

THOMPSON'S MAGIC CORN PLASTER

Quickly cures Corns, Bunions, and Swollen Joints, and restores the feet to their natural beauty. Large Sheet, post free, 1/3. Only from

M. F. THOMPSON, "Homo" Pharmacy, 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.



Hall's Wine never fails

It is one thing for a tonic to "patch up" a patient who at worst is only slightly below par; it is quite another thing to restore nerve to a shattered man; to restore full strength to a man grievously weakened by wounds, loss of blood, or severe operation.

Hall's Wine is doing and has done these things; we have abundant and conclusive proof of it. And what Hall's Wine has done for our soldiers, Hall's Wine will just as surely do for you. *It never fails.*

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic

Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If after taking one-half you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we will refund your outlay.

Large size, 3/6.
Of Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers, etc.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., L.D., BOW, LONDON.



501



YOU CAN SIT AT THE PIANO and Play tunes TO-DAY

by

Naunton's National Music System

This is not the impossible task which some people would have you believe. With Naunton's music to guide you, the piano is the easiest instrument in the world to play, for there is no drudgery, no practising tiresome exercises, no scales, sharps, flats or accidentals, no unexpected or unnecessary difficulty whatever.

Naunton's National Music System is not a mechanical device nor a vamping method, but a **SIMPLE, RAPID & PERFECT System of Musical Notation** which you can learn to read, play and understand almost instantaneously. You play tunes on your very first lesson.

Over 50,000 people are already playing the piano by it

Playing with taste and skill, charming other people, delighting themselves, getting more and more enjoyment out of life every day, and all because they ventured to try Naunton's National Music System. They proved for themselves that what we claim to be true is true, and the opportunity is now offered to you also.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this page and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your **1/-** with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our **"Special No. 1,"** containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to **you** just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

We say for ourselves only what our pupils are more than willing to say for us. Just read their

CLEAR TESTIMONY TO THE IMMENSE VALUE OF OUR WONDERFUL SYSTEM

This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System: "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

From a Proud Mother: "Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

From a Composer: "I think it A1, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

From many Pupils whose testimony can all be rolled into one: "When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stated. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which would help persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. Naunton's National Music System is splendid. It is the acme of simplicity, and is as perfect as it is simple."

From a Pupil who thinks that one good turn deserves another: "I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them are sending to you for their lessons."

THE ORIGINALS OF THE ABOVE AND THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR LONDON OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.
Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your **"Special No. 1,"** published at **2/-**, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a THOROUGH musician by your Course of instruction.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

Revelations of A Mysterious Force.

REMARKABLE FEATS OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE DEVELOPED
THE WONDERFUL POWER OF HYPNO-MAGNETIC ATTRACTION

Magnificent Gift to Every "Quiver" Reader, of a Beautifully Illustrated Book on Personal Influence, Art of Fascination, Magnetic Healing, Telepathy, Hypnotic Suggestion, Memory, Concentration, Etc., Etc. Together with Special Illustrated Lessons on How to Read the Secret Motives and Judge at a Glance the Character of others.

For some time past newspapers and periodicals have given prominence to articles regarding the world-wide mental-culture campaign of London's foremost psychologist, Mr. Norman Barclay, yet it is doubtful whether, among those who have read the announcements, there are any who fully realise the wonderful possibilities his discoveries have opened up for people in every walk of life.

WONDERFUL RESULTS. It is nothing short of marvellous to see the transformation which invariably follows the application of his simplified rules in the case of all who are psycho-mentally undeveloped. Facts alone can give an adequate idea of the rapidity and ease with which his followers accomplish the most astonishing feats, for which reason the correspondence now made public will be found instructive.

UNDENIABLE EVIDENCE. The following letters are but a few chosen haphazard from the great accumulation in Mr. Barclay's files, but they suffice to show the remarkable nature of his teachings.

'DEVELOPS PERSONAL INFLUENCE.'

20 Aubrey Street,
Middlesbrough, Eng.

"I found what I have been seeking for years—so plain and simple. Even after a little practice of the first Course, you feel your powers developing."—F. J. TOPPER.

"MAY GOD BLESS YOU."
61 So. Main Street, Concord,
N.H., U.S.A.

"I must write you a few lines to tell you that I am happier, and my enemies cannot destroy all the good. I wish I knew you before. May God bless you! You are my dearest and best friend and I will not forget you all my life."

CLEMENT CROUCH.

"MY SALARY WAS INCREASED THE FIRST WEEK."

21 Travers St., Norwich, Eng.

"The first week I possessed the Barclay System I had an interview with my Managing Director and was granted an advance in wages, besides being greatly complimented. There is no doubt, Mr. Barclay, that you have brought into this world of ours a most wonderful and remarkable System."—FRED WALTON.

"TO ELEVATE AND CIVILISE HUMANITY."

Château Bellingham, Aix-les-Bains, France.

"I consider the Barclay System has great educational value, with a tendency to elevate and civilise humanity, and I trust it may have a large circulation."—ALICE BELLINGHAM.

"CONFIDENCE INCREASED! MEMORY IMPROVED!"

Cef Elin, Osbaston, Monmouth, Wales.

"I must say that the advice on Memory Training is very good, and after following it, I find my memory is greatly improved—even in this short time. It is really surprising what success follows

confidence. It has successfully carried me through two very difficult interviews."—E. SELINA WHITE.

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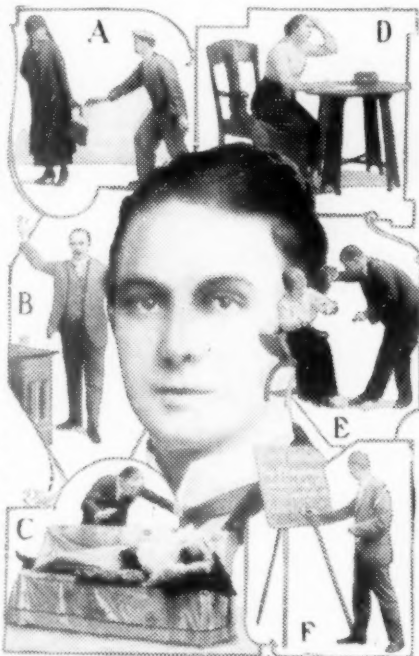
Is there any person whose *real* character you would like to discover? Do you want to know whether you can improve yourself—make yourself stronger—more powerful and more successful? If so, then now you have an opportunity.

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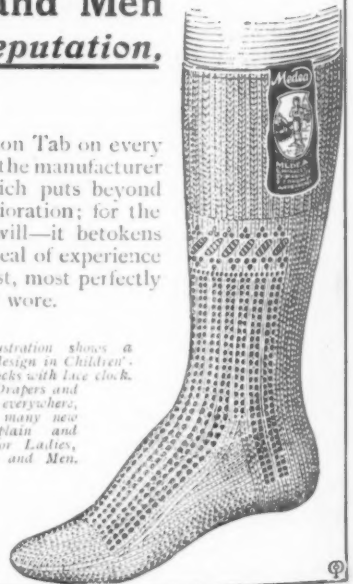
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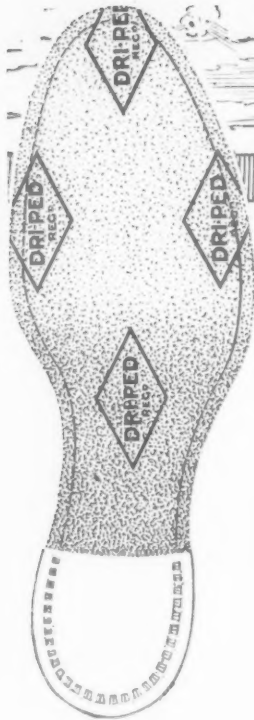
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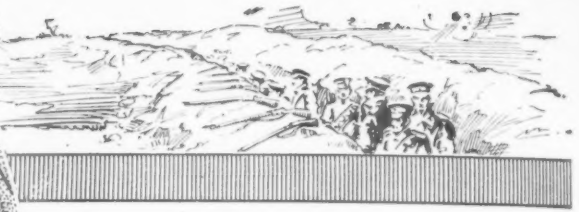
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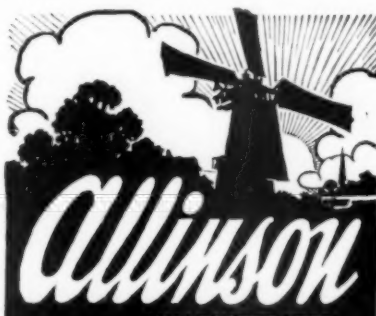
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May I earnestly commend to your sympathetic consideration the claims of the charities mentioned in the following pages?

I shall be most pleased to receive and pass on subscriptions for any of these. No deductions are made for office expenses.

Your friend,

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.
January, 1916.

The Editor

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2/6 Gifts

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72nd Annual Report sent on application.

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THE QUIVER

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"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

The following is a list of contributions received up to and including December 31, 1915:

- For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: "Anonymous" (W. Bromwich), £5; E. M. Newnham, 15s.; Miss Mann, £3; E. Moxon, 2s.; "Anxious Mother," 10s.; R. M. D., 3s.; South Parish Bible Class, 5s.; J. H. and A. Webster, 5s.; "A Reader," 2s. 6d.; "Henry," £1; Mrs. Rickaby, 5s.; E. Jackson, 2s. 6d.; "Christmas Joy," 10s.; H. D., £1; S. and J., 2s. 6d.; Wm. Walker, 10s.; "Canuck," 2s. 6d.; E. A. M., 5s.; E. N. and L. N., 5s.
For *The Ragged School Union*: "Anonymous" (W. Bromwich), £5; E. M. Newnham, 15s.; Miss Mann, £3; E. Moxon, 2s.; H. D. O., £2; "Canuck," 2s.; Wm. Walker, 10s.; "Christmas Joy," 10s.; Miss E. Jackson, 2s.; "A Reader," 2s. 6d.
For *Dr. Grenfell's Work*: "A Friend," 2s. 6d.; A. D. M. N. Y., 5s.; Miss Mann, £3; Kate Halliday and Friend, £5; Lady Mordaunt, £1; T. G. Gill, 5s. 2d.; June B. Lanson, 10s.; A. Laing, 21s.; F. Wright, 3s.; Miss M. Cook, 5s.; Miss E. B. Pike, £1; Mrs. C. M. Tracy, 21s.; Miss A. L. Byatt, 2s. 6d.; Miss K. M. Smith, 2s. 6d.; M. A. S. Owston, 10s.;

- M. H., 2s. 6d.; Miss M. G., 5s.; E. H. Daniell, 5s.; Mrs. Wallace, 1s.
For *The British Home and Hospital for Incurables*: H. D., £1; E. Moxon, 2s. 6d.; F. A. M., 5s.; B. S., 10s.; Wm. Walker, 5s.; J. H. and A. Webster, 5s.; Mrs. Miles, 2s.; S. Rosser, 10s.
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For *The West London Mission*: E. Moxon, 2s. 6d.
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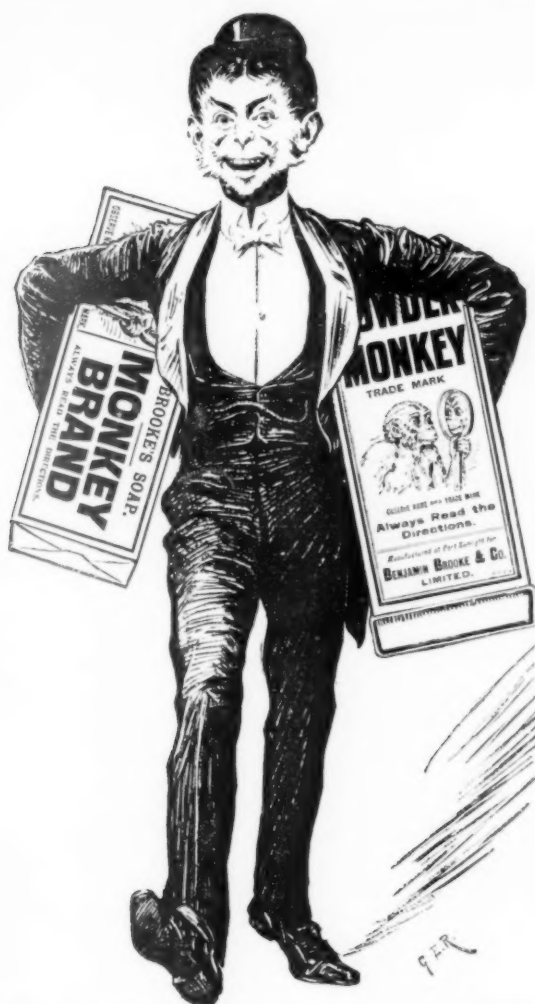
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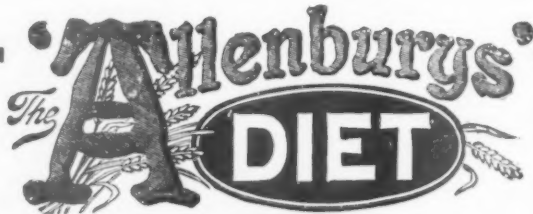
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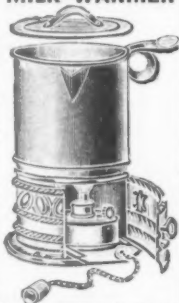
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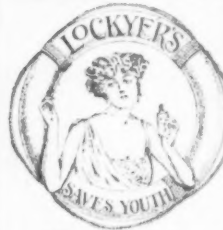
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THE QUIVER



VOL. LI, No 4

FEBRUARY, 1916

THE KING'S WAR YEAR

A Royal Record

By A. C. MARSHALL

A detailed retrospect, showing our Ruler's personal effort and keen self-sacrifice in this period of turmoil.

RIGHT in the heart of the maze of apartments that form Buckingham Palace there is a room to which all save the King and one or two of his private secretaries are denied admission. The room is near His Majesty's private writing-room, which is known by the officials as the "King's office," and in this room there are the most elaborate maps and plans of each of the war fronts, every one of them noted and belagged from hour to hour as dispatches are received.

Following the Flag

By our Constitution the King may not go forth sword in hand and lead his armies in the field, but he fights afresh each battle in this secret map-room, and as by training and military knowledge he is a strategist, it follows that he is as closely in touch with the doings of his forces from day to day as it would be possible for him to be without actually accompanying them as their personal leader.

But, after all, the maps are only the visual interpretation of the very latest and uncensored tidings of the various fray. The receipt of the tidings in the form of telegraphic dispatches brings to the staff at Buckingham Palace an enormous amount of work, and, wherever the King should happen to be, a vitally important message

is flashed to him, even should he have retired for the night.

And this keen, alert, practical following of the events of the Great War, which to a man of considerable energy would have occupied a great part of his day, has to the King merely formed an additional feature of his routine. Moreover, the war has brought in its train an enormous number of royal tasks that do not pertain in peace time; and it may be said indeed that the strife has metamorphosed the inner life of King George and his family completely, inconceivably more so than it has affected the lives of his subjects, either patrician or plebeian.

From Christmas to Christmas

To commence our review of the great year of war as it concerns our King and Emperor we cannot do better than pick up the threads at the Christmas of 1914. The German onrush into France has been strongly checked and the Russians are advancing pluckily on two fronts. There come stories of British and German soldiers fraternising across the narrow space that divides the trenches of the combatants, and we like to think they take breath for a moment until Yuletide has passed. The King is at Sandringham, spending Christmas quietly with his family at York



The King reviewing
Troops at Aldershot.

Photo:
Record Press

Cottage. The usual seasonable treat has been arranged for the tenantry.

The Start of the War Year

This is the start of the War Year that is to be fraught with so much doubt, difficulty, and anxiety, and here it would be well to give some details of the method and thoroughness with which King George approaches the thousand and one duties and tasks that fall to his lot, many of them such as might be avoided by a sovereign less conscientious. Let us imagine, as has actually occurred, that the King decides to present baskets of fruit to certain hospitals for wounded soldiers over a given period.

The outcome of this decision is that a responsible officer of the household visits the gardens or hot-houses where the fruit is grown and there ascertains the precise quantity that will be in due time available. Following upon this visit, letters are written to the matrons of the particular hospitals concerned acquainting them with the fact that the fruit will be dispatched at a certain time by a specified route. The letters are couched in the usual courtly terms, "I am commanded by the King," etc., and are signed by the chief of the responsible

department. The King does not actually see the letters, but no letter opening in this strain is ever penned without his express orders, and "I am commanded," etc., is in no circumstances a mere empty phrase.

As a matter of fact, in dealing with incoming and outgoing correspondence no great commercial magnate could be more painstaking or exacting. In London the King's letters are specially delivered at 7 o'clock each morning, and wherever he may be this early rule is followed when at all practicable.

A proportion of the letters may be so marked as to indicate a semi-personal or private character, and these may only be opened by the chief private secretary, Lord Stamfordham. Other letters are opened by lesser secretaries, and classified under four or five different headings. In London the King's business day is arranged to begin at 9 a.m., but during the latter months of the past year previously to his accident he started even earlier, his first duty being invariably the morning's post, and a considerable number of the replies were personally inspired by the Sovereign himself.

This duty occurs wherever His Majesty may happen to be, and we may well imagine its performance during those few days at

THE KING'S WAR YEAR

Sandringham at Christmas. And at this time there were gracious messages to be sent to the Army and to the Navy; and the framing of these greetings is in no sense a mere matter of empty form, but has the keen co-operation of the King himself. There were the usual attendances at Church, and on January 3rd a special intercession service at Sandringham, at which the Bishop of Norwich officiated, whilst on the next day the Royal Family returned to Buckingham Palace.

And at this point we may well touch more closely upon the many personal self-sacrifices the King has made over the war. The precise amount of money that he has subscribed so generously to the different funds probably not half a dozen people know, but it must represent an enormous sum, and a considerable proportion of the royal daily post must be made up of direct appeals to the Sovereign. Those of us who are students of the newspapers will remember also that none of the customary donations have been withdrawn, and hardly a day passes without its little two-line notice: "The King has sent his annual subscription of £21 to —," etc., so that all this untalented munificence in the matter of war gifts is clearly an additional outgoing from the royal purse.

But beyond the rather sordid question of mere money, His Majesty has given up sport of all kinds. He is one of the best shots in the kingdom, and is passionately devoted to shooting,

yet during the war has not once used his gun. At the same time, it is probable that more game than usual has been killed in the royal coverts for the purpose of supplying the multitudinous hospitals. Yachting is another favourite pastime of King George, yet not once has he been afloat on pleasure bent since the war broke out on the very eve of Cowes Regatta. Nor is there need to dwell upon the fact that the King has for the period of the war banished all stimulants from the royal table.

January 5th was devoted to audiences of the most important character and to a visit to the War Relief Exhibition. On the two



The King inspecting
Public School Boys at Drill.

Photo:
Record Press.

THE QUIVER

following days the King was at St. John's Wood and at St. George's respectively, visiting the wards of wounded soldiers. On the 9th he journeyed to Brighton expressly to see the sick and maimed Indians. So far as the audiences are concerned, they are inevitably an essential part of the King's day. He has ministers to see, foreign representatives and politicians, officers of the Army and Navy, divines, secretaries of hospitals, and many others. A time is fixed well in advance for each caller, the appointments being noted in a large book bound in red leather.

And with the necessity for seeing so many people, representing every school of thought and idea, it stands to reason that the King must be an adept in resource and personal knowledge ably and intimately to discuss the particular interest of every caller, and there are few tasks more utterly fatiguing than this.

So far as the hospitals are concerned, there is no work that the King understands more thoroughly than the visitation of his soldiers who have been laid low by the strife. In practically every instance not more than ten minutes' notice is given to the authorities of the King's intended visit, and his one desire is that no special fuss or preparation shall be made, for he loves best to wander at will among the wards, offering a cheery word here and a smile there, and aiming always to leave an impression both of good fellowship and of kingly dignity.

Inspecting the Army

On January 12th His Majesty was at Winchester for the inspection of the 28th Division of the Army, and on the following day, in addition to audiences, there was an investiture at which no fewer than nine Victoria Crosses were personally bestowed. There is a good deal of State etiquette and pomp at an investiture which is, naturally, to be regarded as an occasion of pride, congratulation, and cheery handshaking. King George is in no sense less able than his father to say the right word at the right moment, and yet, could we but peep beneath the surface, there have been many of these investitures at which the King has been the very epitome of genial animation, eager to welcome, quick to command, *au fait* with each gallant deed, though under it

all sad and weary at heart, not as a king, but as a man.

There was one such occasion as this in particular. Quite early in the morning there came the dread news that a personal friend of the King and a member of the royal entourage had been killed. It was no less a blow to His Majesty than it would have been to a commoner, yet within an hour or so he had to appear with regal grace and dignity and in the brightest and best of spirits to decorate a number of his heroes. It is this side of the royal character that appeals so much, and yet it is a side that very few pause to consider.

The next five days were spent at Sandringham, but on the return of the Court to town the King's first step was to pay a visit to the London Hospital; while on the next day, January 26th, he was at the Empire Hospital in Vincent Square. On February 2nd he attended a *matinée* at the Royal Opera House and witnessed the performance of *The School for Scandal* in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. This was the first time the King or Queen had visited a theatre since the declaration of war.

The ensuing week was devoted to councils, audiences, and investitures; but on February 11th the King inspected the Welsh Division at Cambridge, also visiting two or three hospitals in the neighbourhood, and from then until nearly the end of the month was in London, where he inspected motor ambulances, visited the Charing Cross Hospital, and attended the Shire Horse Show at Islington, besides receiving King Manoel, holding investitures and performing other royal duties.

And now for a few days His Majesty seemed to pass from public view. The "Court Circular" disappeared from the newspapers, giving place to mere "Court News"; but on February 28th the mystery was solved, for there came the tidings that the "King had returned from a visit to a portion of the Grand Fleet." Yet behind that simple sentence what a lot there was concealed. For many weeks probably this visit had been projected, but it was carried out with all the secrecy necessary at such perilous times, and for those few days the King lived the life of a sailor, braving whatever weather befell, or even dangers of a far more fearsome kind than those of the North Sea in the depth of winter. And it may be

THE KING'S WAR YEAR



King George and King Albert
reviewing Belgian Troops at the Front.

Photo:
Record Press.

said that the planning and conception of this royal adventure owed its origin entirely to the King himself, and its execution was even more masterly than can here be indicated.

Two or three days later there was a Privy Council, at which Sheriffs for the ensuing year were appointed, followed by a visit to the West London Hospital at Hammer-smith and to Islington for the Hunters' Improvement Horse Show. And on March 4th there comes the simple chronicle that "The King visited Queen Alexandra to-day." It is not much to read, this line, and it crops up very frequently in the "Court Circular," yet the troubles and anxieties of this great struggle have knit even closer together mother and son.

A Full Record

It would be wearisome to recapitulate all the investitures, councils, and other Court functions of a similar character, or to mention a tithe of the hospitals that have been honoured with royal visits. It would certainly not be going too far to say that during

this year of grace the King has personally visited not fewer than two hundred military hospitals in all parts of the country. Early in March we find His Majesty staying at the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, inspecting troops, attending divine service at All Saints' Church in the Wellington lines and paying a call upon the Empress Eugenie at Farnborough, near by. A few days later Woolwich Arsenal is honoured by a royal visit, and on March 10th the Church Army Motor Kitchen Car is inspected at Buckingham Palace. On the following day the City of London National Guard Volunteer Corps march past His Majesty in the Palace garden, and a short while later the joint recruiting bands are also summoned to march past.

March 24th and 25th mark another period during which His Majesty visited his fleet at sea, and one must realise that these sojourns with the sailors, sharing in all their perils, must have brought anxiety to the King's family. As a matter of fact, the happy home life of our Sovereign has been rudely disturbed by the war, and where formerly King George enjoyed a little leisure

THE QUIVER

he has now practically every minute of his day occupied, and it is frequently 1 a.m. before he and his devoted secretaries have got through the immense accumulation of routine work. A visit to the Fleet must inevitably be the cause of further accumulation; on the royal train messengers may arrive at various given points, but at sea this form of communication is broken.

True, the royal children who are at school return for their holidays as usual; but the Prince of Wales is away in France most of the time, and his brother, Prince Albert, is often at sea. As for Princess Mary, she is joining with the Queen in the inspection of war hospitals, and no one in the land knows more of hospitals than does Queen Mary.

The beginning of April found the Court at Windsor, and the King inspected a hospital train at the Great Western Railway station there. On the 9th there was an investiture at Windsor, and all the business of the Court was transacted exactly as usual, and on the 12th the Prime Minister was granted an audience before dinner. On the 24th His Majesty attended a charity concert at the Albert Hall, and on the 30th visited the Royal Small Arms Factories at Enfield Lock and Waltham Abbey.

The King's Tours

Backwards and forwards between Windsor and London for a few days, with all the attendant audiences and State business, and then on May 12th to Portsmouth, followed by Madame Clara Butt's concert at the Albert Hall on the 13th. Then on the 17th for the first time the "Court Circular" was dated from the royal train, and we find the King busily inspecting the shipbuilding yards on the Clyde, the troops, and the hospitals. On May 19th he was at the Tyne, and with Lord Kitchener inspected the works of the armament firms and shipwrights in the neighbourhood. On the 20th there came a review of troops on Town Moor, Newcastle, together with visits to the wounded.

It is a very simple matter to speak in envious tones of these tours of the King. He has a wonderful twelve-car royal train, built by the London and North Western Company, with kitchen-cars, bedrooms, dining-cars, and all the panoply of regal luxury, and, according to some folks, it is

a trifling task to step into a State railway carriage amid the cheers of the populace and be whisked away.

In theory this point of view is idealistic, but the grim reality is that the very necessity for using the train implies the interruption in the routine of State business, and it may be taken that just as soon as the royal train is out of the station, and before the echo of the distant cheers has died away, His Majesty and the secretaries are hard at work, for a long railway journey affords the King the best opportunity of an unbroken spell at his desk. The reports and dispatches from Government departments alone that reach the Sovereign are very considerable, and each one after perusal is duly initialled in red ink.

From the Tyne the King's route lay across country, for on May 21st he was at Barrow-in-Furness, but for a week or ten days afterwards was occupied in London, receiving Mr. Asquith and King Manoel, the Italian Ambassador and Lord Haldane, the latter to surrender the Great Seal of the Lord Chancellor.

On May 27th, however, His Majesty was at Aldershot again, receiving Indian princes to lunch on the 28th and also visiting the Empress Eugénie. Another sequence of audiences, investitures, and councils in London, concluding with the bestowal of the Victoria Cross upon Sergeant Michael O'Leary, of the Irish Guards, on June 22nd. Salisbury had the honour of welcoming His Majesty on the 23rd, and on July 1st he was at Richmond; whilst on the 10th he returned from his visit to the Grand Fleet under the command of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

Then followed a period at Windsor, and it is interesting to note that at the Berkshire Castle on Sundays His Majesty not only attends divine service in the morning, but in the evening as well, and that the preacher is usually honoured with a command to dine with the Royal Family. It is whilst at Windsor that the populace obtain the most homely views of the King and are able to see him riding in the Great Park and passing through the town without the slightest pomp or panoply, and from Windsor the King has visited hospitals at Ascot, Taplow, Slough, Uxbridge, and Reading.

Towards the end of July His Majesty visited the great munition centres at Bir-

THE KING'S WAR YEAR

mingham and Coventry, inspecting, on the one hand, all the influences, in their various processes of manufacture, that are to main and destroy; and, on the other, paying kindly, sympathetic visits to those of his own soldiers who have been shattered in the fray.

August 3rd witnessed the presentation of colours to the newly formed 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards, of which His Majesty is Commander-in-Chief, and the following day saw the Service of Humble Prayer at St. Paul's to Almighty God on behalf of the Nation and Empire. This latter must have been to His Majesty one of the most impressive occasions of this remarkable year, and it was seen that on leaving the Cathedral he was visibly moved.

Brief periods at Windsor and Aldershot followed—days of hard, strenuous effort—and on August 21st His Majesty was at Brighton again sympathising with and cheering the wounded Indians and bestowing decorations upon them, including one Victoria Cross; on the 27th His Majesty was present at All Souls' Church, South

Ascot, for the christening of the infant son of Lieut.-Colonel Clive Wigram. On September 2nd, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, there came a flying visit to Shorncliffe, and only a few days later His Majesty honoured Bristol.

There was about this visit another unique feature, for the night following was spent in the royal train in the siding of quite a small railway station on the borders of Devon and Somerset—surely the first time a reigning monarch has ever slumbered in similar circumstances. The next morning Exeter received the King, and on the afternoon of the same day he was welcomed at Plymouth and Devonport. September 10th found His Majesty at Torquay among the wounded, and this swift tour of the West was remarkable for the number of institutions visited.

All the details of these tours are worked out under the close supervision of the King himself. In these days of war His Majesty is as careful of his minutes as a miser might be of sovereigns, and the labour of arranging a regal progress through four large towns in three days, each with its own direct



His Majesty endeavouring to pin the V.C.
on the Tunic of Lance-Sergeant Oliver Brooks.

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appeals, is enormous. Only a few days later His Majesty is at the opposite end of the southern coast, and favours Dover and Folkestone with his presence, whilst on the 27th and 28th he is at Leeds and Sheffield. Two days later he visits Epsom in Surrey, and within a week is at Sandringham.

With these important visits to large provincial centres it must be remembered that absolute and entire secrecy is preserved. In the case of Birmingham and Coventry hardly a soul beyond the civic authorities knew of the projected honour, with the result that there were no crowds, no flags, no reception, no publicity. At Leeds the news was allowed very gently to leak out late on the previous evening, but then only in the factories that were to be visited. The result was merely a little unofficial decoration, mostly supplied by the women workers, and the crowds assembled in the streets were quite normal and uncontrolled.

"Eh, Ah saw t' King three times," said a Leeds policeman to the writer, "an' Ah didn't know an hour before he was coming."

It was at Leeds that the King met one of his oldest war workers, an engineer of eighty-one who could still manage a drilling machine. "I'm glad to see you looking so well," said the Sovereign pleasantly, and when he heard the man's real age asked if he were not tired of working.

"I think now't about it," he replied. "It isn't looks I go by, it's how I feel."

And this little fragment of conversation by the wayside could be magnified a thousandfold. The number of soldiers with whom His Majesty has conversed so affably and sympathetically must be counted literally by the thousand in this eventful year, and there are hundreds of factory workers who will never forget to their dying day that the King of England has spoken to them.

At Sandringham the King found time to award personally his gold medal for proficiency at the King Edward VII. Grammar School at King's Lynn to the best scholar of the year, and before the month was out he had crossed the Channel and spent several days with his khaki boys in France.

And it was during this visit that there happened the accident that sent such a note of alarm ringing through the Empire. Frightened by the volume of rolling cheers from the soldiers, a strange horse the King was riding reared and threw His Majesty,

with the result that for a month at least our ruler was bedridden, and for a part of the time in very considerable pain.

Yet standing out clearly as one of the greatest incidents of the King's War Year, there is the picture of the stricken monarch lying helpless in bed in a hospital train in France, but determined personally to invest a soldier with the V.C. Despite the King's own pain and suffering, Lance-Sergeant Oliver Brooks, of the Coldstream Guards, is taken to the train and there led to the side of the bed upon which the King is lying. He kneels on the floor of the saloon and bends over His Majesty, and even then the King has not sufficient strength to force the pin of the decoration through the stiff khaki cloth of the soldier's tunic, and assistance has to be rendered before the ceremony can be brought to completion.

Then there came the bulletins, and at their cessation news that during his convalescence the King was receiving important people and transacting State business from his couch, and this aspect of His Majesty's self-sacrifice is even greater than any other of the year. Whilst it is interesting to record that on his very first day out the occasion was chosen to take lunch with Queen Alexandra upon her birthday. And so, following upon his convalescence, we find King George going through his multifarious duties day after day, until with the coming of Christmas this year we have analysed draws to its inevitable close.

It has been a wonderful year, this year of war, and the busiest man in the country has been King George—busier even than any of the Ministers.

Through it all the King has borne anxiety and pain with courage and fortitude; he has ever been gracious to receive his Ministers, even in the night hours, if occasion demanded.

A kingly King, there are few of us who realise what this year of war has meant to King George in effort, in self-sacrifice, in the severance from family ties, the abandonment of social pleasures, and the breaking in death of many friendships. What he has done has been prompted by regal devotion, and a consideration of perhaps the greatest year in history should find each one of us sincerely echoing the hackneyed prayer:

"God Save the King!"

HIS HIGHNESS'S EMISSARY

By

MARGARET PEDLER

"BUT, madame, you yourself must realise that Her Highness the Grand Duchess of Kremburg cannot be permitted to remain unwed indefinitely; there is the succession to be considered."

The speaker was an elderly man with the eyes of a hawk and the brow of a musician, the latter being at the moment deeply cleft with a portentous frown.

"Prrrt!" The lady he addressed shrugged nimble shoulders, and gestured with expressive hands. "Prrrt! You may realise, I may realise; *mais à quoi bon* if Her Highness will not realise? And as to not *permitting*! Oh, la, la, la!" And she laughed significantly.

Count Schyrolski sighed. The burden he had borne for many years as premier minister to the grand ducal house of Stefanoff had oftentimes proved a heavy one, but never more so than at this moment, when the reigning member of the family was a beautiful young woman of nineteen—and as headstrong as she was beautiful—who could not, and would not, be brought to realise that it was her immediate duty to take unto herself a husband.

"But you, madame," continued the old minister. "You have much influence with Her Highness. Cannot you employ it to assist us in this matter of Prince Michael?"

"Prince Michael of Rubania? What affair is this, then?"

"Why, madame, His Highness urgently desires to become a suitor for the hand of our Grand Duchess, and she—flatly declines to receive the emissary he is desirous of sending to our Court to open negotiations."

"Michael of Rubania," mused the Baroness de Bréville. "One has heard much about him."

"And all to his credit," interrupted Count Schyrolski, with warmth. "He is a fine soldier,

and has proved himself an admirable ruler. Since he succeeded his father, Rubania has advanced by leaps and bounds in the consideration of Europe generally. Indeed, it is a not impossible contingency that the Rubanian princely house be elevated to a monarchy ere long, by consent of the Great Powers. As you will appreciate, this would establish a strong defence against the Austrian encroachments upon the lesser Eastern states, and thus—"

"Plut!" interrupted the Baroness contemptuously. "What does Her Highness care for politics? Is the young man handsome, Count? Tell me *that*!"

"I understand he is, exceedingly, though I have never seen Prince Michael myself. But that, madame, is surely a matter of very secondary importance."

"*Tout au contraire!* And I suppose you quite omitted to bring forward the question of appearances when you had your audience with Her Highness?" The Count nodded, and she continued wrathfully, "I thought as much! Oh, Count, Count, were you never nineteen and in love with youth and joy and life?"

Schyrolski's shaggy eyebrows contracted over the keen old eyes beneath.

"Yes, madame, once—long ago. But I have, alas! been out of love with all those beautiful things you name these many years." He sighed a little, then went on remorselessly, "And Grand Duchesses, madame, must not be in love with aught save duty."

"It sounds a little chilly," suggested the Baroness plaintively.

"Ah, madame," the Count responded earnestly. "Believe me, I am not speaking idly. Ever and always a dark cloud hangs over our beloved Kremburg: the menace of Austria. Or, in other words—since Austria is but a German tool—the menace, actually, of Germany. These great pillars

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of militarism disallow the right of independent life to the little states. One by one they are gripped and held by the greedy tentacles of the octopus—a royal marriage here, a binding treaty there, and, hey presto! the little state exists no more as an independent country." He paused. "And *we* have been approached! There are plenty of German princelings seeking wives—and each bride must bring a little increase of extended power to Germany. Would you sacrifice Her Highness upon a German altar—yield up the liberty of Kremburg?"

"Never!" exclaimed the Baroness with fervour.

"Then, madame, you must prevail upon Her Highness in this matter of Rubania. I tell you, Kremburg cannot stand alone; for only a very little while can she resist the pressure now being brought to bear upon her. A royal suitor hovers in the background: Leopold, Prince of Hohenberg. That would suit the octopus of Europe very well. But if Her Highness refuses, what results? You will see. Kremburg will be found to have interfered with Austrian interests; she will be offered terms to come in as a vassal state. And the alternative will be—war."

Alas! the red fires of battle, kindled later from another Eastern torch, have proved how lamentably well the wise old statesman gauged that deadly octopus of Europe.

"The alternative will be war."

"We can fight!" declared the Baroness. "Against such enemies it would be a mere wanton throwing away of life!"

"Russia?" whispered the Baroness.

"Might—possibly—interfere. If she did, it would mean plunging Europe into war because, forsooth! Her Highness will not wed. But, madame," Schyrolski spoke impressively, "this other alliance with Prince Michael of Rubania—that is a way out. Here we find Kremburg retaining her independence, and united by the strongest possible bonds to a neighbouring and increasingly powerful state, whose people are of our very race and blood. Here you would have the Austro-German intentions nipped in the bud, and the approval and support of Russia would be ours. Madame, there lies before us only the choice of this alliance, the marriage with a Hohenberg, or—illimitable bloodshed. Her Highness cannot hesitate. *She must not!* Go to her, madame; go to her."

The old man gestured violently, almost pushing her from the room in his impetuosity, and the Baroness, something of his passionate ardour having communicated itself to her, sped on swift, urgent feet to do his bidding.

The Grand Duchess Sonia was seated in her private sitting-room when Baroness de Bréville, intimate friend as well as lady-in-waiting to her Highness, begged admittance.

"Ah, Marie—thou!" the Grand Duchess said affectionately. "Yes; come in by all means, and do cheer me up. Dear old Schyrolski has been here with his suitors and alliances, and shaking threatening treaties in my face until I feel as if my small person were the hub of the European wheel of state."

"Dear Sonia, perhaps it is. Who knows? At least, there is no doubt that very much depends upon your action in this matter of Prince Michael's proposals."

"You, too?" The Grand Duchess sat up and regarded Madame de Bréville with beautiful blue eyes of pained amazement. "Has the Count deputed you to come and bully me into receiving this young man's ambassador?"

"And why not? That, at least, does not commit you, and you would be able to find out from him just what the Prince is like—his tastes and ambitions and so on. I hear he is very handsome," she added negligently.

"Who? His Highness's emissary?" queried Sonia, dimpling with mirth. "The stronger reason, then, against his coming. I might lose my heart to the lesser man."

"Your Highness knows I referred to the Prince," replied the Baroness stiffly.

"And My Highness also knows that in this little room at least she is Sonia and you are Marie—even though you *are* brimming over with disapproval. Let me be free of that eternal etiquette a few moments in the day!"

Madame de Bréville melted instantly.

"Forgive me," she said contritely. "But oh, my dear, do think of this affair a little seriously." And she forthwith proceeded to persuade and urge and plead with such a mingling of adroitness and tenderness combined that the Grand Duchess finally yielded to her wishes.

"Very well, then, Marie, tell the Count to bring this young man along, and we will

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listen to his panegyrics on the Prince—to say nothing of the many political advantages of the alliance! But I warn you: I may fall in love with the emissary, and then where will you and all your plotting be?"

The Baroness laughed lightly.

"I do not think the risk is great," she answered.

II

THE Grand Duchess Sonia was strolling unattended in the palace garden. She had dismissed the Baroness de Bréville on an errand of mercy to a lodgekeeper's wife, and now in the absence of her lady-in-waiting she found herself a prey to the desire to roam. The woods that clothed the slopes below the palace were pulsing with the tempting green of spring; birds sang, and pigeons cooed seductively; and at last Her Highness, casting a contemptuous eye upon the shaven lawns and winding paths of the ducal gardens, surrendered to temptation, and, picking up her skirts, she fled—fled over the short, velvet grass, across the gravelled walks, breathlessly running till she stood at length beneath the shelter of the palace wall where a wooden door, securely locked and bolted now, gave egress to the outer world. It could not have been the first time that the Grand Duchess had thus adventured beyond the palace precincts, for she was apparently in no wise disconcerted by the unfriendly aspect of the door. She fumbled for an instant in her pocket, and, producing thence a formidable key, she thrust it in the great iron keyhole. Then, with eager hands, she swung the bars back from their sockets, and in another moment, with a little gleeful laugh, she stepped into the woods beyond.

Oh, it was good to walk on the springy turf, with the green boughs arching overhead and the great tall tree-trunks company enough for one so hemmed about with forced attendance!

Sonia tripped merrily along, dwelling with unregenerate satisfaction on the Baroness's distress when she should find her gone.

"Poor Marie! What a life I lead her," she murmured gently. "But one must be free sometimes, and if I am to be cooped up soon as a married Royal Highness, I must make the most of present opportunities!"

She drew a deep breath of pure enjoyment, and, stretching her arms luxuriously

above her head, gazed upward at the closely interlacing branches that shut out the fierceness of the sun from the green coolness of the mossy path below. And then her foot coming in contact with a little, unseen boulder, singled out by fate to rest just where it did, she tripped, tried vainly for an instant to regain her balance, and finally pitched forward with one leg bent under her. For a moment, almost stunned by the suddenness of her fall, she lay motionless. Then, as she realised what had happened, she made an instinctive effort to rise, only to fall back again with a cry of pain. Her ankle hurt her unbearably—she must have twisted it, or broken it, perhaps! What a position to be in! No one knew whither she had gone, and how was she to return to the palace if she could not put her foot to the ground? She must make another effort. She struggled to her knees, and then, by clinging to a tree-trunk, she contrived to stand, on one foot only. But the moment she attempted to rest her weight upon the other foot she sank back against the tree-trunk with a moan. No; it was utterly impossible: she could not walk. She must perforce remain where she was until a search-party from the palace found her, and it might well be several hours before it would occur to any of the suite to look for her in these particular woods. And when they *did* find her, Marie would blame her for her escapade, and Schyrolski, too, would add his quota of reproof. A few tears of self-pity coursed slowly down her cheeks.

"Have you hurt yourself? Can I help you?"

The voice—a very pleasant one—broke in upon her doleful meditations. Hastily she brushed her hand across her eyes, and, looking up, beheld a very personable young man approaching her. He lifted his cap as he reached her side, and repeated, solicitously:

"Have you hurt yourself?"

Sonia was a little taken aback at this easy mode of address, and then she realised at once that this must be some stranger, since he failed to recognise her as the Grand Duchess.

"I—I think I have sprained my ankle," she stammered. "I fell over a boulder."

"Is this the foot?" The young man was on his knees beside her. "Permit me," and with gentle, sensitive fingers he gently removed the little shoe, and touched the

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injured ankle, which was already feeling hot and swollen with the pain. "*Mon Dieu*, yes. You have sprained the ankle, without a doubt. Are you far from home?"

The Grand Duchess laughed a little.

"Not very," she said. "I live over there," and she pointed to where the grey pile of the palace was just visible through an opening in the woods.

"Isn't that the palace?" queried the young man.

"Yes." And then an altogether delightful idea invading her mind, she added indifferently:

"I am one of the ladies there."

The young man nodded.

"In attendance on the Grand Duchess," supplemented Sonia for his further enlightenment.

"Well, if you are to return to your duties this afternoon," he said, "we must attend to this ankle. It must be bathed."

"But—but how?" queried Sonia.

"There's a little stream just a few paces from here. Let me help you up, so!" And he suited the action to the word.

"Now, if you have my stick in one hand and take my arm with the other, do you think you could hop to the stream?"

Sonia drew herself up indignantly.

"Do I think I could—hop?" she ejaculated.

The young man smiled quite pleasantly.

"Yes, do you?"

And then Sonia recollected that, of course, he did not know she was the Grand Duchess, so that there was no reason in the world why he should not have inquired if she could hop. A fleeting vision flashed across her mind of Schyrolski's wrath if he could but see her at this moment—with one bare foot and engaged in amicable conversation with a total stranger (quite possibly of the bourgeoisie), who was seriously expecting her to hop!

"Y-yes," she answered, rather hastily,

"I think I could hop to the stream."

And then she began to laugh helplessly for a minute.

The young man regarded her with serious brown eyes.

"Well, come, then," he said, a trifle impatiently, "take my arm and try."

The short journey successfully accomplished, he settled her comfortably on a fallen log beside the stream; and then, with

the tenderness of sympathetic hands, he bathed the injured ankle until at last, under the stimulant of the ice-cold water, the pain began to leave her.

"Oh, thank you so much," she said gratefully. "I believe I shall be able to walk back, after all."

"Better not try," answered the young man practically. "My car is close by, just outside the wood, and if you will allow me, I will drive you back to the palace."

"I am very much in your debt, monsieur——"

She hesitated.

"De Lavite, at your service, mademoiselle."

The Grand Duchess stared at him round-eyed.

"Not—not——"

It was on the tip of her tongue to exclaim: "Not the emissary of Prince Michael?" But she compromised by saying, politely:

"Not Count Paul de Lavite, whom we are expecting at the palace?"

"The same."

He was re-tying the lace of her shoe while he spoke, and did not raise his head to answer her.

"Why, then, we shall meet again," she said.

He lifted his head at that and looked her straight in the eyes.

"That is my wish, mademoiselle."

The Grand Duchess experienced a most curious sensation. She was totally unused to personable young men who looked her squarely in the face and informed her in tones of perfect equality, and with an admirable sang-froid, that it was their wish to meet her again. The sensation was curious, but decidedly exhilarating.

"You have come with letters to Her Highness from Prince Michael, haven't you?" she resumed. "Tell me, is he—is he—what is he like?"

The Count de Lavite laughed.

"Why, in truth, mademoiselle, he is like any other man would be who wished to marry your Grand Duchess—very much in earnest."

"But he has never seen her!"

"No?" indifferently. "You think that constitutes a stumbling-block?"

"Why, of course," eagerly. "No one can really be very much in earnest about



"Is this the foot?" The young man was on his knees beside her. "Permit me"—p. 359

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H. Schlegel

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marrying a woman he has never met; he might be very disappointed when he saw her."

"Is she so plain, then?"

The Grand Duchess gasped. She knew her reputation as one of the most beautiful of the marriageable princesses in Europe.

"Is she so plain, then?" repeated the young man placidly.

The Grand Duchess affected to consider.

"No," she said at last, in her kindest tones. "I should not call her really *plain*."

"It is a pity she is not beautiful, like you," he commented.

He had not spoken as though paying a compliment, but merely as one making a statement of bald fact. The Grand Duchess advanced a feeler cautiously.

"Like me?" she murmured.

"Yes," he answered quietly, but with conviction. "You are very beautiful, mademoiselle."

The Grand Duchess was enjoying herself profoundly. There were obviously, she decided, many pleasurable paths of dalliance open to a simple lady-in-waiting which were austere closed against her royal mistress.

"I suppose you are constantly with Her Highness?" presently inquired the Count.

"Oh, *constantly*," she assured him warmly.

"Then you know her well, probably. Is she averse to this proposed alliance? At the Rubanian Court there runs a little rumour that she is not very favourably disposed towards it?"

"Oh, she is not opposed to this particular alliance in any special way. But why should I—I mean, why should anyone?"—she corrected herself in haste, bestowing a swift side glance upon the young man to see if he observed the slip; but perceiving that his face expressed nothing beyond a polite, impersonal interest in her remarks, she continued fervently:

"Why should she be *compelled* to marry—and to marry a perfect stranger, too?"

The Count hesitated a moment.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "it is the lot of royalty."

"A most unhappy lot," she answered, a tinge of deeper feeling in her voice. Then rising, with his assistance, to her feet, she said:

"I must go back now. Her Highness"—an irrepressible dimple lurked at the corner

of her charming mouth—"Her Highness might require my services."

"She might," assented the young man, eyeing her judicially. "If you will allow me to help you, I think you might manage to get to my car now. You will have to hop again," and he hastily concealed a fleeting smile.

The Grand Duchess hopped obediently, and in due time she was comfortably established in the car.

"You can put me down here," she said presently. "There is a side door, and I can slip in quietly. I—I am rather late, you see," she added, by way of explanation.

"I understand," he answered. "But I will just walk up the path with you—you cannot go without assistance yet."

When they had reached the small private entrance to the palace the Grand Duchess paused and held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said. "Thank you again for helping me."

"The thanks are entirely mine, mademoiselle, that I was privileged."

He bent and kissed the hand she had extended to him; then, still holding her hand in his and standing very straight and tall beside her, he said, with something of a ring of triumph in his voice:

"Are you not glad that we are spared the unhappy lot of royalty? I thank God, mademoiselle," he went on quietly, "that we two are just simple man and woman."

III

IT was a week later that Count Paul de Lavite, special envoy of Prince Michael of Rubania, arrived with all due ceremony at the palace of the capital of Kremburg, and he was even now awaiting audience of the Grand Duchess. Her Highness had been in an unwontedly difficult mood this morning, and her maids had had their work cut out to please her in the dressing of her beautiful hair and the arranging of her slim young person. But at last she condescended to express herself as satisfied, and the much-harried maids and women of the bedchamber breathed heart-felt prayers of thankfulness as their royal mistress (usually so ready to be pleased with all their efforts) descended to the audience chamber.

In a few minutes the Rubanian emissary was admitted to her presence. He entered,

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bowing very low, and when the Grand Duchess graciously extended her hand he placed his own beneath it, and carried it respectfully to his lips, whereupon there followed the customary interchange of royal compliments and courtly inquiries as to the health of "my cousin of Rubania." If the young man was amazed—as well he might be!—to find his companion of the woods transformed into a very great lady, he concealed his feelings admirably. He was exceedingly composed in manner, and, as far as Her Highness could gather from his bearing, he had apparently no recollection of ever having set eyes on her before. Could she have looked so *very* different, she wondered, with her hair and dress dishevelled from her fall, and one bare foot—she blushed at the remembrance.

The Count de Lavite formally presented the letters with which his royal master had entrusted him, and ceremoniously informed her that he was charged by the Prince to assure her that the proposals which he had the honour to submit for her consideration embodied not only the earnest aspirations of the Prince himself, but the most humble and devoted hopes of the entire Rubanian nation. The Grand Duchess graciously accepted the letters, and responded in a few conventional phrases; but all the time her nerves were on edge to discover whether or no he recognised her; moreover, she felt an unwonted and incomprehensible interest in her knight-errant of the woods. She could not let the opportunity go by. The Count de Lavite was already taking formal leave of her, and he was about to withdraw from the audience chamber when, taking a swift decision, she stayed him by a gesture.

"I would speak with Monsieur le Comte alone," she said.

Immediately the members of the suite withdrew into the ante-room, and she found herself alone with the stranger of the woods. There was a lengthy pause. He stood before her silently, regarding her with grave, brown eyes that still bore no hint of recognition, and Her Highness's small foot tapped nervously upon the ground. The silence became unbearable.

"We have met before, I think," she hazarded at last, a little breathlessly.

"That is as Your Highness shall decide," he answered gently.

"You mean?"

"I mean that if it should please Your Highness better that we had not met before—why, we have not done so. That is all."

The Grand Duchess laughed a little mischievously.

"You are very accommodating, monsieur."

He was silent.

"Perhaps," she continued, "perhaps the suggestion is dictated by the wishes of monsieur himself?"

At that there came a light into his eyes, and he made an impulsive step towards her. Then, controlling himself with obviously some slight effort, he answered quietly:

"It is true I treated Your Highness with scant ceremony, but—"

"But the fault was mine," she interpolated generously. "I think I owe you a little explanation, monsieur."

She leaned her head on her hand and mused a moment. Then she spoke, half-pleadingly:

"Monsieur, you have lived all your life at courts, and you have seen the hard and fast restrictions that cling about a throne. Cannot you imagine that to enjoy a simulated freedom for just one little hour, to be merely an ordinary woman, and be treated like one, was a temptation not to be resisted? And you yourself, monsieur, by not recognising me, you offered me this golden chance. You opened the door, and I—I stepped across the threshold."

She paused, deliciously embarrassed, blushing, half ashamed of her transgression.

"If that is so, Your Highness, then I shall always bless the opening of that door. If only"—he advanced a step towards her—"if only it need never close again!"

There was no mistaking the intensity of meaning in his tones. The Grand Duchess looked up and read their confirmation in the deep seriousness of the eyes above her, in the firm line of the stern mouth. Her head drooped and she caught her breath, stretching out one hand a little pleadingly.

"Ah, monsieur," she murmured, very low. "Ah, monsieur."

He took the outstretched hand and held it close in both of his.

"If only it need never close again, Your Highness; so that you might once more come through from the rose and crystal and gold of your palace, out into the cool green woods where I'd be waiting!"

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"Would you wait long?" she asked him.
"I would wait as long as life," he answered.
"Ah, madame, do you think that ever again your feet will cross that threshold?"

She shook her head distressfully.

"Alas! monsieur——" She broke off, then resumed: "We have forgotten, monsieur, your errand here to-day. The Prince——"

The Count released her hand, and, turning, paced the room's length twice. When he spoke again his voice was very low and sad.

"I crave forgiveness. Your Highness has recalled me to my duty. But there is so much that may be his—so little, mine. I only begged that little, madame."

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"*Mon ami*, royal feet are bound; they must not stray across strange thresholds. Let us speak of it no more."

IV

THE Court of Kremburg had been very gay during the brief visit of the envoy from Rubania. A state ball and concert and a huge dinner party had been among the compliments bestowed upon Prince Michael's representative, and from the extreme graciousness of Her Highness's manner to Count Paul, old Schyrolski argued good results were pending. He attacked the Baroness de Bréville on the subject just a day before that fixed for the envoy's departure.

"Well, madame, how goes it? Is Her Highness going to permit Prince Michael to pay a visit to our Court?"

"If she does, Count, of course you know that means that you have won."

"And Kremburg will be saved!" replied Schyrolski, a depth of feeling in his harsh old voice. "But will she, madame?" he continued irritably. "Will she? That's what I want to know."

"Have patience, dear Schyrolski. Her Highness has given me no hint at all. But, without doubt, she will acquaint you formally of her intentions. Count Paul departs to-morrow, so that a few hours now will put you out of your misery."

"Or put me into it eternally," replied the old man grimly. "Oh, if that bit of pretty femininity could only realise all that hangs upon her word! But tell me—I take it as

a good augury—have you not observed, have you not noted that she is most gracious to Count Paul?"

"Yes, I have," Madame de Bréville answered dryly.

Something in the sharp curtness of her speech arrested the old Count's attention forcibly.

"What do you mean? You *can't* mean that!" he spluttered furiously. "What do you dare to mean, madame?"

"Just what you are thinking, Count," she answered quietly.

"*Mon Dieu*, impossible!" Schyrolski passed his handkerchief across his brow; then, after a pause, he spoke again. "What you are thinking, madame, is inconceivable," he said sharply. "It *must* be inconceivable!"

But even Prime Ministers—and despotic ones at that—may not lay down the law to men's and women's hearts, though they may break them. And could Schyrolski have been present in the audience chamber a little later when the Kubanian envoy was received in private audience by the Grand Duchess, he would have realised that the inconceivable was not only possible, but actual.

Count Paul was speaking, and his words fell curt and chill upon the silence of the room.

"With Your Highness's permission, I have come to take my leave."

The Grand Duchess started from her seat with a little cry.

"No—oh, no," she said, brokenly.

"And to carry back your answer to Prince Michael, if Your Highness honours me with your commands," continued the Count in the flat, level tones of a child repeating a lesson learnt by rote.

"No," she said again. Then, coming near to him, she laid her hand upon his arm, and he felt her fragrance all about him. "Paul," she said, "help me! What—what message must I send?"

At that he turned and caught her swiftly in his arms.

"You ask me? You ask *me* what message? Tell him, beloved, tell him that you cannot marry him, that love has found you, and that you are going to give up all your regal state and be the wife of just a simple gentleman. Tell him that!"

"Ah, Paul, if it were only true!"

"And is it not, sweetheart? Oh, my

HIS HIGHNESS'S EMISSARY

dear, my dear, you know we love each other."

"Yes, we love each other. But Paul, Paul," and her voice fell to a frightened whisper, "there is Kremburg!"

"Kremburg?"

"Yes." She freed herself from his arms and stood apart. "There is Kremburg. Can I buy happiness and let the liberty of Kremburg be the cost? For that is how it stands. If I go with you—and, my dear one, I would come so gladly, oh, so gladly! But if I do, then Kremburg falls to Austria and her independence ends."

There was a heavy silence, for each one knew there was no other way. Paul's arms had dropped to his sides; he made no answer to her words, only his eyes entreated her.

"I have lain awake all night," she went on, "thinking, thinking. And this must be good-bye. The nation's honour is in my hands. I must not fail. You would not have me fail?" There was a supplication in her voice, and he replied to it.

"No, I would not have you fail, sweetheart. Never was nation's honour more safely bestowed than in these hands of yours. And so, this is farewell. I will go back and tell the Prince to come and claim the bravest woman I have ever known."

"No, not brave, Paul," she whispered. "Not brave. I'm horribly frightened, really." She paused. "But we must both—play the game."



"Then as the Prince approached she rose, and, still with downcast eyes, made her stately curtsy"—p. 366.

Drawn by
H. Schlegel.

V

A MESSAGE had just been brought to Madame de Bréville, asking her to acquaint Her Highness that Prince Michael of Rubania had arrived and was awaiting audience. Never had the Baroness faced a more unpleasant duty, for well she knew that no less welcome visitor had ever been announced. The sharp eyes of a friend may

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rarely be deceived, and it was no secret from Madame de Bréville that the royal *fiançailles* foreshadowed by this visit would be entirely an affair of state and that love had flown elsewhere.

"Dear Sonia," she began, trembling inwardly. "The Prince has come—he waits to see you."

How the hours had sped! Was it really close upon a week since the Prince's envoy had departed? And now the Prince himself was here to claim her promise.

The Grand Duchess, robed in white and with the famous pearls of the Kremsburg ducal house around her throat, rose to her feet. She looked pale, but quite composed; and though there were dark shadows underneath her eyes there was about her a surpassing dignity. The Baroness de Bréville marvelled as she followed in the wake of the slight, regal figure to the audience chamber.

Ushers flung wide the doors at the farther end of the apartment, and then a voice announced:

"His Royal Highness, Prince Michael of Rubania."

The Grand Duchess did not raise her eyes as the Prince passed up the room amid the bows and curtsies of the suite; only the slender hand that rested on the arm of the great carved chair trembled a little. Then as the Prince approached she rose, and, still with downcast eyes, she made her stately curtsy.

"Welcome, my cousin."

Her voice rang clear, and the hand she extended for his kiss was steady enough now.

The Prince bent to salute the outstretched hand, and as he bowed before her she looked up and met the kind and steady glance of eyes that sent the blood racing wildly through her veins—grave brown eyes that she had last seen through the mist of her own tears. She caught her hand away and swayed a little. What was happening? This was not the Prince! This was Count Paul, the Prince's emissary.

The Prince spoke low—too low for any of the surrounding members of the suite to hear his words.

"Yes, sweetheart, it is I. Play the game—still a moment longer. When we are alone I'll make all clear."

As in a dream, the Grand Duchess went through her part in the ceremonious reception of the Prince, while the Court ladies whispered behind their fans and the Court gentlemen looked politely puzzled, for it was as clear as noonday that the Rubanian envoy had returned, and this time in the person of the Prince himself.

It was considerably later when at last Prince Michael and the Grand Duchess found themselves alone in her private sitting-room. The Prince was holding both her hands in his.

"And now you know the whole of it," he was saying. "It hurt me sorely to leave you these few days in ignorance; but once begun, I had to play the part through to the end—or else prepare to have a hornet's nest of gossip buzzing round our ears! And you forgive me, sweetheart? It was a scurvy trick to play, I know full well. But the hand of a Grand Duchess was not enough for me—a hand bestowed through pressure of high policy. I wanted her heart as well. And so I came here as my own ambassador, that I might meet you as a simple gentleman. Then fortune favoured me—the day you ran away into the woods. And you were just like your photographs—the loveliest and the—"

"My photographs! Then—you knew—all the time who I was?" she stammered.

"Yes, all the time," he answered, joyously.

The Grand Duchess began to laugh—a little gurgle of a laugh. If it had been any other than a Grand Duchess you might have said she giggled.

"And you ordered me to—to hop!" she said.

"And you did." He was smiling reminiscently.

"I must have looked a sight," she whispered.

His arms closed round her.

"Sweetheart, you looked what you will always look to me—the woman I love best in all the world."



THE BELGIUM OF THE FUTURE

By

ANTOINE BORBOUX,

In collaboration with AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

Belgium can never be the same again. The martyr nation will rise again with new life, new strength. M. Borboux, who is an exiled Member of the Belgian Parliament, gives a forecast of the new Belgium after the War, and outlines what, in his opinion, should be done to meet certain problems that are bound to arise.

BELGIUM has voluntarily borne the most crushing burden of a war unique in the history of the world. The nation, having drunk to the dregs the bitterest drops of suffering, is yet alive to-day, vigorously alive, since only weak peoples let themselves be crushed by suffering.

Power through Soul-Anguish

A nation that possesses reserves of moral and intellectual force emerges from its trials greater and stronger. In the struggle its mind acquires finer ideas of duty, brotherhood, sacrifice, courage, justice, righteousness; every vitalising force stirs its soul; the conscience of the individual becomes alert; he knows himself to have grown fit for great enterprises. The war has revealed to him with absolute clearness the relative value of human interests; henceforth it will be more easy to distinguish essentials from non-essentials, to understand the seriousness of life and the urgency of putting forth one's best efforts during its short span.

Thus it will be with Belgium, small country though it is, yet possessing in the soul of its people great latent powers. The experiences of the war have been terrible to bear—and the country has not yet come to the end of its troubles—but when the cloud of horror and frightfulness has dispersed, when the people recover possession of the land, Belgium will be reborn morally and materially, finer, greater, stronger.

One of the first concerns will be the

rebuilding of the ruined towns and villages. Already—for in Belgium things are done quickly—the reconstruction is occupying attention.

A conference which recently took place in London demonstrated this. M. Helleputte, Belgian Minister of Public Works, seconded by helpful English experts, took a leading part in the deliberations which concerned the best, most suitable and æsthetic rebuilding. This problem is by no means simple. Belgium was a very fine country, varied and picturesque. The Flemish towns, Ypres, Dixmude, Bruges, Antwerp, Termonde, Furnes, Aerschot, Louvain, with their markets and belfries, town halls, municipal buildings and splendid churches, had preserved the medieval ornamentation of their Gothic architecture. The streets and market squares were picturesque with lordly mansions and modest houses topped by zig-zagged roofing, last remnants of the Spanish occupation.

Everywhere priceless old buildings, spared by the hand of Time, spoke of age-long struggles of the commune in defence of its rights and liberties. In the Walloon country Roman architecture has been mixed with interesting specimens of Renaissance and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century styles, giving an impression of the happy and bright home life characteristic of the district.

Rebuilding the Towns

The difficulty will be to preserve and embody the soul of the past, and while

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effecting improvements, to avoid as much as possible the architectural blemishes which here and there excessive utilitarianism or the bad taste of builders had introduced. Namur, Visé, and the pretty towns on the banks of the Meuse will soon again reflect their white houses and sturdy bell-towers in the river. Herve, Battice, Tamines, Andenne, Olne and hundreds of other small towns will quickly recover activity when peace is restored.

Economic Reconstruction

Concurrently with the work of rebuilding towns and villages, the economic reconstruction of the country will be effected.

One of the most arduous undertakings will be the restocking of the Belgian cattle—oxen, pigs, horses. The Germans, possessed by a spirit of evil, strove to destroy, without intending to eat them, nearly all the cattle, the young animals for preference. The fine breed of Belgian horses has disappeared, killed or transported to Germany. The enemy carried their premeditated ill-doing so far as to mutilate in the big horse-breeding farms the stallions they did not massacre or use for transport purposes. A large number of farms have been pillaged of their plant and agricultural implements. Moreover, the inundations of the sea at Ypres and the flooding of the Yser district have destroyed for several years the fertility of the soil over large areas. The shells and projectiles of all sorts embedded in the cultivated fields and the contamination of the soil will make productive farming impossible for some time to come. Add to this difficulty the heavy burden which during the war has weighed on the Belgian agricultural loan associations and on all farming institutions; co-operative societies, syndicates, assurance companies for the protection of farming have been greatly disturbed and their action paralysed. It is to be hoped that the war indemnity will permit the Belgian Government, with the aid of friendly agricultural countries, to restore productivity to the desolated farm lands.

The Reconstitution of Commerce

Before the war, Belgium was pre-eminent in industry and commerce. Both have to be reconstituted. One of the most important factors in the economic development of the country was the diversity of internal

communication: railways (State-owned), rivers, tram-lines, ports, canals, bridges abounded. Most of these have been destroyed or damaged by the enemy or while defending them. The Germans have taken to pieces the branch railways and tram lines to transport these to the eastern frontier for construction of new lines for use in victualing and transporting troops. The relaying and repair of these lines of internal communication will have to be quickly done.

It will also be necessary to heal two severe wounds on the national industries, the removal and transport to Germany of vast numbers of machine tools and plant from the factories, and the disappearance of the stocks of raw materials (wool, cotton, leather, metal, etc.), sometimes seized, sometimes requisitioned by the enemy. Undoubtedly restocking materials for manufacture and merchandise will be complicated by difficulties resulting from shortage of money. But difficult though it may be, the problem is not insoluble. Besides, one of the chief resources of industry and commerce is credit—the reputation for loyalty, activity, intelligence, good intention, regard for promises made. Now Belgians have acquired by their energy and good behaviour one of the most honourable positions in the markets of the world. The Belgian flag will be regarded as that of an honest and loyal country.

A New Source of Wealth

It happened that on the outbreak of war installations for working rich ore deposits recently discovered in the south of the province of Antwerp were being set up. In time this new source of wealth for all the Belgian industries must accelerate very considerably the economic progress of the country.

The first hours of indispensable reconstruction passed, the Government will undertake the creation of a mercantile marine. And as every patriotic Belgian will realise the need for great activity, little by little, Belgian industry and commerce, so flourishing before the days of destruction, will spring to life again.

But in order that these forecasts should prove true, one thing is most important, indeed a *sine qua non* of the resurrection and progress of Belgium. It is essential that she obtains by the terms of the Treaty of

THE BELGIUM OF THE FUTURE

Peace a Customs agreement permitting free transport of her products and manufactures. England and France are really the creditors of Belgium; it is to their interest to put their debtor quickly in a state of solvency and to continue to co-operate afterwards as partners would do for mutual economic progress. The Belgian working hand is first rate; the English raw materials are of fine quality.

Therefore, provided England and America grant Belgium the preferential treatment accorded to their own colonies, in this intelligent union the success of the one will make the success of the others. This matter of preferential treatment dominates for Belgium every other question involved in the Treaty of Peace. For the little nation, active, courageous and in love with work, it is the instrument which will enable it to double its production to its own profit and that of its neighbours. It is even, in our opinion, of greater importance than increase of territory.

The Question of Territory

At no moment of her resistance had Belgium a war of conquest in mind. That is evident. But in dragging her on to the field of battle, the German aggressor brought into prominence the question of annexation, virtually accepting the fact that the trial by arms should determine all the consequences of the war, every question that should be raised by it, and in the first place every question concerning the eventual gain of territory by the belligerents. Such is, evidently, the tacit understanding in every declaration of war. Belgium, being victorious, by the act of her assailant and without change of programme can annex lands from her aggressor.

Moreover, the rapid, brutal and unjustifiable aggression of Germany, made on a plan long and carefully prepared, has proved that the boundaries drawn on the west of the German Empire are not of a kind to guard Belgium, France, or even England against the enterprises of a nation intoxicated with pride and in a chronic fever of desire to monopolise Europe.

The first duty of the diplomats who will have to determine the conditions of peace will be, in order to assure that peace, to give the nations adjoining Germany guarantees for the security of their lands. Now the

Grand Duchy of Luxembourg has proved that it was powerless to oppose an effectual resistance to a German invasion. This door, open into France and Belgium, cannot remain open. The Duchy belongs historically to Belgium. The latter ought not to have ceded it in 1839—which she did, under pressure from Germany, but with anguish of heart. It will thus be at once just and useful for the security of the Allies that the Duchy should be restored to Belgium, or at least become a Belgian protectorate.

The Belgian nation should seek every means to insure respect for her frontier on the German side. Some people advise annexation of the Rhenish provinces as far as the Rhine. Even if this be possible, it seems imprudent. To introduce an enemy in force into one's home under pretext of victory is to repeat the experience of a soldier unable to free himself from the grip of a prisoner he claimed to have captured. It would be an open wound in the side of Belgium, much more dangerous than were Alsace and Lorraine to Germany. A nation of seven million people does not annex a province of three millions without finding its entire national life invaded and overthrown.

A Strategic Strip

But there exists beyond the actual frontiers a whole strip of territory, from the region of the Eifel on the south to the basin of the Roer on the north, where the life, the customs, and even the speech are akin to those of the Walloon population of the east of Belgium. Certain towns, such as Malmédy, which formed part of the Abbey of Stavelot-Malmédy, are appurtenances of the Principality of Liège. Montjoie is a town more Walloon than German. Eupen has been Germanised only a few years. The annexation of this strip of territory would permit of the organisation of a system of defence and safeguard which would henceforth hinder the Germans from massing troops across the Rhine and bringing them without hindrance right under the walls of Liège.

Provided an agreement be made with Holland concerning the free use of the Scheldt during war, Germany will never again repeat the awful wickedness by which she has stained the world with blood. Belgium must remain modest, but be on her guard against weakness. Modesty is a

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power; it was hers. Weakness is a fault which ends only in contempt and decrepitude.

In Belgium the military question has always divided the best and truest patriots. Many, in their loyal hearts, believed in the good faith of treaties, solemnly signed; they thought no people in the world would take upon themselves the shame of breaking their word of honour; the doubt even appeared to them insulting. They considered it incumbent on Belgium before everything to devote money and men to the development of her trade, industries, arts and sciences. After making the experiments of a voluntary army and a limited conscription (with right of substitution), the Belgian Parliament in 1912 decreed general and personal service. This law would not have produced its full effect on the army till 1917—a time Germany judged it prudent to anticipate. However, thanks to the application of this military law for a few years, and to the very large numbers of volunteers who have enrolled and are enrolling daily, Belgium has been able to raise an army of considerable numerical and territorial importance. But there will no longer be a single Belgian to dispute the necessity for military sacrifices, and unless Germany is henceforth put in a state of complete inability to trouble the peace of the world, and her fall as a military power assures general disarmament, the Belgian army, its organisation completed, will emerge from the war greatly strengthened.

Another matter connected with military affairs is the institution of the Civic Guard. The present war seems to have shown that this territorial reserve, charged with maintaining order in the towns, must be reorganised from top to bottom, if not replaced by a different and more useful organisation, better fitted to act a serviceable part in time of war.

The Educational System

The educational system will probably remain as before. The Belgian schools are excellent, especially in technical training; and the ex-refugee boys and girls will have received in England an impetus towards physical culture. They will take to their new homes novel ideas and experiences from England, France and Holland which must widen their intellectual outlook and sym-

pathies. They have been picking up English with extraordinary quickness, and have made fast friends here among school-fellows and fellow students at the universities. At least one British University has been setting aside duplicate books for the library at Louvain University. Though the nation, like all the belligerent countries, must suffer from the loss of its finest young men, an outburst of literary and artistic effort may be expected when once the bird of peace broods over the plains and hills of Belgium. It is to be anticipated that, purified and energised by sacrifice and suffering, the materialism, which was the besetting sin of the people, will have received a deadly blow. Their religious sense will be deeper and more earnest; indeed, is so now.

Learning from the English

Belgian mechanics, refugees in England, will return home having learned, because they have seen, the danger of industrial strikes. They will have acquired, too, from the British people, patience and endurance, the former a virtue rare to the Belgian. Rivalry between Walloon and Fleming, local disputes, all forms of disunion have vanished between men fighting for the same cause. The defence of their country has cemented the hands of the two races in eternal brotherhood. A stronger sense of nationality is resulting. This will find vent in colonial enterprise, to the great benefit of Belgium's large African possession. Freed from the covetousness, the threats and the hindrances of Germany, the Belgian Congo will bring to the world the treasure of its riches.

Liberated from the bonds of paralysing neutrality, sustained by the touching friendship of a great people—the English—whom she has learned to love cordially because she has learned to know, Belgium will be able to play a definite part in the concert of the nations, a part in accord with her moral worth and productive activity.

Gathered in unbroken union around a King whom all, without exception, regard with reverence, one in co-operation of all its forces, the Belgian nation will sing again the words of its colonial anthem:

" Marche joyeux, peuple énergique,
Vers des destins dignes de toi.
Dieu protège la Belgique
Et son Roi."

WOUNDED

By

J. J. BELL

IN her methodical way Jess Wilson set the newly lighted lamp on its mat precisely in the centre of the red cloth covering the kitchen table. Having satisfied herself that the wick was at the proper height, she passed to the window and for a minute or two gazed into the wintry dusk that would soon be darkness in the village street. With a long, heavy sigh she drew her hand across her brow under the greying hair. Then, abruptly, she closed the old-fashioned shutters, secured them, and went back to the table.

She was about to pick up some knitting lying there, when, following a light tap, the street door was opened a few inches, and a young voice said :

"Can I come in?"

Eagerly she answered: "Aye, Annie, come ben, and welcome. I've been missin' ye."

A dark-haired girl of about twenty entered—a slim, long-limbed creature, warm of colour, bright of eye, firm-mouthed, yet without hardness in her expression. Her clothes were shabby enough, but not untidy. She carried a pink evening paper.

"I couldna marage yesterday," she said, with a kindly nod of greeting. "Was kep' late at ma work. But there was naething special in the paper." She held out the one in her hand. "Onything new here?" she asked.

The woman gave a sad shake of her head. "Naething new, dearie. He's hardenin' his heart still." She put out her hand for the paper, hesitated, and drew back. "I'd best no' tak' it," she said resignedly.

"Tits!" exclaimed the girl, "it wasna fair o' him to forbid ye to read onything aboot the war. An', onyway, ye've been disobeyin' him near every nicht for the last month."

"That's ower true," said Jess, ruefully ;

"but it's ma first disobedience in thirty year."

Annie laughed quietly. "Dinna let it be yer last," she said, laying the paper on the table.

"Ah, lassie, he never bade me dae onything that was ill to dae till Colin got into mischief. Noo, I believe he would prevent me, if he could, frae thinkin' aboot Colin. Ye see, since Colin gaed to be a sojer, I've been forbidden to read—aye, even to speak—aboot the war."

"Colin's mischief," said Annie, "never hurt onybody but himsel'."

"Ye still say that, Annie?"

With a suspicion of passion the girl replied: "I'll say it till the end o' ma days! An' Colin's fayther'll say it yet. Oh, ye needna shake yer heid, Mistress Wilson. It'll come right yet—only I wish it would come right sune. Yer man wouldna want to break up his engine because it gaed off the rails once or twice—an' that's a' his son did."

"The Lord bless ye, Annie, for speakin' sae bravely the words o' ma ain heart. But Colin's fayther's a proud man. Naething can win through his pride. When the word cam' that Colin had enlisted, I thocht his fayther would maybe change, but—"

"I ken, I ken. An' Colin hoped his fayther would change. . . . Weel, weel, it's to be hoped Colin's no' as proud as his fayther." Annie smiled—with an effort. "But I mun gang. Ye'll get time to look through the paper afore he comes hame. The news the nicht isna bad. Cheer up! That's the first part o' us females' programme; the second part is chiefly patience." She kissed the woman's cheek and made for the door.

"Annie!"

"Aye?" The girl halted, her fingers on the handle.

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"Annie—ha'e ye the post caird ye got frae Colin when he was newly at the front?"

Annie touched her bosom, involuntarily, it seemed; then nodded.

"Would ye—would ye lend it to me for a while? I'll gi'e ye it back the morn."

The girl hesitated. "But there's naething on it except the printed line an' his name. . . . An' it's a' I've got frae him."

Jess drew nearer. "An' I've got naething . . . jist till the morn, Annie, dear."

After a moment the girl drew the soiled card—there was mud of the trenches on it—and resigned it to the woman. Before the other could speak, she was gone.

For a little while Jess remained motionless. Then she kissed the post card and hid it in her bodice, patting the place tenderly. Presently she turned to the table, took up the newspaper and knitting, and went over to the low chair on the left of the hearth. Seating herself, she laid the knitting on her lap and, with a glance at the clock on the wall above her, opened the paper.

Her reading was fated to be of brief duration. A sound outside the door sent her into a panic. Hastily and clumsily folding the paper, she half rose and put it under her, then started frantically to knit.

Her husband came in—a big man with a short grey beard, rather stern features, and searching eyes.

"It's a cauld nicht. Like snow," he remarked, closing the door and hanging up his peaked cap.

She managed to look up. "Ye're early hame the nicht, Sam."

"Aye. I'm early." He came over to the arm-chair on the opposite side of the hearth. "Engine had to gang to the repair shop."

He sat down with a sigh of a tired man.

"Wearit?" she said gently.

"Naething extra."

"Ye're sittin' up ower late they nights," she said. "When was it ye cam' to yer bed last nicht?"

He ignored the question. "I could dae wi' ma tea sune. I'll ha'e a wash up later." He bent forward and poked the fire. "Wha was that that gaed frae the hoose jist afore I cam' in?" he asked so quietly that she was taken off her guard.

"Colin's Annie."

"Ye mean Miss Herd." His voice was still quiet, but now there was a chill hardness in it. "There's nae need for her to be comin'

here, Jess, an' if she comes again, ye're to tell her that." He laid down the poker without noise.

"Oh, Sam!"

"That's a', wife. Weel, I could dae wi' ma tea."

She seemed to get a grip of herself. "Aye, aye, I'll sune get ye yer tea." She made to rise and remembered the newspaper. In confusion she said: "I—I mun gang to the shop, though. Ye see, I didna expect ye sae early."

He answered kindly enough: "Weel, weel, I can wait, Jess. I'm no' that hungry." He was staring at the fire.

"I'll no' be lang." She half rose, only to sit down again. "Oh, I'll no' be mony meenutes." She fumbled stupidly at the knitting.

At the end of several long minutes, without looking up, he said: "Did ye say ye was for the shop?"

"I'm jist gaun, dearie; I'm gaun noo." Under her breath—"O Lord, help me!" She dropped the knitting at the side of her chair and got up, holding the pink paper behind her.

She began to sidle across the floor to the door of the inner room, which seemed a mile distant. When she was half way, he turned his head.

"What ails ye, woman?"

"Me?" She stopped short.

"Is't the polka ye're for learnin'?" Suddenly he rose. "What's that behind ye?"

In her distraction of mind she misinterpreted the question and turned right round. . . . "Oh, Sam!"

Striding forward, he had, without violence, taken the paper from her clutch. Now in silence he crushed it up, took it to the door and pitched it forth. Quietly closing the door he returned to the hearth.

"Jess, did I no' forbid ye to ha'e newspapers in this hoose? Did I no' get ye plenty of shavin's for kindlin' the fire?"

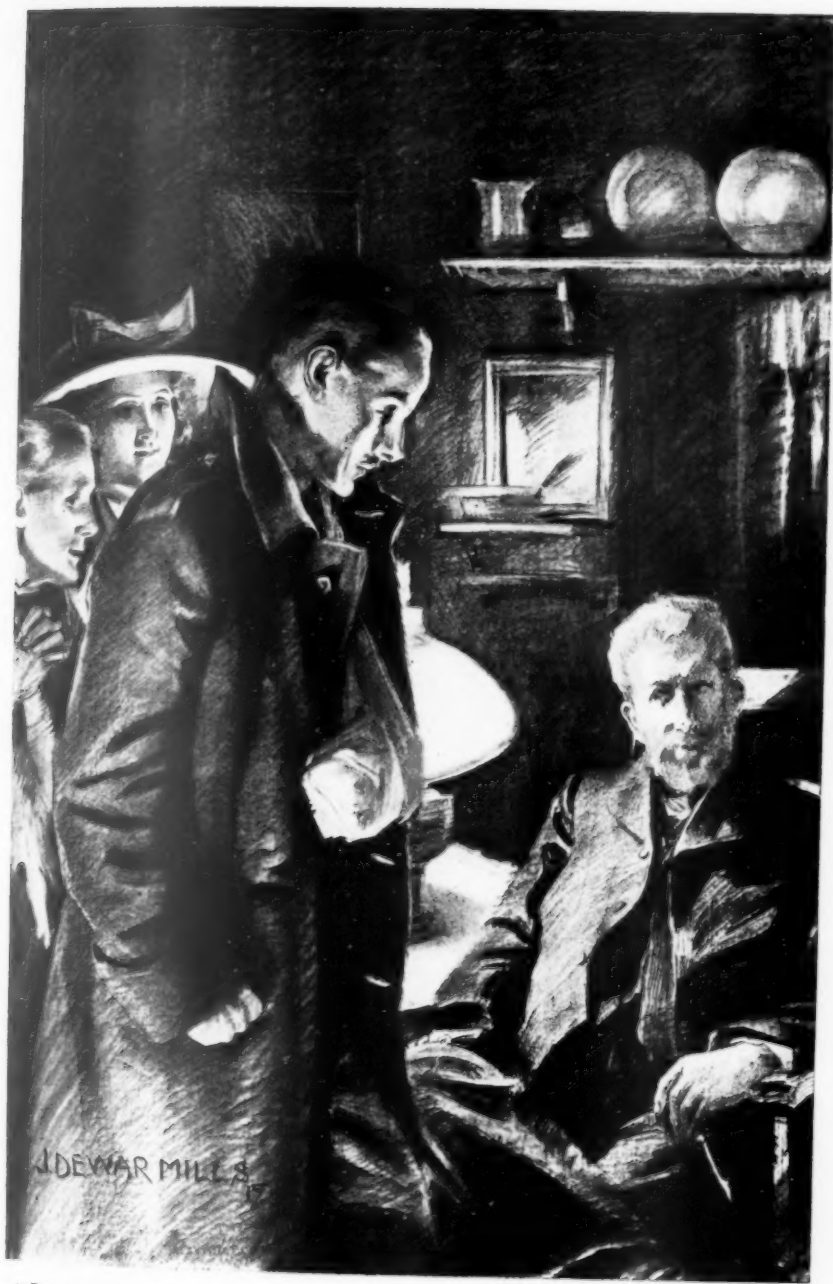
In silence she seemed to droop.

"Come, Jess, it would be faur better if ye would jist mak' up yer mind to—to forget."

At that she flashed upon him, almost fiercely: "Forget! Dae you forget, man?"

He cleared his throat. "Aye, woman!"

"The first falsehood in thirty year!" she cried, dashing the back of her hand across



"But soon his head
drooped"—p. 375.

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills.

THE QUIVER

her eyes. And taking a shawl from its peg, she went swiftly from the cottage.

He ran to the door, snatched it open, and called after her: "Jess, ye needna hurry yersel'! I can thole." Closing the door he went slowly back to his chair, muttering: "If she winna forget, hoo can I?"

He seated himself and from each side-pocket of his jacket drew a newspaper, from the breast-pocket another. He laid two on his knees and opened the third. Not often did he have a chance of reading the war news before Jess went to bed. For nearly five minutes he read undisturbed.

A tap at the door, and he stuffed the papers between his own and the chair's back. The door opened; a girl's head appeared.

"Mistress Wilson, ye'll be sure to tak' awfu' guid care o' the post caird——. Oh, mercy!" The head disappeared.

"Stop!" cried Sam. "Bide a meenute, ma lass. Come ben."

Reluctantly, Annie entered, halting with her fingers on the door.

"I've a word to say to ye," he went on, "an' I say it wi'oot ill-will. It's jist this. It'll be best for everybody concerned if ye come nae mair to this hoose. That's a'."

After an instant's hesitation the girl took a single step forward. "Maister Wilson!"

"I'm listenin', though ye'll but waste yer breath."

"Maister Wilson," she said, with difficulty, "supposin'—supposin' ye heard that yer son Colin was—killed?"

He started. "What's that ye're sayin'?" Recovering his wits and dignity—"I ha'e nae mair to say, Miss Herd."

She stepped back to the door and halting there, said quietly: "Maister Wilson, ye forbid me to come to yer hoose; but I bid ye come to mines—when I ha'e a hoose o' ma ain."

"An' when'll that be?" he asked dryly.

"When I marry yer son." She went out.

He rose in anger, then shaking his head, sank back. "Aw, the wakeness o' women! It's naething to them that a son affronts his fayther afore the hale countryside. Aweel, he's made his bed——" Sam's speech died into muttering as he reverted to one of the papers.

But it was not long before he had hastily to conceal it.

His wife entered carrying a couple of small parcels, which she took over to the dresser.

"Ye needna ha'e hurried yersel'," he remarked.

"I ken ye was wantin' yer tea," she said, hanging up her shawl. "It's a terrible cauld nicht—for the sojers," she added under her breath, going to the table, where she proceeded to exchange the red cloth for a white one. "I'll no' be lang, Sam," she said, as though for the sake of breaking an uneasy silence, and returned to the dresser to put a loaf on a plate.

"Oh, dinna fash yersel' aboot me," he returned with sudden bitterness. "I can thole hunger." There was another silence during which he eyed her narrowly. "I'm sayin' I can thole hunger, aye, an' mony anither trouble, but—I canna thole *deceit*!"

Jess was on her way to the table, but at his last word she stopped, her face sickly.

"Deceit, Sam?" she whispered.

He pointed a big forefinger at her. "Whatna post caird are ye hidin' frae me?"

"Oh!" The plate and loaf fell with a crash. She stooped.

"Let it lie! I want that post caird!" He rose, recollected the newspapers, and sat down. "Woman, the post caird!"

Stupidly she gazed at him.

"Bring it here!" He held out his hand.

"Oh, Sam," she stammered, her hand at her bosom, "it—it doesna belang to me."

"Then what for are ye hidin' it? Bring it here—quick!"

Unwillingly, fearfully, she approached and laid it in his hand.

He glanced first at one side, then the other. He set his teeth and made as if to tear it across.

"Sam! Husband!" she cried, seizing his hands.

He freed them without harshness. "Weel," he said, his passion past, "it's no' mines to destroy. I'll post it back to the owner in the mornin'." He placed the card in his breast-pocket. "Let this be the last o' the foolishness."

She turned away, picked up the loaf, got a shovel and brush, and swept up the fragments of the plate. Her breast heaved.

"The last o' the foolishness," he repeated. "D'ye hear me, Jess? You an' me ha'e got to forget—even as we ha'e been forgot."

She rose erect. "Forgot? Man, ye forbade him to write hame—to mak' ony communication whatsoever. These was yer vera words——"

WOUNDED

He made a gesture for silence. "Say nae mair. I could dae wi' ma tea."

Checking a sob, she carried the shovel to the door. She was gone but a few seconds.

Sam took out the post card—read the only undeleted line—"I am quite well"—his son's signature, and the date—three weeks old. "God!" he murmured. He was staring at the fire when his wife reappeared.

"Sam," she said, "what's to be the end o' it a'?"

He wheeled round. "Woman, haud yer peace! Once an' for a', I tell ye——"

Interruption came in the sound of hurried steps. The door flew open. Annie ran in, flushed and breathless.

She ignored the man's presence entirely.

"Mistress Wilson, I've run a' the way to gi'e ye news." She showed a crumpled telegram. "It's been lyin' in the hoose since five meenutes efter I gaed to work this mornin'——"

"Quick, quick!" gasped Jess. "Is't bad?"

"Bad? It's the best!"

Sam started up. "Gi'e me that!" he shouted. There was a rustle behind him, and he collapsed, looking helpless.

Annie did not appear to notice him. "Colin's comin' hame," she announced.

"Comin' hame? Oh, praise the Lord! When?—tell me quick, dearie."

"The nicht. He was on his road when he sent the wire, last nicht. There's a train comes in about five. He would gang to ma place, but I left word he was to come on here. Ye've still the first right to him. Maybe——"

"Comin' hame!—an' we've naething ready; naething in the hoose! Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

"I'll help ye, Mistress Wilson. I'll fetch onything ye want. Tell me, an' I'll gang noo. Best be oot o' the road when he arrives."

Jess was all in a fluster. "Colin," she said unsteadily, "was aye keen on a finnan haddie wi' a poached egg—maybe twa eggs——"

Sam threw out his fist. "Peace!" he thundered. "There's gaun to be nae o' that the nicht. As for you, ma lass, ye best get awa' hame——"

"Sam!" implored Jess, clinging to Annie.

"Oh!" cried Annie, "ye ha'ena the heart o' a German professor!"

"Whisht, dearie," whispered the woman. "Dinna anger him."

The man struggled with his passion. He succeeded in lowering his voice, but it shook as he said:

"I'll be maister here! . . . Jess, d'ye hear what I'm sayin'?"

Seemingly she did not. She was holding up her hand, her face was illumined.

"'Sh! Listen!" she cried softly. "I hear—oh, I hear his step! It's himsel'!" Loudly—"Colin, Colin!"

"Woman!" roared Sam.

The door opened. A young man in torn and stained khaki stood, uncertain, on the threshold. His left arm, with heavily bandaged hand, was in a sling.

Jess took a step forward.

"Woman!" repeated Sam, but his voice was a mere croak. He turned his back upon the scene.

Jess had halted, but now Annie gave her a little push forward, whispering:

"Never heed yer man. See, yer son's been wounded."

And Jess flew at her boy. "Oh, ma ain dear laddie," she sobbed, her arms about his neck: "are ye sair wounded?"

At the word "wounded" Sam turned his head.

Smiling faintly at his mother and sweet-heart, Colin made a deprecating gesture, but no words came from him. As Jess released him Annie came to his side. He took her hand and kissed her.

Then all three appeared to become aware of the old man's stare. They fell apart. Jess found support on the girl's arm; together they moved over to the dresser. The silence was heavy and painful.

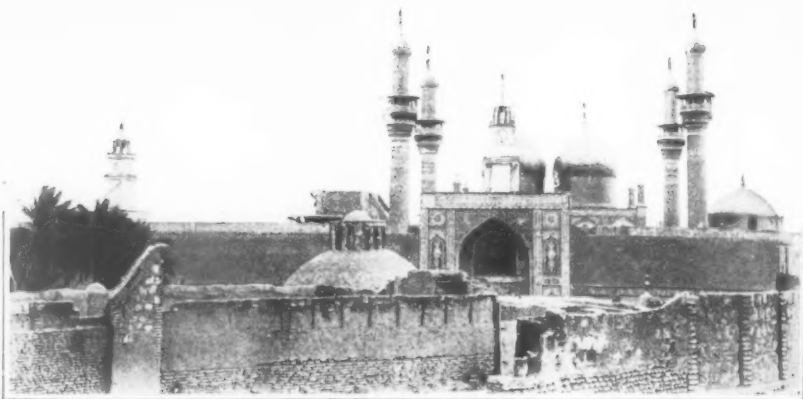
At last Colin, a pallor under his tan of exposure, squaring his shoulders, advanced as far as the table. At the end of it he halted, standing as if at attention, and faced his father. But soon his head drooped.

All at once Jess threw her arms about the girl and hid her face on the young breast.

Sam rose slowly, and all unnoticed the newspapers fell fluttering behind him. Slowly, too, he approached Colin, whose mouth quivered.

Sam laid his left hand on the young man's right shoulder. With his right he timidly touched the wounded hand. In a voice that faltered he said:

"Is't hurtin' ye, lad?"



The Mosque at Keshla, Mesopotamia.

Photo: A. B. W. Holland.

WITH THE BRITISH TO BAGDAD

Mesopotamia, and What it Means to Us

By

HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

The future of Mesopotamia, where stood the Garden of Eden, Babylon, and Nineveh, is of supreme importance to this country. The advance of a British force from the Persian Gulf with the object of taking Bagdad, that wonderful city of the Khalifs and of "Arabian Nights" fame, brings into prominence again a land full of charm and romance and biblical associations.

THE presence of a British force so near to Bagdad, the famous city of the Khalifs and of "Arabian Nights" fame on the Tigris, in Mesopotamia, calls attention to this wonderful land of charm and romance and biblical associations, watered by the great rivers Euphrates and Tigris, stretching away back from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Armenian Mountains. We are interested in this land and concerned as to its future for many reasons. It appeals to many of us first because of its biblical associations and the part it has played in ancient history. Here stood the Garden of Eden and mighty Babylon and proud Nineveh. Then, right down from the dawn of history, this land of open plain and stately rivers has drawn to it the conquering armies of West and East. It has been the battleground whereon the mastery of the surrounding empires has been decided.

Political and Commercial Significance

More important still is our interest in this land from the political and commercial point of view. Here we must remember the part we have played in its development, its strategical position, and its great potential possibilities. It was the British who drove piracy from the Persian Gulf. We made its waters safe to navigation, sounded, charted, buoyed, and lighted them, and they have ever since been patrolled by our warships. Before the outbreak of war the steamers of a British firm regularly plied the River Tigris up to Bagdad. British engineers have also thrown a dam across the Euphrates near the ruins of ancient Babylon, by means of which the fertility of the land is being gradually restored. Furthermore, over 90 per cent. of the trade of this region is in British hands. Again, here are the works of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, the

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property of the Admiralty, the precious black fluid being brought down to the Gulf from the fields at Maidan-i-Naftun, 140 miles away, by pipes over the Persian frontier. It is principally from these fields that our warships obtain their supply of oil-fuel. Not least, there is the strategical position to consider, for Mesopotamia is the gateway to Persia, and hence to India.

Why the Expedition was Sent

This pioneer work has demanded of us large expenditure in both blood and treasure. Hence, when Turkey, who controls this region, threw in her lot with Germany and definitely arrayed herself against us, the Government sent an expedition, composed of British and Indian troops and river gunboats, up the Persian Gulf. In due course our force occupied Basra, the port of Mesopotamia, Kurna, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, Ezra's Tomb on the Tigris, and then Amara. At Ctesiphon, just outside Bagdad, they met and defeated a strong Turkish force, but afterwards had to retire again to Kut-el-Amara. Only those acquainted with this region can appreciate what this force has accomplished in its 500-mile journey to Bagdad. Vast marshes and swamps have had to be negotiated and large tracts of desert crossed. Mile by mile

it has had to fight its way forward with the thermometer registering 120° in the shade. Worse perhaps than the heat has been the mosquitoes, and worse than the mosquitoes have been the flies.

The gateway to this wonderful land, so full of charm and romance, of ancient cities and picturesque people, is the Shat-el-Arab, or "The Arabs' River," formed by the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris, a beautiful stream that empties itself into the Persian Gulf. On its western or Turkish bank, near its mouth, stands the mud-walled village of Foa, important only in that it is a cable terminus. From this point almost right up to Kurna, where the two rivers meet, the banks of the river, as well as the innumerable streams and channels that intersect it, are lined with magnificent palm groves, for this is the centre of the date industry. For a distance of nearly a hundred miles one journeys through forests of countless palm trees. The groves extend back on either side of the river for miles, though the farther inland one goes the less vigorous are the trees, for, as the Arabs say, "The father of the trees must have its feet in water and its head in fire."



River Scene at Bagdad, showing the Strange Native Boats of Wickerwork.

Photo :
A. B. W. Holman.

THE QUIVER

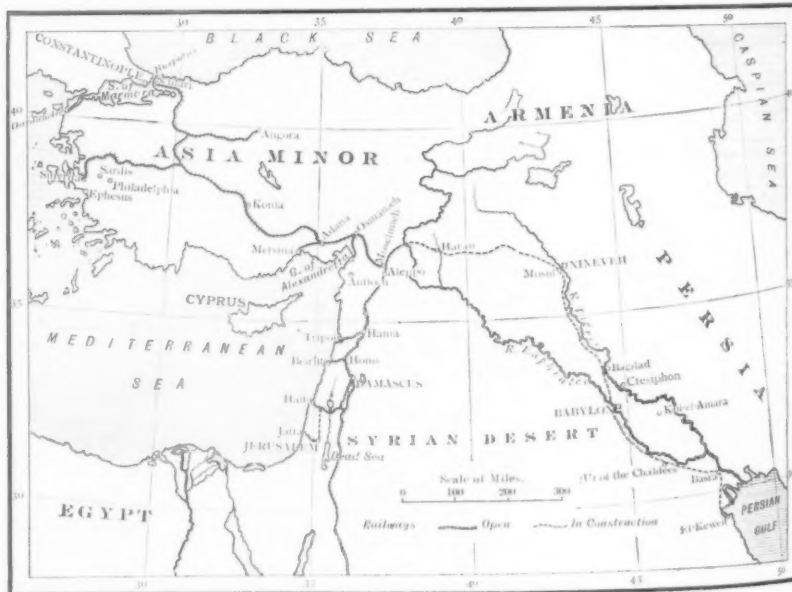
Almost midway between Foa and Kurna is Basra, the chief port of Turkish Arabia, boasting of a population of 80,000 souls. For centuries Basra was the home of Arabian poetry and learning, while tradition says it was from here that Sinbad the Sailor made his seven voyages. It is famous to-day as the place from which the dates are shipped; and how important this industry is to Basra may be gauged when it is stated that 75,368 tons of this fruit, valued at £582,074, was the quantity and value exported in 1913. The time to visit Basra and its neighbourhood, which is regarded by all Arabs and by many travellers as one of the most beautiful regions in the world—a kind of Arabian Venice—is in September, when the dates are gathered. Then you can taste something that for sheer sweetness has no rival in fruits. A freshly picked Basra date is a warm, scented, date-flavoured miniature bag of honey. After eating four or five you will go a year or two before touching the tough imitation that is sold in London under the same name.

Some fifty miles above Basra, in the elbow of the land at the confluence of the rivers,

stands Kurna, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, and here the traveller is shown a large tree, of no very venerable appearance, which the natives claim to be "the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil." If we did not know that ruthless Time and the neglect of man reduces God's fairest lands to wildernesses, it would be a strain on our imagination to picture here a garden—and, above all, the Garden of Eden—for the moment we get any distance away from the river or its tributaries or channels, it is all desert.

The Tigris

We are now in the Tigris proper—and what a river! Rich as the Nile, wayward and tricky as the Irrawaddy, it has plundered the earth for centuries and hidden the greater part of its treasures in the sea. Each year it wastes its strength in the marshes, yet it is mighty for good or evil, according as man's skill conserves or wastes its waters. Sandbanks impede its navigation at the low season of the year. The native cultivator, for the irrigation of his paltry plot, cuts a trench in the bank at such an angle that the strong freshets flowing down in the spring



Map of Mesopotamia.
Showing the Bagdad Railway.

WITH THE BRITISH TO BAGDAD



Kut-el-Amara, to which the British retired after the Battle of Ctesiphon.

Photo:
A. G. W. Halland.

rush into the trench until it gradually becomes a tributary of the river, and later is lost in the desert marshes. It is, nevertheless, full of life. In the low marshes wild-fowl, geese, and duck of every kind abound, while in the backwaters may be seen pink-legged flamingoes, herons, and cranes. Here and there are encampments of Arabs, sons of Adam, rovers of the deserts, keepers of large flocks of sheep, goats, and camels, or tillers of the soil, and the stately daughters of Eve, "who are fair and eat bread by the sweat of their brows." Arab villages of reeds and mud frequently stand upon the very banks of the river.

Ezra's Tomb

About thirty miles from Kurna, on the right bank of the river, is the blue-tiled, mosque-like dome of Ezra's Tomb—the prophet, it is said, having died here while on a mission to Persia. The dome rises from a quadrangle of mud walls about 20 feet high and 40 yards square. The main entrance, a handsome enamelled doorway is on the north side; the walls are

battlemented and the windows placed very high, and with its surrounding palms it forms a singularly striking Oriental picture. The place is venerated not only by Moslems and Jews alike, but also by Oriental Christians.

Beyond this point the country is flat, the glaring, whitish-brown of the desert only relieved by occasional patches of green, marking the presence of a canal. All around is a dead level plain but for the remains of ancient canals, whose high banks are increased in size by frequent sandstorms, which the mirage magnifies into low ranges of hills. A distant caravanserai looms high above the horizon like unto a great castle, to fade into the commonplace and the mean as the traveller approaches, while towards the Euphrates marshes a great city seems to float in the ether, proving to be only a group of Arab tents.

Irrigation—Native & Western

Along the banks, as our steamer makes her way northward, we note the primitive methods of irrigation employed by the Arabs. Two women bale the water, by

THE QUIVER

mens of a basket suspended from a rope, which they pour into a ditch cut into the bank. From this ditch little channels run off, parcelling the plot into squares. On the Euphrates, where cultivation is more general, irrigation is carried on by "charads"—namely, water is raised in bullock skins by means of a rope passed over a pulley and drawn by mules or horses going down and up an incline. What a contrast to the scientific methods of the Chaldean hydraulic engineers, with their complete mastery of the principles of irrigation and of high cultivation!

But modern science has bridged the gulf of time, and the Hindieh Barrage, the first instalment of Sir William Willcocks's great irrigation scheme for the storage of water from the Euphrates, is completed, and its water is now diverted down the new Hilla



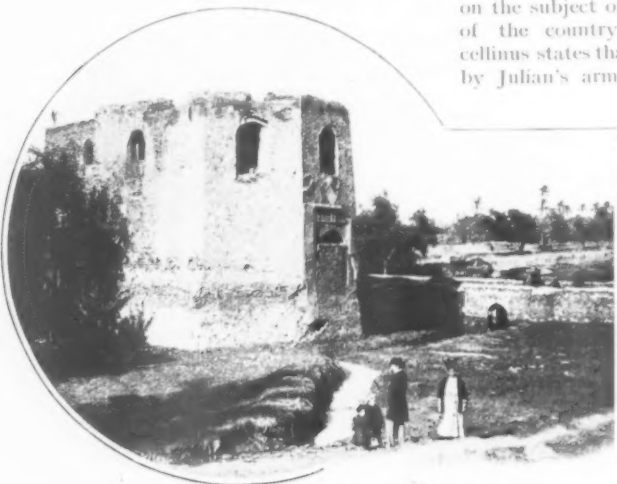
The Arch of Ctesiphon, near Bagdad.

Photo -
A. B. W. Holland.

Canal into the old bed of the river past the site of Babylon. The barrage is a magnificent concrete structure with numerous sluice gates, some 815 feet long and some 30 feet high, by which many thousands of acres of hitherto wasteless land have been reclaimed and made fertile. This question of irrigation is all-important. According to Herodotus, Mesopotamia was studded with "a vast number of great cities, and grain commonly returned two hundredfold to the sower." Pliny and Berosus are eloquent

on the subject of the agricultural wealth of the country, and Ammianus Marcellinus states that from the point reached by Julian's army

to the shore of the Persian Gulf was one continual forest of verdure. Sir William Willcocks has declared that it is possible to reclaim no fewer than 2,800,000 acres of land here. He estimates this would cost £21,000,000, but the reclaimed land, now valueless, would be worth £60,000,000. When it is remembered that even now between 150,000 and 200,000 tons of cereals are often exported from Kurna in a single



One of the Old Gates of Bagdad.

Photo -
A. B. W. Holland.

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year, it is clear that Mesopotamia has great agricultural possibilities.

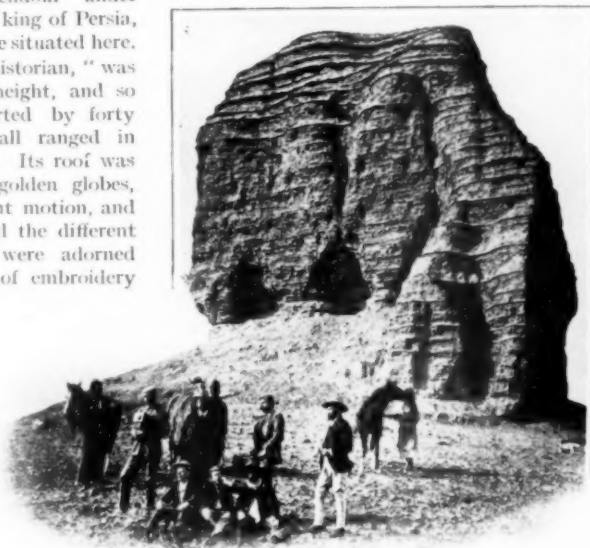
But we journey on, passing Amara, and then Kut-el-Amara, to which the British expedition fell back after the battle of Ctesiphon. Soon the eye is arrested by the sight of the great Arch of Ctesiphon. It is all that remains of the one-time capital of the Parthian Kingdom. The ruin consists of an immense chamber, 81 feet by 154 feet, with an arched roof in a single span, the crown of the arch being 104 feet high. On one side of the arch extends a wing or façade. Ctesiphon reached its greatest splendour under Chosroës, the twenty-third king of Persia, whose throne and palace were situated here.

"This throne," says an historian, "was in a palace of prodigious height, and so vast that it was supported by forty thousand silver columns, all ranged in diverse architectural order. Its roof was enriched with a thousand golden globes, which all had their different motion, and represented the planets and the different constellations. The walls were adorned by thirty thousand pieces of embroidery hung in different compartments. Under this palace were separate vaults in which were kept the immense treasures of gold, silver, precious stones, drugs, etc. Among the most precious of these treasures was a quantity of a certain kind of gold possessing peculiar qualities. It was pliable and malleable without the aid of heat, and could thus be easily moulded into any required form.

Magnificence Indeed

"Some idea of the magnificence of Chosroës's style of living may be formed from the fact that the seraglio contained three thousand free girls, and twelve thousand female slaves, all chosen from the most beautiful of his kingdom. Six thousand men formed his ordinary guard; he had in his stable six thousand horses and mules for his own use, twelve thousand large

camels and eight thousand middle-sized for carrying his baggage, and he fed continually nine hundred and sixty elephants. Mahomet, a short time after his flight from Mecca, wrote to Chosroës conjuring him to embrace his religion and to manifest his mission; but Chosroës, attached to the worship of fire and the stars, not only refused to believe in the new prophet, but further entertained such a contempt for the person of Mahomet that he tore up the letter. Mahomet, upon learning of this action, exclaimed, 'God



Ruins of Birs Nimrud,
said to be Remains of Tower of Babel.

Photo:
A. U. W. Nottens.

will tear his empire as he has torn my letter.' "

This prophecy was destined to be fulfilled, for some years later Ctesiphon was destroyed and sacked by the Arabs. On the opposite bank of the river are the ruins of another mighty city—namely, Seleucia. In the days of its splendour under the ancient Greeks, it boasted of a population of 500,000 souls.

In Sight of Bagdad

Very shortly now we are in sight of Bag-

THE QUIVER



The Ruins of
Ancient Babylon.

Photo by
A. B. W. Holland.

dad. The brown river, sweeping towards it like a sea between broad avenues of palms and white houses, makes a picture at once arresting and imposing. "Gophers," the strange round basket-boats of wickerwork covered with pitch, for all the world like the coracles used by the ancient Britons, dart about, and attain quite a creditable speed against the swift current. We also pass the native rafts that ply between here and Mosul, where are the ruins of Nineveh, composed of logs lashed across inflated goatskins.

The ancient capital of the celebrated and flourishing Empire of the Arabs, founded by the Khalif Mansur, who, in the year 763, transferred to it the seat of the Saracen Empire, was in succession ruled by the thirty-six khalifs who dictated those stern laws which decided the fate of nations. Since the fall of its last king it has been in turn scourged by Tartar, Persian, and Turkish hordes. To-day it is but a shadow of its former greatness. The fabric of its grandeur has crumbled under the blows of the barbarians, but it has always retained its name to recall the remembrance of its past glory and misfortunes. With pride

it ranks amongst the most remarkable cities of Turkey.

Its charm and interest lies solely in its streets and the people who fill them. It is still the city of "The Thousand and One Nights." We live again in its fascinating pages. Here are the very people, the very shops and the very streets—a tangle of lanes and byways of alarming complexity. No two houses are of the same height and style, nor do they stand in order. Here are the streets through which a carriage may pass, and there narrow lanes of trodden earth a dust-heap in summer and a quagmire in winter. Verily they belong to the period of "The Arabian Nights." Beytoon the bath-keeper, Abu Seer the barber, Maruf the cobbler—all our old friends are here.

The Commercial War

Interesting as Bagdad is as an Oriental and picturesque city, we must not forget its commercial importance. The commerce of the city with places abroad has an annual average of over three and a half million pounds sterling. The total trade for the year ending 1912, the

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latest figures available, is given as £3,804,037. Of this amount, however, no less than £3,189,597 are imports, and of this sum £2,081,423, or some 75 per cent., is British and Indian. Germany, who has tried by every means to undermine British prestige and secure our trade, has up to the present sent only about £100,000 worth of goods annually to Bagdad. The principal item in the list of imports is piece or cotton goods, a trade which has been wholly in British hands. In the year named some 29,939 bales of piece goods from Manchester, valued at £1,398,775, were received at Bagdad. Here, perhaps, it should be added that Bagdad re-exports about one-third of the goods she imports to Persia, which means that the merchant who controls the trade of Bagdad also controls that of Persia.

The Rubble of Past Ages

The valley of those twin rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, is strewn with the rubble of past ages, making it a district of deep interest to archaeologists and historians. One encounters broken bricks dating back to the Babylonian period, while the eye is arrested by the sheen of potsherds burnt blue when the Mohammedan religion was yet in its infancy. Of Ezra's Tomb, the Arch of Ctesiphon, and the ruins of Seleucia,

we have made passing mention. Zobeda's Tomb, the burial place of the wife of Haroun-el-Raschid, the famous Khalif of the "Arabian Nights," is within a few hours' ride of the British Residency at Bagdad, and the strange pile of brickwork of Akar Kuf is not much more difficult of access. Babylon itself is some sixty miles from Bagdad, while near Hillah, on the Euphrates, stands the immense cube of brickwork, Birs Nimrud, which local tradition has identified with the Tower of Babel. Then on the Euphrates there are the important holy cities of Kerbela and Nedjef, visited every year by pilgrims from Persia and India.

The destiny of this region now hangs in the balance, and the Turkish alliance with Germany has hastened the end. A change is coming, the extent of which is now hidden. That it will mean the downfall of Turkish domination is practically certain, for the British Government is determined to uphold its prestige here and establish a more stable government, and that its efforts will ultimately be crowned with success there can be no doubt. Then will Mesopotamia, with its charm and romance, its interest to biblical scholars, come into its own again and regain something of its ancient splendour.



Bridge of Boats,
Bagdad.

Photo:
A. S. W. Holland.

MICHAEL

Serial Story

By E. F. BENSON

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

Michael Comber, the son and heir of Lord Ashbridge, is wearied of the conventional life he is expected to live, and for which he feels he is not fitted. He therefore resigns his commission in the Guards—much to the disgust of his father—and starts for Baireuth to take up music. In the train he makes the acquaintance of one Hermann Falbe, an Anglo-Bavarian musician, and the acquaintance soon ripens into friendship. They go to the Opera together, and Michael is invited to speak with the Kaiser in the royal box.

CHAPTER V (continued)

THE OPERA AND THE KAISER

AS Michael left the box he ran into the Herr-Director, who had been summoned to get a few hints.

He went back to join Falbe in a state of republican irritation, which the honour that had been done him did not at all assuage. There was an hour's interval before the third act, and the two drove back to their hotel to dine there. But Michael found his friend wholly unsympathetic with his chagrin. To him, it was quite clear, the disappointment of not having been able to attend very closely to the second act of *Tristan* was negligible compared to the cause that had occasioned it. It was possible for the ordinary mortal to see *Tristan* over and over again, but to converse with the Kaiser was a thing outside the range of the average man. And again in this interval, as during the act itself, Michael was bombarded with questions. What did the Kaiser say? Did he remember Ashbridge? Did Michael twice receive the iron grip? Did the All-highest say anything about the manoeuvres? Did he look tired, or was it only the light above his head that made him appear so baggard? Even his opinion about the opera was of interest. Did he express approval?

This was too much for Michael.

"My dear Hermann," he said, "we alluded very cautiously to the 'Song of Aegir' this morning, and delicately remarked that you

had heard it once and I twice. How can you care what his opinion of this opera is?"

Falbe shook his handsome head, and gesticulated with his fine hands.

"You don't understand," he said. "You have just been talking to him himself. I long to hear his every word and intonation. There is the personality, which to us means so much, in which is summed up all Germany. It is as if I had spoken to Rule Britannia herself. Would you not be interested? There is no one in the world who is to his country what the Kaiser is to us. When you told me he had stayed at Ashbridge I was thrilled, but I was ashamed lest you should think me snobbish, which indeed I am not. But now I am past being ashamed."

He poured out a drink and consumed it with a "Hoch!"

"In his hand lies peace and war," he said. "It is as he pleases. The Emperor and his Chancellor can make Germany do exactly what they choose, and if the Chancellor does not agree with the Emperor, the Emperor can appoint one who does. That is what it comes to; that is why he is as vast as Germany itself. The Reichstag but advises where he is concerned. Have you no imagination, Michael? Europe lies in the hand that shook yours."

Michael laughed.

"I suppose I must have no imagination," he said. "I don't picture it even now when you point it out."

Falbe pointed an impressive forefinger.

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"But for him," he said, "England and Germany would have been at each other's throats over the business at Agadir. He held the war-hounds in leash—he, their master, who made them."

"Oh, he made them, anyhow," said Michael.

"Naturally. It is his business to be ready for any attack on the part of those who are jealous at our power. The whole Fatherland is a sword in his hand, which he sheathes. It would long ago have leaped from the scabbard but for him."

"Against whom?" asked Michael. "Who is the enemy?"

Falbe hesitated.

"There is no enemy at present," he said, "but the enemy potentially is any who tries to thwart our peaceful expansion."

Suddenly the whole subject tasted bitter to Michael. He recalled, instinctively, the Emperor's great curiosity to be informed on English topics by the ordinary Englishman with whom he had acquaintance.

"Oh, let's drop it," he said. "I really didn't come to Munich to talk politics, of which I know nothing whatever."

Falbe nodded.

"That is what I have said to you before," he remarked. "You are the most happy-go-lucky of the nations. Did he speak of England?"

"Yes, of his beloved England," said Michael. "He was extremely cordial about our relations."

"Good. I like that," said Falbe briskly.

"And he recommended me to spend two months in Berlin in the winter," added Michael, sliding off on to other topics.

Falbe smiled.

"I like that less," he said, "since that will mean you will not be in London."

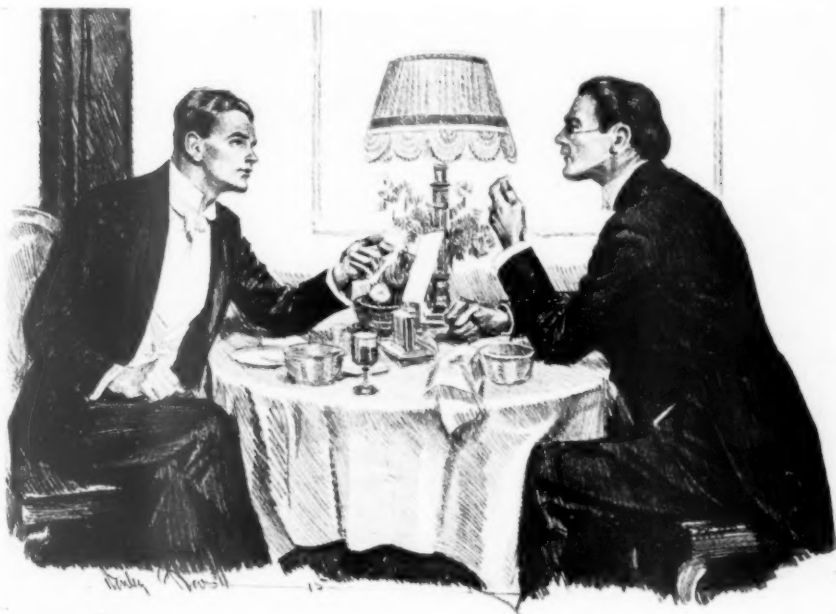
"But I didn't commit myself," said Michael, smiling back; "though I can say 'beloved Germany' with equal sincerity."

Falbe got up.

"I would wish that—that you were Kaiser of England," he said.

"God forbid!" said Michael. "I should not have time to play the piano."

During the next day or two Michael often found himself chipping at the bed-rock, so to speak, of this conversation, and Falbe's revealed attitude towards his country and,



"Oh, let's drop it," he said. "I really didn't come to Munich to talk politics."

Drawn by
Stanley Davis

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in particular, towards its supreme head. It seemed to him a wonderful and an enviable thing that anyone could be so thoroughly English as Falbe certainly was in his ordinary, everyday life, and that yet at the back of this there should lie so profound a patriotism towards another country, and so profound a reverence to its ruler. In his general outlook on life his friend appeared to be entirely of one blood with himself, yet now on two or three occasions a chance spark had lit up this Teutonic beacon. To Michael this mixture of nationalities seemed to be a wonderful gift; it implied a widening of one's sympathies and outlook, a larger comprehension of life than was possible to any of undiluted blood.

For himself, like most young Englishmen of his day, he was not conscious of any tremendous sense of patriotism like this. Somewhere, deep down in him, he supposed there might be a source, a well of English waters, which some explosion in his nature might cause to flood him entirely, but such an idea was purely hypothetical; he did not, in fact, look forward to such a *bouleversement* as being a possible contingency. But with Falbe it was different; quite a small cause, like the sight of the Rhine at Cologne, or a Bavarian village at sunset, or the fact of a friend having talked with the Emperor, was sufficient to make his innate patriotism find outlet in impassioned speech. He wondered vaguely whether Falbe's explanation of this—namely, that nationally the English were prosperous, comfortable and insouciant—was perhaps sound. It seemed that the notion was not wholly foundationless.

CHAPTER VI

WITH THE FALBES

MICHAEL had been practising all the morning of a dark November day, had eaten a couple of sandwiches standing in front of his fire, and observed with some secret satisfaction that the fog which had lifted for an hour had come down on the town again in earnest, and that it was only reasonable to dismiss the possibility of going out, and spend the afternoon as he had spent the morning. But he permitted himself a few minutes' relaxation as he smoked his cigarette, and sat down by the window, looking out, in Lucretian mood, on to the very dispiriting conditions that prevailed in the street.

Though it was still only between one and two in the afternoon the densest gloom prevailed, so that it was impossible to see the outlines even of the houses across the street, and the only evidence that he was not in some desert spot lay in the fact of a few twinkling lights, looking incredibly remote, from the windows opposite and the gas-lamps below. Traffic seemed to be at a standstill; the accustomed roar from Piccadilly was dumb, and he looked out on to a silent and vapour-swathed world. This isolation from all his fellows and from the chances of being disturbed, it may be added, gave him a sense of extreme satisfaction. He wanted his piano, but no intrusive presence. He liked the sensation of being shut up in his own industrious citadel, secure from interruption.

During the last two months and a half since his return from Munich he had experienced greater happiness, had burned with a stronger zest for life than during the whole of his previous existence. Not only had he been working at that which he believed he was fitted for, and which gave him the stimulus which, one way or another, is essential to all good work, but he had been thrown among people who were similarly employed, with whom he had this great common ground of kinship in ambition and aim. No more were the days too long from being but half-filled with work with which he had no sympathy, and diversions that gave him no pleasure; none held sufficient hours for all that he wanted to put into it. And in this busy atmosphere, where his own studies took so much of his time and energy, and where everybody else was in some way similarly employed, that dismal self-consciousness which so dreadfully looked on himself shuffling along through fruitless, uncongenial days was cracking off him as the chestnut husk cracks when the kernel within swells and ripens.

Apart from his work, the centre of his life was certainly the household of the Falbes, where the brother and sister lived with their mother. She turned out to be in a rather remote manner "one of us," and had about her, very faint and dim, like an antique lavender bag, the odour of Ashbridge. She lived like the lilies of the field, without toiling or spinning, either literally or with the more figurative work of the mind; indeed, she can scarcely be said to have had any mind at all, for, as with drugs, she had sapped it away by a prac-

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"No, Miss Sylvia," she would say, "it was on Thursday, not Wednesday."—p. 388.

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

tically unremitting perusal of all the fiction that makes the average reader wonder why it was written. In fact, she supplied the answer to that perplexing question, since it was clearly written for her. She was not in the least excited by these tales, any more than the human race is excited by the oxygen in the air, but she could not live without them. She subscribed to three lending libraries, which by this time had probably learned her tastes, for if she ever by ill chance embarked on a volume which ever so faintly adumbrated the realities of life, she instantly returned it, as she found it painful; and, naturally, she did not wish to be pained. This did not, however, prevent her reading those that dealt with amiable young men who fell in love with amiable young women, and were for the moment sundered by red-haired adventuresses or black-haired money-lenders, for those she found not painful, but powerful, and could often remember where she had got to in them, which otherwise was not usually the case. She wore a good deal of lace, spoke in a tired voice, and must certainly have been of the type called "sweetly pretty" some quarter of a century ago. She drank hot water with her meals, and con-

tinually reminded Michael of his own mother.

Sylvia and Hermann certainly did all that could be done for her; in other words, they invariably saw that her water was hot, and her stock of novels replenished. But when that was accomplished, there really appeared to be little more that could be done for her. Her presence in a room counted for about as much as a rather powerful shadow on the wall, unexplained by any solid object which could have made it appear there. But most of the day she spent in her own room, which was furnished exactly in accordance with her twilight existence. There was a writing-table there, which she never used, several low arm-chairs (one of which she was always using), by each of which was a small table on to which she could put the book that she was at the moment engaged on. Lace hangings, of the sort that prevent anybody either seeing in or out, obscured the windows; and for decoration there were china figures on the chimney-piece, plush-rimmed plates on the walls, and a couple of easels, draped with chiffon, on which stood enlarged photographs of her husband and her children.

There was, it may be added, nothing in

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the least pathetic about her, for, as far as could be ascertained, she had everything she wanted. In fact, from the standpoint of common sense, hers was the most successful existence; for, knowing what she liked, she passed her entire life in its accomplishment.

The only thing that caused her emotion was the energy and vitality of her two children, and even then that emotion was but a mild surprise when she recollected how tremendous a worker and boisterous a gourmand of life was her late husband, on the anniversary of whose death she always sat all day without reading any novels at all, but devoted what was left of her mind to the contemplation of nothing at all. She had married him because, for some inscrutable reason, he insisted on it; and she had been resigned to his death, as to everything else that had ever happened to her.

All her life, in fact, she had been of that unchangeable, drab quality in emotional affairs which is characteristic of advanced middle-age, when there are no great joys or sorrows to look back on, and no expectation for the future. She had always had something of the indestructible quality of frail things like thistledown or cottonwool; violence and explosion that would blow strong and distinct organisms to atoms only puffed her a yard or two away, where she alighted again without shock, instead of injuring or annihilating her. . . . Yet, in the inexplicable ways of love, Sylvia and her brother not only did what could be done for her, but regarded her with the tenderest affection. What that love lived on, what was its daily food would be hard to guess, were it not that love lives on itself.

The rest of the house, apart from the vacuum of Mrs. Falbe's rooms, conducted itself, so it seemed to Michael, at the highest possible pressure. Sylvia and her brother were both far too busy to be restless, and if, on the one hand, Mrs. Falbe's remote, impenetrable life was inexplicable, not less inexplicable was the rage for living that possessed the other two. From morning till night life proceeded at top speed.

As regards household arrangements, which were all in Sylvia's hands, there were three fixed points in the day. That is to say, that there was lunch for Mrs. Falbe and anybody else who happened to be there at half-past one; tea in Mrs. Falbe's well-like sitting-room at five, and dinner at eight. These meals—Mrs. Falbe

always breakfasted in her bedroom—were served with quiet decorum. Apart from them, anybody who required anything consulted the cook personally. Hermann, for instance, would have spent the morning at his piano in the vast studio at the back of their house in Maidstone Crescent, and not arrived at the fact that it was lunch time till perhaps three in the afternoon. Unless then he settled to do without lunch altogether, he must forage for himself; or Sylvia, having to sing at a concert at eight, would return famished and exultant about ten; she would then proceed to provide herself, unless she supped elsewhere, with a plate of eggs and bacon, or anything else that was easily accessible. It was not from preference that these haphazard methods were adopted; but since they only kept two servants, it was clear that a couple of women, however willing, could not possibly cope with so irregular a commissariat in addition to the series of fixed hours and the rest of the household work. As it was, two splendidly efficient persons, one German, the other English, had filled the posts of parlourmaid and cook for the last eight years, and regarded themselves, and were regarded, as members of the family. Lucas, the parlourmaid, indeed, from the intense interest she took in the conversation at table, could not always resist joining in it, and was apt to correct Hermann or his sister if she detected an inaccuracy in their statements. "No, Miss Sylvia," she would say, "it was on Thursday, not Wednesday," and then recollecting herself, would add, "Beg your pardon, miss."

In this *milieu*, as new to Michael as some suddenly discovered country, he found himself at once plunged and treated with instant friendly intimacy. Hermann, so he supposed, must have given him a good character, for he was made welcome, as Hermann's friend, before he could have had time to make any impression for himself. On the first occasion of his visiting the house, for the purpose of his music lesson, he had stopped to lunch afterwards, where he met Sylvia, and was in the presence of (you could hardly call it more than that) their mother.

Mrs. Falbe had faded away in some mislike fashion soon after, but it was evident that he was intended to do no such thing, and they had gone into the studio, already comrades, and Michael had chiefly listened while the other two had violent and friendly

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discussions on every subject under the sun. Then Hermann happened to sit down at the piano, and played a Chopin *étude pianissimo prestissimo* with finger-tips that just made the notes to sound and no more, and Sylvia told him that he was getting it better; and then Sylvia sang "Who is Sylvia?" and Hermann told her that she shouldn't have eaten so much lunch, or shouldn't have sung; and then, by transitions that Michael could not recollect, they played the "Hailstone Chorus" out of *Israel in Egypt* (or, at any rate, reproduced the spirit of it), and both sang at the top of their voices. Then, as usually happened in the afternoon, two or three friends dropped in, and though these were all intimate with their hosts, Michael had no impression of being out in the cold or among strangers. And when he left he felt as if he had been stretching out chilly hands to the fire, and that the fire was always burning there, ready for him to heat himself at, with its welcoming flames and core of sincere warmth, whenever he felt so disposed.

At first he had let himself do this much less often than he would have liked, for the shyness of years, his over-sensitive modesty at his own want of charm and lightness, was a self-erected barrier in his way. He was, in spite of his intimacy with Hermann, desperately afraid of being tiresome, of checking by his presence, as he had so often felt himself do before, the ease and high spirits of others. But by degrees this broke down; he realised that he was now among those with whom he had that kinship of the mind and of tastes which makes the foundation on which friendship, and whatever friendship may ripen into, is securely built. Never did the simplicity and sincerity of their welcome fail; the cordiality which greeted him was always his; he felt that it was intended that he should be at home there just as much as he cared to be.

The ordinary working days of the week, however, were as a rule too full both for the Falbes and for Michael to do more than have, apart from the music lessons, flying glimpses of each other; for the day was taken up with work, concerts and opera occurred often in the evening, and the shuttles of London took their threads in divergent directions. But on Friday the house at Maidstone Crescent ceased, as Hermann said, to be a junction, and became a temporary terminus.

"We burst from our chrysalis, in fact," he said. "If you find it clearer to understand this way, we burst from our chrysalis and become a caterpillar. Do chrysalides become caterpillars? We do, anyhow. If you come about eight you will find food; if you come later you will also find food of a sketchier kind. People have a habit of dropping in on Friday evening. There's music if anyone feels inclined to make any, and if they don't they are made to. Some people come early, others late, and they stop to breakfast if they wish. It's a *gaudeamus*, you know, a jolly, a jamboree. One has to relax sometimes."

Michael felt all his old unfitness for dreadful crowds return to him.

"Oh, I'm so bad at that sort of thing," he said. "I am a frightful kill-joy, Hermann."

Hermann sat down on the treble part of his piano.

"That's the most conceited thing I've heard you say yet," he remarked. "Nobody will pay any attention to you; you won't kill anybody's joy. Also it's rather rude of you."

"I didn't mean to be rude," said Michael.

"Then we must suppose you were rude by accident. That is the worst sort of rudeness."

"I'm sorry; I'll come," said Michael.

"That's right. You might even find yourself enjoying it by accident, you know. If you don't, you can go away. There's music; Sylvia sings quite seriously sometimes, and other people sing or bring violins, and those who don't like it, talk—and then we get less serious. Have a try, Michael. See if you can't be less serious too."

Michael slipped despairingly from his seat.

"If only I knew how!" he said. "I believe my nurse never taught me to play, only to remember that I was a little gentleman. All the same, when I am with you, or with my cousin Francis, I can manage it to a certain extent."

Falbe looked at him encouragingly.

"Oh, you're getting on," he said. "You take yourself more for granted than you used to. I remember you when you used to be polite on purpose. It's doing things on purpose that makes one serious. If you ever play the fool on purpose, you instantly cease playing the fool."

"Is that it?" said Michael.

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"Yes, of course. So come on Friday, and forget all about it, except coming. And now, do you mind going away? I want to put in a couple of hours before lunch. You know what to practise till Tuesday, don't you?"

That was the first Friday evening that Michael had spent with his friends; after that, up till this present date in November, he had not missed a single one of those gatherings. They consisted almost entirely of men, and of the men there were many types, and many ages. Actors and artists, musicians and authors were indiscriminately mingled; it was the strangest conglomeration of diverse interests. But one interest, so it seemed to Michael, bound them all together; they were all doing in their different lives the things they most delighted in doing. There was the key that unlocked all the locks—namely, the enjoyment that inspired their work. The freemasonry of art and the freemasonry of the eager mind that looks out without verdict, but with only expectation and delight in experiment, passed like an open secret among them, secret because none spoke of it, open because it was so transparently obvious. And since this was so, every member of that heterogeneous community had a respect for his companions; the fact that they were there together showed that they had all passed this initiation, and knew what for their life meant.

Very soon after dinner all sitting accommodation, other than the floor, was occupied; but then the floor held the later comers, and the babble of many voices made a constantly-ascending incense before the altar dedicated to the gods that inspire all enjoyable endeavour. Then Sylvia sang, and both those who cared to hear exquisite singing and those who did not were alike silent, for this was a prayer to the gods they all worshipped; and Falbe played, and there was a quartet of strings.

After that less serious affairs held the rooms; an eminent actor was pleased to parody another eminent actor who was also present. This led to a scene in which each caricatured the other, and a French poet did gymnastic feats on the floor and upset a tray of soda-water, and a German conductor fluffed out his hair and died like Marguerite. And when in the earlier hours of the morning part of the guests had gone away, and part were broiling ham in the kitchen, Sylvia sang again, quite seriously,

and Michael, in Hermann's absence, volunteered to play her accompaniment for her. She stood behind him, and by a finger on his shoulder directed him in the way she would have him go. Michael found himself suddenly and inexplicably understanding this; her finger, by its pressure or its light tapping, seemed to him to speak in a language that he found himself familiar with, and he slowed down, stroking the notes, or quickened with staccato touch, as she wordlessly directed him.

Out of all these things, which were but trivialities, pleasant, unthinking hours for all else concerned, several points stood out for Michael, points new and illuminating. The first was the simplicity of it all, the spontaneousness with which pleasure was born if only you took off your clothes, so to speak, and left them on the bank while you jumped in. All his life he had buttoned his jacket and crammed his hat on to his head. The second was the sense, indefinable but certain, that Hermann and Sylvia between them were the high priests of this memorable orgie.

He himself had met, at dreadful, solemn evenings when Lady Ashbridge and his father stood at the head of the stairs, the two eminent actors who had romped to-night, and found them exceedingly stately personages, just as no doubt they had found him an icy and awkward young man. But they, like him, had taken their note on those different occasions from their environment. Perhaps if his father and mother came here . . . but Michael's imagination quailed before such a supposition.

The third point, which gradually through these weeks began to haunt him more and more, was the personality of Sylvia. He had never come across a girl who in the least resembled her, probably because he had not attempted even to find in a girl, or to display in himself, the signals, winked across from one to the other, of human companionship. Always he had found a difficulty in talking to a girl, because he had, in his self-consciousness, thought about what he should say. There had been the cabalistic question of sex ever in front of him, a thing that troubled and deterred him. But Sylvia, with her hand on his shoulder, absorbed in her singing, and directing him only as she would have pressed the pedal of the piano if she had been playing to herself, was no more agitating than if she had been a man; she was



"She stood behind him, and by a finger on his shoulder directed him in the way he should go"—p. 390.

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

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just singing, just using him to help her singing. And even while Michael registered to himself this charming annihilation of sex, which allowed her to be to him no more than her brother was—less, in fact, but on the same plane—she had come to the end of her song, patted him on the back, as she would have patted anybody else, with a word of thanks, and, for him, suddenly leaped into significance. It was not only a singer who had sung, but an individual one called Sylvia Falbe. She took her place, at present a most inconspicuous one, on the back-cloth before which Michael's life was acted, towards which, when no action, so to speak, was taking place, his eyes naturally turned themselves. His father and mother were there, Francis also and Aunt Barbara, and of course, larger than the rest, Hermann. Now Sylvia was discernible, and, as the days went by and their meetings multiplied, she became bigger, walked into a nearer perspective. It did not occur to Michael, rightly, to imagine himself at all in love with her, for he was not. Only she had asserted herself on his consciousness.

Not yet had she begun to trouble him, and there was no sign, either external or intimate, in his mind that he was sickening with the splendid malady. Indeed, the significance she held for him was rather that, though she was a girl, she presented none of the embarrassments which that sex had always held for him. She grew in comradeship; he found himself as much at ease with her as with her brother, and her charm was just that which had so quickly and strongly attracted Michael to Hermann. She was vivid in the same way as he was; she had the same warm, welcoming kindness—the same complete absence of pose. You knew where you were with her, and hitherto, when Michael was with one of the young ladies brought down to Ashbridge to be looked at, he only wished that wherever he was he was somewhere else. But with Sylvia he had none of this self-consciousness; she was *bonne camarade* for him in exactly the same way as she was *bonne camarade* to the rest of the multitude which thronged the Friday evenings, perfectly at ease with them, as they with her, in relationship entirely unsentimental.

But through these weeks, up to this foggy November afternoon, Michael's most conscious preoccupation was his music. Falbe's principles in teaching were entirely heretical

according to the traditional school; he gave Michael no scale to play, no dismal finger-exercise to fill the hours.

"What is the good of them?" he asked. "They can only give you nimbleness and strength. Well, you shall acquire your nimbleness and strength by playing what is worth playing. Take good music, take Chopin or Bach or Beethoven, and practise one particular étude or fugue or sonata—you may choose anything you like, and learn your nimbleness and strength that way. Read, too; read for a couple of hours every day. The written language of music must become so familiar to you that it is to you precisely what a book or a newspaper is, so that whether you read it aloud—which is playing—or sit in your arm-chair with your feet on the fender, reading it not aloud on the piano, but to yourself, it conveys its definite meaning to you. At your lessons you will have to read aloud to me. But when you are reading to yourself, never pass over a bar that you don't understand. It has got to sound in your head, just as the words you read in a printed book really sound in your head if you read carefully and listen for them. You know exactly what they would be like if you said them aloud. Can you read, by the way? Have a try."

Falbe got down a volume of Bach and opened it at random.

"There," he said, "begin at the top of the page."

"But I can't," said Michael. "I shall have to spell it out."

"That's just what you mustn't do. Go ahead, and don't pause till you get to the bottom of the page. Count; start each bar when it comes to its turn, and play as many notes as you can in it."

This was a dismal experience. Michael hitherto had gone on the painstaking and thorough plan of spelling out his notes with laborious care. Now Falbe's inexorable voice counted for him, until it was lost in inextinguishable laughter.

"Go on, go on!" he shouted. "I thought it was Bach, and it is clearly Strauss's *Don Quixote*."

Michael, flushed and determined, with grave, set mouth, ploughed his way through amazing dissonances, and at the end joined Falbe's laughter.

"Oh dear," he said. "Very funny. But don't laugh so at me, Hermann."

Falbe dried his eyes.

"And what was it?" he said. "I declare

MICHAEL

it was the fourth fugue. An entirely different conception of it! A thoroughly original view! Now, what you've got to do is to repeat that—not the same murder I mean, but other murders—for a couple of hours a day. . . . By degrees—you won't believe it—you will find you are not murdering any longer, but only mortally wounding. After six months I dare say you won't even be hurting your victims. All the same, you can begin with less muscular ones."

In this way Michael's musical horizons were infinitely extended. Not only did this system of Falbe's of flying at new music, and going recklessly and regardlessly on, give quickness to his brain and finger, make his wits alert to pick up the new language he was learning, but it gloriously extended his vision and his range of country. He ran joyfully, though with a thousand falls and tumbles, through these new and wonderful vistas; he worshipped at the grave, Gothic sanctuaries of Beethoven, he roamed through the enchanted garden of Chopin, he felt the icy and eternal frosts of Russia, and saw in the northern sky the great auroras spread themselves in spear and sword of fire; he listened to the wisdom of Brahms, and passed through the noble and smiling country of Bach. All this, so to speak, was holiday travel, and between his journeys he applied himself with the same eager industry to the learning of his art, so that he might reproduce for himself and others true pictures of the scenes through which he scampered. Here Falbe was not so easily moved to laughter; he was as severe with Michael as he was with himself, when it was the question of learning some piece with a view to really playing it. There was no light-hearted hurrying on through blurred runs and false notes, slurred phrases and incomplete chords. Among these pieces which had to be properly learned was the 17th Prelude of Chopin, on hearing which at Baireuth on the tuneless and catarrhed piano Falbe had agreed to take Michael as a pupil. But when it was played again on Falbe's great Steinway, as a professed performance, a very different standard was required.

Falbe stopped him at the end of the first two lines.

"This won't do, Michael," he said. "You played it before for me to see whether you could play. You can. But it won't do to sketch it. Every note has got to be there; Chopin didn't write them by accident. He

knew quite well what he was about. Begin again, please."

This time Michael got not quite so far, when he was stopped again. He was playing without notes, and Falbe got up from his chair where he had the book open, and put it on the piano.

"Do you find difficulty in memorising?" he asked.

This was discouraging; Michael believed that he remembered easily; he also believed that he had long known this by heart.

"No; I thought I knew it," he said.

"Try again."

This time Falbe stood by him, and suddenly put his finger down into the middle of Michael's hands, striking a note.

"You left out that F sharp," he said. "Go on. . . . Now you are leaving out that E natural. Try to get it better by Thursday, and remember this, that playing, and all that differentiates playing from strumming, only begins when you can play all the notes that are put down for you to play without fail. You're beginning at the wrong end; you have admirable feeling about that prelude, but you needn't think about feeling till you've got all the notes at your fingers' ends. Then, and not till then, you may begin to remember that you want to be a pianist. Now, what's the next thing?"

Michael felt somewhat squashed and discouraged. He had thought he had really worked successfully at the thing he knew so well by sight. His heavy eyebrows drew together.

"You told me to harmonise that Christmas carol," he remarked, rather shortly.

Falbe put his hand on his shoulder.

"Look here, Michael," he said, "you're vexed with me. Now, there's nothing to be vexed at. You know quite well you were leaving out lots of notes from those jolly fat chords, and that you weren't playing cleanly. Now I'm taking you seriously, and I won't have from you anything but the best you can do. You're not doing your best when you don't even play what is written. You can't begin to work at this till you do that."

Michael had a moment's severe tussle with his temper. He felt vexed and disappointed that Hermann should have sent him back like a schoolboy with his exercise torn over. Not immediately did he confess to himself that he was completely in the wrong.

"I'm doing the best I can," he said. "It's rather discouraging."

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He moved his big shoulders slightly, as if to indicate that Hermann's hand was not wanted there. Hermann kept it there.

"It might be discouraging," he said, "if you were doing your best."

Michael's ill-temper oozed from him.

"I'm wrong," he said, turning round with the smile that made his ugly face so pleasant. "And I'm sorry both that I have been slack and that I've been sulky. Will that do?"

Falbe laughed.

"Very well indeed," he said. "Now for 'Good King Wenceslas.' Wasn't it—?"

"Yes; I got awfully interested over it, Hermann. I thought I would try and work it up into a few variations."

"Let's hear," said Falbe.

This was a vastly different affair. Michael had shown both ingenuity and a great sense of harmonic beauty in the arrangement of the very simple little tune that Falbe had made him exercise his ear over, and the half-dozen variations that followed showed a wonderfully mature handling. The air which he dealt with haunted them as a sort of unseen presence. It moved in a tiny gavotte, or looked on at a minuet measure; it wailed, yet without being positively heard, in a little dirge of itself; it broadened into a march, it shouted in a bravura of rapid octaves, and finally asserted itself, heard once more, over a great scale base of bells.

Falbe, as was his habit when interested, sat absolutely still, but receptive and alert, instead of jerking and fidgeting as he had done over Michael's fiasco in the Chopin prelude, and at the end he jumped up with a certain excitement.

"Do you know what you've done?" he said. "You've done something that's really good. Faults? Yes, millions; but there's a first-rate imagination at the bottom of it. How did it happen?"

Michael flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, they sang themselves," he said, "and I learned them. But will it really do? Is there anything in it?"

"Yes, old boy, there's King Wenceslas in it, and you've dressed him up well. Play that last one again."

The last one was taxing to the fingers, but Michael's big hands banged out the octave scales in the bass with wonderful ease, and Falbe gave a great guffaw of pleasure at the rollicking conclusion.

"Write them all down," he said, "and try if you can hear it singing half a dozen more. If you can, write them down also, and give me leave to play the lot at my concert in January."

Michael gasped.

"You don't mean that?" he said.

"Certainly I do. It's a fine bit of stuff."

It was with these variations, now on the point of completion, that Michael meant to spend his solitary and rapturous evening. The spirits of the air—whatever those melodious sprites may be—had for the last month made themselves very audible to him, and the half-dozen further variations that Hermann had demanded had rung all day in his head. Now, as they neared completion, he found that they ceased their singing; their work of dictation was done; he had to this extent expressed himself, and they haunted him no longer. At present he had but jotted down the skeleton of his—that could be filled in afterwards, and it gave him enormous pleasure to see the ribs reversed and himself, out of his own brain, setting Falbe his task.

But he felt much more than this. He had done something. Michael, the dumb, awkward Michael, was somehow revealed on those eight pages of music. All his twenty-five years he had stood wistfully inarticulate, unable, so it had seemed to him, to show himself, to let himself out. And not till now, when he had found this means of access, did he know how passionately he had desired it, nor how immensely, in the process of so doing, his desire had grown. He must find out more ways, other channels of projecting himself. The need for that, as of a diver throwing himself into the empty air and the laughing waters below him, suddenly took hold of him.

He took a clean sheet of music paper, into which he placed his pages, and with a pleasurable sense of pomp wrote in the centre of it:

VARIATIONS ON AN AIR

BY
MICHAEL COMBER

He paused a moment, then took up his pen again.

"Dedicated to Sylvia Falbe," he wrote at the top.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNDER THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS

Is Divine Protection in War Time a Reality? Actual Cases

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

NO aspect of the war has been more comforting and reassuring than the occurrence of seemingly miraculous incidents, not only in actual conflicts on land and sea, but at home where troubles and dangers have abounded.

We may ourselves be unconscious of any special deliverance, but most of us have met someone thankful for escape from a great peril. The words of the Psalmist, with their beautiful imagery, have been very precious: "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust." For the troubled world needs all the consolation and encouragement possible during these dread times, when death has taken the babe in its cradle, the soldier in his dug-out, the mine-sweeper in his boat, and the airman in his aeroplane, with seeming impartiality.

"Luck," or Providence

"Luck," "chance," "a fortunate escape," says the materialist, describing what to the spiritually minded is the direct interposition of Providence, and to the Christian, protection by a loving Father, who values His child more than many sparrows and counts the very hairs of his head. Incredulity is nothing new. Until they were opened, there were eyes unable to see the horses and chariots of fire about Elisha. There are many to-day who smile superciliously at mention of the Mons visions as the hallucinations of half-delirious, exhausted men. In a world where life itself is a long succession of wonders, and during these years of warfare specially so, coldly matter-of-fact people, incapable of seeing visions themselves, deny the possibility of anything abnormal, anything above the

level of their daily experience and limited intelligence. But those who believe "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends" will treasure every scrap of evidence that goes to prove we are not victims of blind chance, and that we do well to pray earnestly for Divine succour, since it has so often been given to our fellows. Let us even take comfort in the idea of guardian angels or spirits about us warding off evil and injury; this will strengthen and encourage all those who realise that the present war is a conflict of right against might, and hear through the din of conflict the clarion call to mankind to overcome all forms of evil. Even those who have lost their dearest in brave defence of home and country may trace the hand of mercy in swift, instantaneous death, in place of slow torture and mutilation for life. There has been in many cases no suffering.

Some Actual Instances

With the idea that others may find comfort in reading of instances of Divine protection, the writer has collected the following stories, actual experiences of persons who, more or less clearly, recognise in what they have gone through the intervention of a guardian hand. When the full history of the war is known something more than blind chance will be apparent in the sudden turn of the Germans within a walk of Paris, their delay in rushing Calais and Dunkirk, so many months of stormy weather adverse to Zeppelin raids, the banning by Russia and France of their special alcoholic curse, the breakdown of class distinctions, the increase of loving service and self-sacrifice the world over.

But from the general let us turn to the individual experiences.

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A mother who has sent to the front her three sons, and daily, even hourly, commends their safety to God, has allowed the writer to read some remarkable letters from them. All three have had marvellous escapes from death. The eldest, aged twenty-five, is tenderly attached to his mother, and writes her beautiful letters, such as any mother might glory in. He is a driver in the transport service and went out at the beginning of the war. On one occasion he had to drive an officer to a certain spot, where he was left to wait for him for two hours, while the officer took some men on to the firing-line. It was a windy and very dark night, and the driver, sitting in his motor-car, wondered how he should pass the long dreary hours, seeing nothing and listening to the guns and howling wind. After a time his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, and he discovered, some 150 yards away, a group of eight soldiers making tea. Well pleased, he said to himself: "I'll go and ask for a cup!" and had actually jumped down from his seat and walked about a dozen yards towards the men, when some voice seemed to urge him: "Go back!" He realised it was his duty to stay with his car, and resumed his seat. Immediately he had done so a shell from one of our own guns fell short, and crashed into the group of men taking tea, annihilating them all. If the young fellow had continued on his way, he would have just about reached them as the shell burst. The letter describing the incident continues: "I assure you it is a wonder how I have escaped, but it brings home in force the power of prayer. I am absolutely sure it is nothing else, and as I have told you before, I have a feeling that all will be well with me. Pray God it may be so. Trust in God. He will hear your prayers."

Narrow Escapes

The second son, who is married, was riding a wagon with other men, when it passed over a mined part of the road, and the wagon, with its load, was blown up. After being flung into the air, the young man found himself lying on the ground, whole, with the exception of one arm wrenched from its socket. He was invalided home, and at the time these words are penned is in hospital.

The youngest son, a lad of nineteen, had

been singled out to drive an officer engaged on important work, and during five months had met with no *contretemps*. One day the mother heard this son also had been wonderfully preserved. "Now, mother," he wrote, "isn't it remarkable that the only particular time I can bring to mind when I didn't drive him (i.e. the officer) he should be killed with the man driving him? And I understand the driver has not even been found."

One night a chaplain was conducting a simple funeral service over a soldier just behind the front-line trenches of a certain Midland regiment. The Germans started firing, and every member of the little party at once fell flat on the ground, till the firing ceased. Then they rose, and composedly finished the service. In the dawn of next morning it was discovered that the first line trenches had been evacuated by our men, and the Germans were in possession of them. Thus there had been no barrier between the burial party and the enemy, save the protecting arm of God.

Saved by a Wound

A young lieutenant whose parents are prominent in church work has a strangely interesting story to relate. One day he was stooping down serving out something to his men, when one of them cried out: "You're shot, sir!" Unaware of any injury, he replied: "Oh, no!" but directly he took off his cap, blood flowed from his head. Just then came the order to charge. The lieutenant was preparing to lead his men, when a shell burst near and bespattered him with mud, covering, too, the wound in his head. That settled the matter. His fellow officers insisted on his going to the field hospital lest blood poisoning should supervene. He was sent home to England and soon recovered. But the officer who led the charge in his place was killed.

Numbers of men have come out of action with holes in their caps and uniforms, even with singed hair, but unharmed and acknowledging the saving hand of God. Sometimes a bullet has been stopped by a pocket Testament, a mother's letters, or a small metal box carried in a pocket.

To mention one instance, a private belonging to a Yorkshire regiment received, with other men of his battalion, a Prayer Book in York Minster before leaving for the front.

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The man carried his book in his left breast-pocket, and it was instrumental in preserving his life by stopping a piece of shrapnel from piercing his heart.

A priest from Paraguay studying at Louvain had a merciful escape from death at the time the town was martyred. God, he said, saved his life. On the dreadful night of August 25th, when the surrounding houses began to burn, he fled through the back yards and gardens, only to be captured next morning and led with a number of foreigners and prominent men towards the station, insulted and roughly treated by the Germans on the way. The passport which he showed to the *bêtes féroces*, as he calls them, they ignored, and then he realised that only by a miracle could God save the lives of himself and his companions.

In the Hands of the Germans

With flames to right and left, beholding terrible sights of murdered civilians, kicked and spat upon, the helpless victims were driven to a field nine or ten kilometres from Louvain, and told they were going to be shot. The priest remonstrated that he was a South American, but the German officer with blazing eyes shouted he should be shot the first. Then all had their hands tied behind their backs with their own handkerchiefs. They stood awaiting death. A quarter of an hour passed. At last they were formed into groups and made to move on from village to village towards the Belgian lines. At dusk they stumbled into Campenhout, where they spent the night in the church with fighting going on all around. The following morning the priest, with the Spanish Vice-Consul and three young Spaniards, were, to their joy, set at liberty, and after much difficulty reached Brussels at midday on August 27th—safe after two days and nights of agony.

It is a curiously significant fact, but there is ample evidence of it, including that of the camera, that in the midst of ruined churches and wayside shrines, the figure of the Saviour has "towered o'er the wrecks of time." One private writes: "The village we are in now has been taken and retaken four times. Everything has been knocked down except three praying shrines and a crucifix, and they are not scratched. It has been the same everywhere I have been; it is curious, but true." Well may the person of reveren-

tial mind see in this a sign of the indestructibility of the Christian religion, even the material representation of the Saviour being spared.

A gunner in the R.F.A. related to a hospital nurse how on one occasion he was to have helped relay a gun at night, but instead was sent to head-quarters with a message. During his absence the gun and all the gunners were blown up. He was transferred to another battery, and a second time narrowly escaped death. For at an hour when he should have been resting in a dug-out, but was kept longer on duty owing to the illness of one of the men, a shell came over the gun without touching it, right into the dug-out. "It shows," the man remarked, "how Providence looks after His own."

At sea there have been wonderful instances of deliverance. Very graphic was the description of his experiences given by a skipper, sent to the Dardanelles to carry out the dangerous work of mine-sweeping. Shot and shell fell thick around his frail boat as it tried to clear a way for the big vessels, riddling it as it dashed up the Narrows; yet only one of the volunteer crew was injured. "My thoughts were up above," declared this Christian fisherman, simply and impressively.

"I thought of the three in the fiery furnace, of Daniel in the lion's den. If man alone had tried that work, he could not have done it. And I should be a coward if I stood here and did not acknowledge this."

There was a sailor on one of the transports in the Dardanelles who described how enemy airships hovered over the troopship and dropped bombs. The captain, "a man of God," gave the order to the men on board to pray. So they knelt on the deck and sought deliverance. Their prayer was answered, for every one of the eighteen bombs fell harmlessly into the sea.

Three Times Shipwrecked

In a certain munitions factory there is now at work a man whose life has been marvellously safeguarded. A good swimmer, he escaped in turn from the three vessels sunk by the Germans—the *Aboukir*, the *Cressy*, and the *Hogue*. When the last of the three went down he remained over five hours in the water before being rescued

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and taken ashore. What a tale of preservation for future work!

In a very marked manner the protecting care of God has been clearly evidenced during the Zeppelin raids over England. The loss of life and damage to property have been comparatively small, and everywhere one goes escapes of individuals are related. The bombs fell on roads and open spaces, or into water; two fell one on each side of gas-works; others by (not upon) an arsenal, in the grounds of a hospital, outside a railway station. A baby being bathed has its hair singed, but is unhurt. The evil night creatures "lifted up from the earth," with murder in their thoughts, have passed over thousands of homes where in quietness and confidence parents have committed themselves and their dear children to One who slumbers not nor sleeps. The writer experienced such merciful protection, never having heard even "the noise of their wings" over London, and leaving a house on the East Coast a few days before bombs were dropped in front and to the side of it.

Calm Amid Danger

Not terror and panic, but calm and confidence have come at the critical moment. At the time of the bombardment of Scarborough, the candidates at the Cambridge

Local Examinations wrote their papers, unafraid. When bombs began to fall near a children's hospital, and the little ones showed alarm, a nurse with wonderful presence of mind promised the children they should have a Guy Fawkes night, distributed chocolate, and instead of terror, enjoyment reigned at seeing the beautiful fireworks. "Sublime!" we say of the courage and self-possession of that nurse; and we know quite well fervent prayers were being offered all the time, as they have been every night in British homes when the conditions were favourable for a hostile air-raid.

A Mother's Escape

With much satisfaction the writer recalls the escape of a young mother with her three little children. They lived in a cottage where two roads met, and with the wall of a dockyard fronting the dwelling. During a raid one bomb fell into the roadway at the side of the cottage in the exact spot where it could do least injury to cottage and wall. The next minute a little girl in her nightie was seen in the road; her pillow had been sprinkled with broken glass. She sprang out of bed and fled downstairs and out of the house, while the mother ran to snatch up her babies. Broken glass was on their pillows, too, but not one was cut or scratched.



KILLED IN ACTION

THERE are so many of them now;

Each day we mark the length'ning list.

We know not how they died, nor how

This one or that is mourned or missed.

Untimely soon their sun has set,

In the high noon of manhood's pride.

The pity of it smites. And yet—

Was it not so the Master died?

No peaceful death-bed scenes they knew;

But, in a place with horrors thick,

They passed. Grief held the loving few

Whose hearts long since with fear were sick.

With that they died, for still unwon—

Wrong unavenged—the battle's tide

Unturning yet—so much undone—

Was it not so the Master died?

GRACE MARY GOLDEN.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD

The Third in a Series of "A Minister's Experiences with Women"

By A WELL-KNOWN PREACHER

IF some good brother had not already done so I should write an article some day called "The Minister's Mail." But I am quite certain that it has already been done—and doubtless much more entertainingly than I could have done it; indeed, I have an indistinct recollection of having read such an article myself, and of laughing at this letter, which was quoted as having arrived in one morning's mail:

"DEAR SIR,—

"I shall be at church next Sunday morning and will put five shillings in the contribution box if you will preach from this text: 'And he took him by the tail.'"

Almost any minister could write a similar article, and it would be very rich in humour and in pathos. There would be requests for aid, and confessions of doubt; pleas for advice in love affairs and domestic tribulation; an occasional word of commendation, and letters of criticism, more than occasional, with now and then a fragment of denunciation or threat. There are a hundred letters in my collection, any one of which, followed up, would have led into the heart of an adventure. And some of them were followed up.

"I wonder who this is from?" my wife said, as she laid the post on the breakfast table one morning. It was a lavender letter of rich, fine material, addressed in a woman's handwriting. There was neither address, nor date line, nor signature. It read simply:

"To-morrow night at eight I shall be there. Be ye ready."

"Who is that from?" said my wife again; this time with a little added emphasis, for even a minister's wife is human, and a woman.

"You know as much about it as I do,

my dear. I never saw the handwriting before."

I was hard at work in the study next morning when the maid brought in a card and laid it on my desk. The surname was one that has an honoured place in our literature. In one corner was inscribed, in the handwriting of the letter, "The Voice of the Lord."

"Show her in," I said; and a moment later she entered, a woman of nearly middle age, tall, with a certain dignity in her face and manner. She advanced to the middle of the room, and stood silent, her eyes fixed on my face, until the maid's footsteps had pattered off down the hall and she knew that we were entirely alone. In the interval I had studied her features. Her hair was grey, though she couldn't have been more than thirty-seven or eight; her forehead was high and fine; her cheeks a trifle drawn, and her chin, though well formed, bore just the suggestion of instability. But her eyes told the story. There was the weird, unwholesome gleam in them that can be kindled by intoxicants, or by unbridled emotion, or is, maybe, the signal of a mind undone.

"I am here!" she announced. Her voice was full and deep as though much employed in public speaking.

"You have me somewhat at a disadvantage," I began, but she had evidently marked out the channel in which the conversation was to be conducted, and would not be tempted from it.

"You know me, though you may not admit it. You have heard of my grandfather." She spoke the name so much honoured in our literature. "I write, also," she continued; "you have seen my articles in the magazines?"

Being thus reminded, I did recall having seen her name once or twice in some of

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the lesser periodicals, and said so. She seemed pleased.

"I am a great writer," she went on. I smiled a little, and she was quick to notice it. "You laugh; but I tell you I could be famous—more famous than my grandfather. I know it—I know the power that is in me. But I have abandoned writing. I have said, 'Get thee behind me!' I cannot write and be true to my mission."

"Your mission?" I questioned. "What is your mission?"

"The Lord has commanded me to restore prophecy upon the earth. As Nathan appeared before David, as John the Baptist appeared before Herod, so I appear before the powerful of the earth. I am the Voice of the Lord: I appear before you. I say, Thus saith the Lord: 'Thou art untrue to My trust. Why is thy preaching not My preaching? Why hast thou proved unfaithful to the truth?'"

By this time I knew that I had to deal with one of the religious cranks who are a part of the minister's problem. Nearly every week some one of them comes to urge his right to be heard at the Sunday morning service, or to present some obscure passage of Scripture as containing a new revelation too long neglected.

"I have no doubt the Lord speaks to you," I said. "But He speaks to me also, and to every one of His children. I, too, am commissioned to proclaim His Gospel on the earth: I must speak His message as I understand it."

But she would not be turned aside.

"You say you are a true minister," she said, her voice rising into sharp, bitter scorn. "Show me proof of your ministry. Your Master healed the sick: do you heal? He said, 'These signs shall follow them that believe: They shall cast out devils; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Show signs: the Voice of the Lord says to you, 'Show signs.'"

"I will show signs of my ministry when you show signs of yours," I replied.

"What do you mean?" Her voice was still more shrill; she was working herself fast towards hysteria, and I was eager to have her gone. As I answered I stepped over to the door and opened it.

"Why don't you quote the whole of the Lord's promise?" I demanded. "These signs too, He says, shall follow them that

believe: if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them! There is the chemist's across the street. Come. We will go over. You believe that if you drink any deadly thing it will not hurt you, don't you?"

With a savage glance she brushed by me to the front door. There she turned for an instant:

"Hypocrite! Blasphemer!" she fairly shrieked. "I leave you: but you shall yet hear the Voice of the Lord. You shall hear me: You shall obey——" and so, turning every dozen steps to hurl her threats back at me, she made her way down the street.

Noting with gratitude that the street was deserted, and our little scene apparently unobserved, I shut the door and went back to work.

The next morning there was another lavender letter in the mail. "You cast me out yesterday," it said, "even as the priests cast out the prophets of old. But the Voice of the Lord will be heard. The Lord will reveal me to the city, and you shall be the instrument of that revelation."

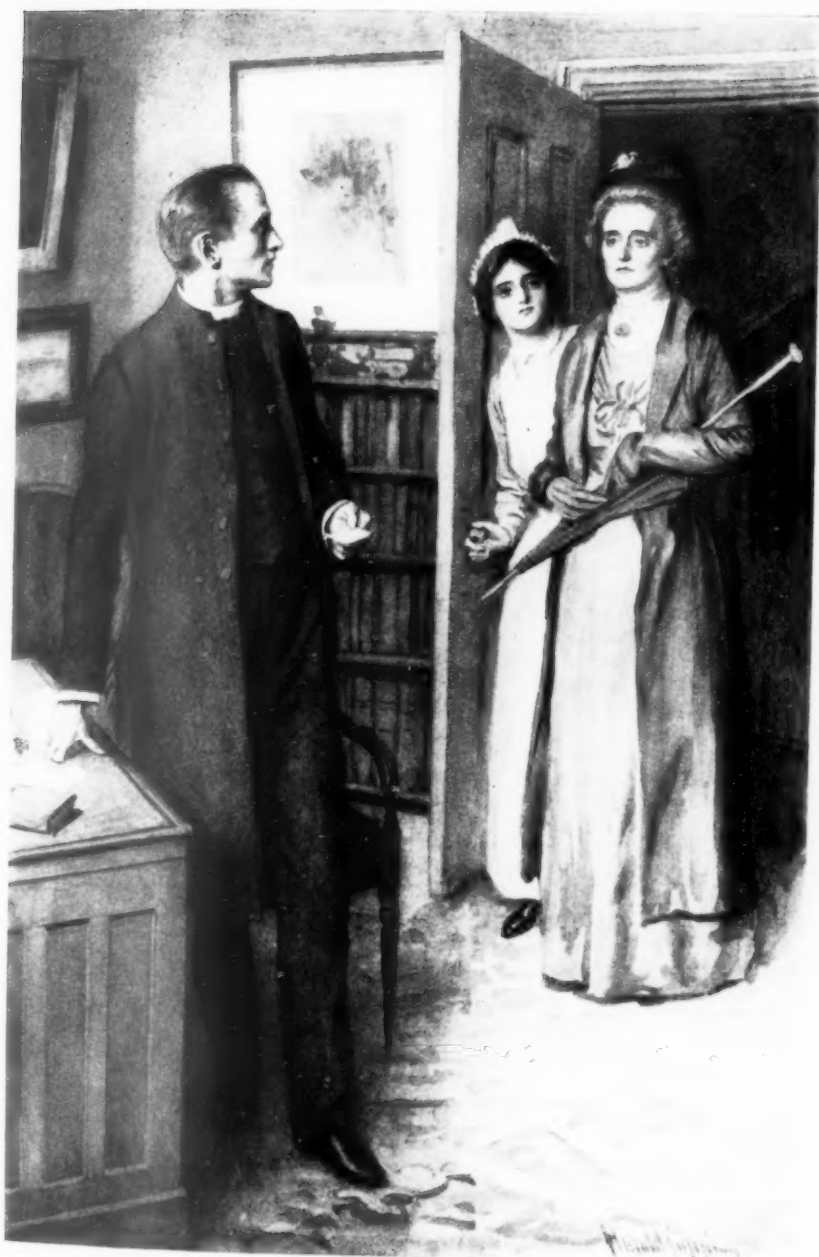
"A strange case," I said, and tossed the letter over to my wife. "She might have been a brilliant woman, writes well and all that—and she's sure the Lord is on her side. And I am to be the instrument of the revelation, whatever that means."

"Whatever it means," said my wife, "I think you had better ignore her absolutely. You'll probably never hear of her again."

But for once she was wrong. The letters kept coming for nearly a month, one every morning, each one reaffirming her divine commission and warning me that some day I should be the means of establishing her claim before the world. She became quite an institution in our household—the Voice of the Lord, the children called her; and when her letters ceased coming we rather missed them.

I had found out something about her in the meantime. Edgerton of the Presbyterian Church told me. He was probably the best known minister in the city, a fine, elderly man of national reputation.

"She came to see me several years ago," he said. "It was after a big missionary convention here, and one of our women had read a really remarkable paper. I forgot the subject now, but it was the talk of the convention, and the newspapers commented



"She advanced to the middle of the room, and stood silent"—p. 399.

Drawn by
Harold Cogging.

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upon it. The next morning your friend called on me and introduced herself.

" 'Did you hear that paper by Mrs. Blank yesterday?' she asked.

" 'I told her I had and thought it very fine.

" 'I wrote it,' she said. 'I write most of the papers for these wealthy women who have more money than brains.'

" 'I was amazed and somewhat disgusted. 'What you say may be true,' I told her, 'but, if so, the betrayal of their confidence does not commend you to mine.'

" 'Then she told me a good deal about herself. She is brilliant and of good family. But her people have long since cast her off. You see, she is an opium fiend.'

After the letters ceased coming I lost sight of the Voice of the Lord, and she dropped finally out of memory.

Almost a year later, in passing a little church a couple of streets from my own, I was attracted by the sound of singing inside. The hall had been vacant for some months, the congregation having moved away from it, and it had been offered, I knew, for sale. "What's going on in the little church, Pete?" I inquired of our caretaker, who was my source of information on any matter connected with the neighbourhood.

" 'Some woman's started a religion there,' he answered. 'Jehovasha, she calls herself, or something like that; and say, Doctor, she's got 'em goin', too.'

" 'What do you mean?'

" 'It's crowded every Sunday. They claim she's got some power to do miracles.'

I asked for more details.

" 'No one knows where she comes from or who she is. Least, I ain't found none that does. We boys was discussin' it the other night, and someone said as how she just dropped down here one Sunday and began preachin' on the street, sayin' that she was the true preacher and all other preachers was fakes, and she'd show 'em up; and come unto her all that was sore at the churches; and if anybody was sick come along too, because the doctors was fakes also, and devils, and she would cure 'em and nothing charged, only glorify the Lord, and each one chip in whatever he wanted. And while she was preachin' someone came up with a crutch, and says, 'I'm lame and the doctors can't do nothin', and if you got the goods the

way you say, why cure me, and if you don't cure me, why you're a fake,' and she sort o' looked at him queer, and her eyes was flashin', and she says, 'God has sent you as a proof for the wicked. In the name of the Almighty, chuck that crutch!' And—I wasn't there myself, but O'Keefe swears he seen it—the feller sort of straightened up and shouts, 'I'm cured, glory to God!' and he chucks the crutch, and everybody shouts and begins to throw silver and coppers at Jehovasha, and the kids run in to get the money, and there was a fight. But next Sunday she started goin' in the little church, and there's been a crowd there ever since."

The next morning I opened the paper to find a story about Jehovasha, and a flash-light photograph of the inside of her church, crowded with worshippers, herself shown as merely a little blur behind the pulpit. The story was one of those overdrawn, sensational tales which find their way to the papers when other news is scarce. It told of her sudden appearance in the city, and her first "Miracle" as Pete had described it, though the account was not so picturesque on the whole. No one knew her origin, it said, nor her true name. To all inquiries she replied merely that she was Jehovasha, the prophetess of the Lord, and that she had been sent to restore true religion to the city, and call the ministers and the churches to repentance.

After that there was something in the papers about her on almost every Monday morning. One Sunday she had held a special meeting for cripples, and after a half-crazed exhortation which had brought the whole congregation almost to a pitch of insanity, she had shouted that the spirit of the Lord was descending upon them in healing power, and that whoever would lift up his arms and glorify Jehovah would be healed. An indescribable pandemonium ensued. Men shouted and women cried: crutches were thrown toward the platform, and some who had not walked unaided for years, hypnotised by the excitement of the occasion and raised into veritable frenzy, danced up and down in the aisles. The next morning her "Twelve Apostles," as she termed them, were busy nailing crutches and braces of various sorts to the walls of the church. After that her little tabernacle became too small for the crowds that sought admittance.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD

They overflowed into the street, and sometimes she stood in a window and hurled her piercing sentences down among them.

She had a peculiarly capable sense of news values. There was always something in her sermons that the papers could seize upon, and for several months she was a regular help in the time of their Monday edition trouble. She was bitter against the doctors and the preachers; and as time went on her exhortations became rather galling to some of the more sensitive brethren of the city. Two of them, who had been most severely handled by her, at length prevailed upon the police to have her locked up as a public nuisance and disturber of the peace.

I heard about it Sunday night from Pete, and it seemed to me a most unfortunate action. Whatever her vagaries, or those of any other speaker, I have never relished the idea of police interference in the matter of free speech. Moreover, there was no surer way to give form and substance to her movement than by awarding her the crown of the martyr.

It was in this frame of mind that I went home Sunday night. Monday morning I picked up the paper to find her name, as usual, in the paper, and—to my surprise and consternation—my own linked with it.

These were the headlines:

JEHOVASHA ARRESTED

Prophetess Imprisoned for Disturbing the Peace

Says the Lord will send Dr. Jones and Dr. Edgerton to Deliver her

The reporters were at the telephone before I had finished my breakfast. I put them off with evasive answers, and got Edgerton on the wire.

"What do you think about it?" I said.

"It's a shame she was ever locked up," he replied. "The woman's a drug fiend and probably insane, but she's harmless."

"Just what I think, but what are we going to do?"

He hesitated a moment, and then his great laugh rang out heartily. "I don't see how we can let the Lord fall down on His promises," he said. "I'll meet you at the police station in half an hour."

So we two, Edgerton and I, delivered her, as she had announced that we would do. The inspector brought her out into his own office. As she stepped through the door,

I recognised her at once as the "Voice of the Lord," the woman who for a month had written me a daily letter. She was older, and worn, and there were the unmistakable signs that the drug had almost finished its evil work. But her spirit was unbroken.

We talked with her a long time, Edgerton and I. We told her that we had come to deliver her because we believed she had been mistreated, but that we could not agree to go bond for her unless she was willing to leave the city and return to her relatives. At first she refused, but when we made as though to leave she broke down, and, throwing herself upon us, pleaded with us not to leave her in jail. So we arranged for her bail, and adjusted matters with the police officers and the two brethren, who were willing to forget the charge. Edgerton agreed to see her to a train, and to telegraph her people in the city where her name is and always has been an honoured one.

She had stopped crying; while we were busy with the telephone and the legal papers, her eyes followed me from place to place. Finally she spoke:

"I won, didn't I, Doctor?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I told you the Lord would glorify me and that you would be the instrument of my glory. You are, aren't you? A week from now I'll be forgotten around here, I suppose. But to-morrow"—she gave a little chuckle—"to-morrow the papers will say that my prophecy was fulfilled, that the Lord sent Dr. Jones and Dr. Edgerton to deliver me. Won't they?"

"No, they won't," I answered, "not if Edgerton and I have any influence with the city editors. They won't say anything more about you—ever."

She was silent for a time, until Edgerton stepped over to help her on with her coat. Grasping it with one hand, she turned and raised the other above her head, facing me with a pathetic remnant of something like her old-time fire.

"The Voice of the Lord," she said. "He sent you to deliver me, to be the instrument of my glory. If you don't believe me, ask Him. He will tell you I was sent to restore prophecy upon the earth."

I watched her walk slowly down the street, leaning lifelessly upon Edgerton's arm, until they reached the corner and climbed into a car, and she passed for ever out of my sight.

ESTELLE

A Name, and what it Meant

By VIOLET M. METHLEY

THEY had only been married six weeks ; they had only been home from the honeymoon for a fortnight.

As yet there was no need to use plate-powder for the odds and ends of wedding silver on the Sheraton table ; Viva's soft duster alone made them shine magnificently. She rubbed tenderly, as though she loved every bit of them ; but some things took longer than others : the photograph of Chris in the plain silver frame, for instance.

Viva moved across to the desk by the window, and opened the ink-pot to see that it was not empty. The blotting-paper in the big pad was all scrawled over with little profiles and weirdly rigged ships : evidently last night Chris had written some letter of which the composition troubled him. The girl suddenly bent and kissed the disfigured sheet before turning it clean side uppermost ; then laughed and blushed at her own absurdity.

Some slips of paper, inscribed in the wildest hieroglyphics, were tucked into a corner of the pad ; the top one was a reminder to order a box of chocolate for Viva ; and, after all, he had forgotten to take the note ; that was very like Chris.

The little front gate clicked, and Viva glanced up casually ; a telegraph boy was slouching jauntily up the path.

Almost before the bell rang, whilst the last echoes of the knock still rang through the house, Viva had opened the door. Perhaps Chris wanted her to go up to town for a theatre ; perhaps Monica had found that she could come to them for a week-end—telegrams did not always mean bad news.

The flimsy envelope was ridiculously hard to open ; the words on the pinkish sheet did not seem to make sense at first :

Taken to Cosmopolitan Hospital. No immediate danger.—BURNETT."

Why did the telegraph boy stand there staring at her ? Why couldn't he go ! Somebody—but the voice did not sound to Viva like her own—told him there was no answer. He went away, and the gate clicked again.

And Viva was left staring at the paper in her hand, wondering, inconsequently, who Burnett was. Suddenly the mists of bewilderment cleared away, and there was the truth, stark and naked. Chris had been run over—Chris was hurt !

There was no time to cry. If she hurried, if she did not waste a single moment, she might catch the 12.20 up to town.

She did not catch it. The train steamed out of the station just as Viva ran down the incline. And there was an hour and a quarter to wait for the next one. The girl walked up and down the platform all that waiting time ; it was utterly impossible to sit still. She read the telegram again and again ; tried to puzzle some further meaning from the bare words of the message.

There was a fire in the waiting-room, papers on the bookstall, tea in the refreshment-room ; but, for Viva, these things simply did not exist. There was nothing in the whole world which mattered except Chris — Chris — Chris ! She had never dreamed that her love for her husband could hurt so horribly.

At last the train crept slowly in. Viva found a carriage to herself, sat crouched in a corner, staring out at the crawling landscape. Always before, the journey up to town had seemed fast.

The big station looked so homely that she forgot for a moment ; she caught a passing glimpse of the clock where Chris always waited for her. She sprang up and

" Mr. Carton run over this morning.

ESTELLE

wrestled eagerly with the door-handle, expecting to find him there as usual. Then, when she remembered, for the first time tears came, scalding her eyelids. It was only after she was in the taxi-cab, on her way to the hospital, that she rubbed them away almost fiercely.

It would never do for Chris to see that she had been crying. To see—no, there were some things it was best not to think about—if one could only keep the thoughts away!

The driver pulled up before a great, smoke-grimed building. Inside, in chill, antiseptic-smelling spaces, Viva waited whilst her name was repeated through telephones and speaking-tubes. Finally she ascended in a lift through a well-shaft of bare white staircase to a corridor, where a round-faced nurse met her.

"You are Mrs. Carton?" she asked. "Yes, your husband is in my charge. We have put him in a little private ward."

"Is he—?" Viva could manage no more.

"No. And he won't!" the nurse assured her. "It's a leg and two ribs broken, and rather bad concussion; but the doctor says there is no real danger whatever. He's quite unconscious, you know; I don't suppose he will really know anybody for days, although he's talking all the time about—" She paused, laughing. "Do you know, Mrs. Carton, just now I very nearly called you by your Christian name."

"But how could you know it?" Viva asked perplexedly.

"Because I've heard it several hundred times since your husband was brought in. Oh, yes; he's thinking of you continually, although probably he won't know who you are. But you'd like to see him at once, of course?"

Chris lay in a bed, which was narrow and very white, reflected in a shining floor. Everything was brilliantly polished, and on a table there were strange, vividly-coloured liquids in huge glass bottles.

But Viva only saw her husband. His head was bandaged, down over his eyebrows, and he moved it from side to side restlessly, as though seeking vainly for comfort. His features seemed to have become curiously regular, almost statuesque; and his brown hands, lying on the coverlet, looked pitifully helpless.

With a little sob in her throat, Viva bent and laid her cheek against his for a moment.

"Chris, my own old fellow—my dear boy," she whispered.

For an instant he almost seemed to hear her. The restless movement of his head ceased, his eyelids flickered, and he began to mutter under his breath.

"There, he's asking for you again," the nurse said softly.

The mutter resolved itself into the repetition of one word; his voice rose on a note of piteous appeal.

"Estelle! . . . Estelle!"

All the blood in Viva's veins seemed to turn cold. She felt as though in the grip of a nightmare, incapable of speech or clear thought.

"Estelle! . . . Estelle! . . . Estelle!" the unconscious man moaned.

"Answer him," the nurse whispered; "perhaps your voice may soothe him. He may recognise it."

A wild impulse seized upon Viva to tell the truth. But some other feeling—pride, shame—held her back. She spoke very gently, her hand clasping the restless fingers of the sick man.

"Yes, Chris, dear; I am here."

Again there was that faint half-gleam of recognition in the heavy eyes; then they became blank and vacant once more, and still the imploring voice spoke, piteously.

"Estelle! . . . Estelle!"

Suddenly despair seized upon Viva—despair and a feeling of intense loneliness. There was pitiful appeal in her eyes as she looked up at the nurse; and the other, misreading her glance, spoke quickly and reassuringly.

"It is only natural that he should not know you; you must not let it upset you a bit. Honestly, the doctor is perfectly satisfied with him. He may lay like this for days, perhaps, before he regains full consciousness, and then——"

"And then? And then?" The words echoed in Viva's mind, repeated themselves in the form of a question, as she sat there listening to the man who was her husband calling so piteously upon an unknown woman. For, when he recovered consciousness, when he knew her—what then?

Could things ever be the same? Could she ever forget? Even whilst her mind asked the question, her mind knew the

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answer. And behind the unbearable pain, the sense of irreparable loss, was another feeling—the feeling of shame.

It seemed to Viva that she had surprised a secret unawares, taken an unfair advantage of Chris in his utter helplessness. Illogical, unreasoned as it was, the thought obsessed her, governed her whole course of immediate action.

No one must guess—no one must know. Chris was her husband; his honour was in her hands.

A test to that loyalty came quickly. Viva's signature was necessary to some form, and the nurse brought the paper. The girl wrote her name swiftly; the other glanced at it and laughed.

"'Estelle' isn't your real name, then?"

"No." Viva spoke in feverish haste. "No; it—it's only a—a pet name—"

Her voice broke on the word, and the nurse glanced at her sympathetically and hurried away. And none too soon; that trial of her strength brought Viva almost to the limits of her power.

Little Mrs. Carton puzzled the hospital authorities more than they expected. She was, at one and the same time, so childish and so stubborn. The doctor's verdict did not seem to reassure her, and yet he was entirely hopeful. It was an ordinary case of concussion; probably in a few weeks Mr. Carton would feel no ill effects whatever.

But, of course, the poor girl was so very newly married; one could scarcely wonder if she was blind to the brighter side of things.

Her behaviour in other ways was rather contradictory; when they questioned her concerning other relatives she became almost vehement.

"I don't want to send for anybody else," she declared. "Yes, my husband has a sister; she lives in town, but—there is no need for her to come, is there?"

The nurses and doctor, scenting perhaps some family quarrel, soothed her, saying there was no real need, except for her own sake. Which, indeed, was true.

Viva had reached at least one definite resolution. Monica and her husband, her own mother and sister, should know nothing—until Chris was himself again. They should not play the eavesdropper upon the unconscious man as she had done, in all innocence.

The matron, pitying her youthfulness, had suggested that she should take a room near the hospital, that she might be near her husband. Near—? The words seemed sheer mockery to Viva, with that infinite gulf hourly widening between them.

For a day, two days, three days passed, and still Chris lay there, on the narrow white bed, in that state of half-consciousness; still he cried day and night upon the one name.

"Estelle! . . . Estelle! . . . Estelle!"

And Viva, if others were present, would manage to smile, although pitifully enough; would speak to him in a voice which scarcely shook.

"Yes, Chris; I am here—close beside you—"

If she were alone! Ah, that was a different matter! Then she might allow herself to give way—a little. Then she would press her fingers tightly into her ears to shut out that torturing appeal, whilst her slim body shook with the sobs which must have their way sometimes.

To Viva, sitting for hours thus beside her husband's bedside, with that strange, hateful name filling all her consciousness, a new problem presented itself. At first she fought it back fiercely, desperately, but it returned and persistently forced itself upon her. Surely some steps ought to be taken to find this Estelle—this woman whom Chris needed so desperately, whose memory haunted his unconsciousness. Might it not be possible that he would die if she did not come—die, through Viva's fault?

Unconsciously the nurse strengthened that lurking fear, laid the problem before Viva afresh.

"I do wish he'd realise that you are here all the time," she said, looking anxiously at the restless figure, at the twitching hands.

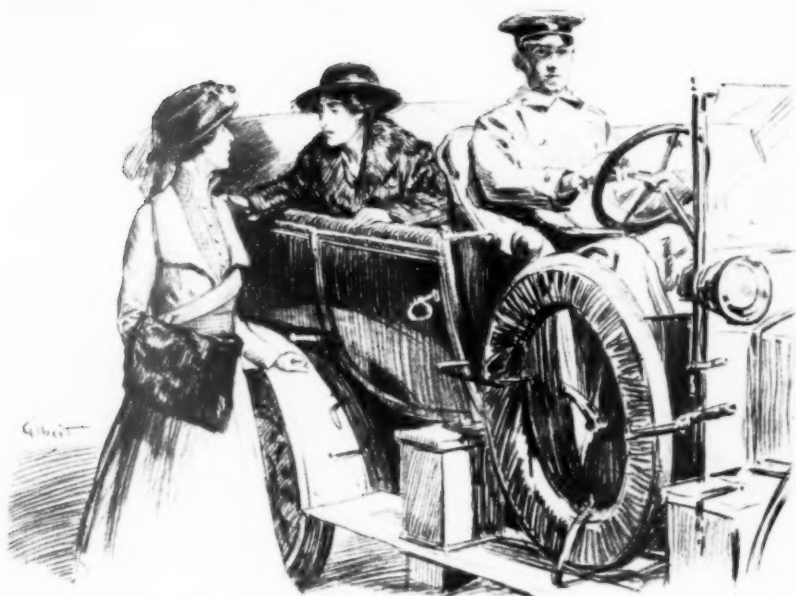
"Would it—make a difference?" Viva asked. "Would he get well more quickly, if he knew—that—that Estelle was here?"

"Certainly he would!" the nurse laughed. "He might let himself rest then."

Afterwards, for long hours more, Viva faced and wrestled with the problem, and at last decided. If it were possible, Estelle should be found.

Having so decided, Viva set about the task in real earnest, as her nature decreed. Whom could she ask? What clues had she

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"My dear child, where did you spring from?" she asked"—p. 408.

Drawn by
A. Gilbert.

to Chris's past life? It was only six months since they had first met; she really knew so little about him. Nothing had seemed to matter, except that he was—just Chris. But she must not let herself think about that now.

He had very few living relations; there was hardly anybody but Monica. Monica—she might know! She certainly might know. And if she did not—well, there could be no harm done by asking, surely.

She would telephone to Monica, then she need not say where she was.

Viva crossed to the table where the instrument stood, and gave the number clearly. It was Monica's own unmistakable voice which answered.

"This is Viva. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, quite well, thanks. . . . I just wanted to ask you something. . . . Can you tell me Estelle's address?"

There, the question was asked! How her hand shook; she could scarcely hold the receiver. But her voice had surely been careless and unconcerned enough. Viva strained her ears to catch the answer; it came unhesitatingly.

"Why, yes; 27 Crescent Street." A little laugh full of light mockery rang strangely in Viva's ear. "Dear me, has Chris forgotten the address? I shouldn't have thought he *could*."

"Yes, he—forgot." Perhaps through the telephone Monica might not notice anything.

"Has he told you?" The voice was a shade anxious now, surely.

"Yes, of course!" Ah, but it was hard to make that last loyal effort!

"Everything?"

"Everything. Why not?"

"Oh, he made me promise not to tell—that's all. But I suppose such a *very* new husband . . . is that everything, dear? I've got an appointment at eleven."

"Yes, that's all, thanks. It was just—the address."

Viva hung up the receiver deliberately, turned, and looked across to the bed, her eyes very piteous, large, and dark-rimmed with sleeplessness. Chris looked very helpless, very boyish; at the moment he lay still, one hand thrust under his cheek.

And suddenly, with a keen pang of agony,

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Viva realised that she loved this man—her husband—more than ever; loved him far too well to see him suffer. . . . Even as she stood there, with clenched hands and tears burning her eyes, he stirred. Again began the pitiful moaning appeal.

"Estelle! . . . Estelle! . . . Estelle!"

Viva's course seemed, of a sudden, to become inevitable. Ten minutes later she had made all needful preparations, and was walking quickly towards Crescent Street. She had formed no plans. She hoped vaguely that it would not be necessary to talk much, to explain—it would be so difficult. And she did not want to break down before Estelle.

Paradoxically, she seemed to reach her destination too quickly and yet too slowly. Her steps began to lag as she counted the numbers: 10 . . . 19 . 21 . . it would be this side of the road then. 25—Viva came to a standstill, staring up at the flamboyant letters of gold which spelt the name "Estelle" between the duplicated numbers; 27.

And as she stood there, motionless, frowning, her mind a tangle of confused, bewildered thoughts, a motor drew up behind her, and she heard her name spoken on a rising note of intense surprise.

"Why—Viva!"

Viva turned quickly to face Monica Pryden, sumptuous in fur and velvet, and on her pretty face an expression half amused, half annoyed.

"My dear child, where did you spring from?" she asked. "And why on earth didn't you tell me you were in town, half an hour ago?"

Suddenly Viva felt overpoweringly young, overpoweringly lonely; she fur-

iously struggled to keep back tears as she answered.

"I—I'll tell you—after—after I've been here—"

The elder woman glanced at the girl with upraised eyebrows, then slipped her hand through the slender arm.

"Get into the car, my dear; we can both keep our appointments with Estelle later. Where to, Ewen? Anywhere—the farther the better."

As the chauffeur proceeded to obey these explicit directions Viva fought for self-control, and was ignominiously defeated.

"Oh, M-monica," she sobbed. "Turn b-back—Chris wants her."

"Who? Estelle!"

"Yes—he's asking for her—always—"

"Viva, will you explain?"

What followed could scarcely legitimately be called an explanation; it culminated in a sudden irrepressible burst of laughter from Monica Pryden.

"Viva, you dear, idiotic, little martyr! Oh, poor old Chris!" There were tears and merriment both in her bright eyes. "No truly, I'm not so heartless as I seem. . . . Viva, listen! I met Chris on Friday, and he asked me where I got my fur stole and hat; he wanted some like them for your birthday present. I told him he'd forget Estelle's address—you know what he is—and he went away repeating it. The accident must have happened directly afterwards, poor old fellow! And that wretched address has been bothering him all the time—why, Viva!"

But Viva was speaking through the tale.

"The Cosmopolitan Hospital—at once!" she said.



Photo:

W. J. Vasey

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS



Thanksgiving

I THANK Thee for the power to love, to
laugh, to sing,
That sets my heart in tune with lark on wide-
spread wing

Soaring to greet the day with melody divine,
Seeing earth's sadness and yet giving not a
sign—

So may I voice the joy and beauty, too, of life,
Yielding no hint of evil or of worldly strife,
But radiating far outside my narrow sphere
Some portion of Thy boundless hope and
cheer.

A. MARIA CRAWFORD.



Like as a Father

"**G**OD always gives us something better
than what we ask for," testified
a woman, old in years. "Looking back
on my long life I can see that whenever
He has denied me anything I very much
wanted, He has given me something far
better instead. I could not always see
it at the time, but afterwards I realised it
and thanked Him with my whole heart.
When my own children were small and they
were disappointed in any way, or I had
to deprive them of something which they
wanted, yet which was not good for them
to have, I always tried to substitute some-
thing else—sometimes it was something
which made them really happier than the
thing of which they had been deprived.
It brought it home to me then that that
was just the way my Heavenly Father
was dealing with me. I began watching
for the 'better things' that He would send

whenever I had a disappointment or a
deprivation, and I found them, every time."

Another evidence of the Father's love
and care! "Like as a father pitieth his
children," yet oh, so much better than any
earthly father can pity or love or do for his
children!



The Masters of Victory

SAYS Edmund Burke: "The nerve
that never relaxes, the eye that never
blenches, the thought that never wanders:
these are masters of victory." Sooner or
later every soul is face to face with the
challenge of battle. Our conflicts greatly
vary, and each individual life will have
its own peculiar setting. But the moral
and spiritual crises will come, and the
essential elements of victory are ever and
everywhere the same. I think these ele-
ments are clearly and suggestively stated
in the great words of Burke.

"The thought that never wanders."—This
is one of the masters of victory. Let us
note the function and power of thought
in a battle or campaign. First of all,
thought prepares action; it marks out
the track along which the deed will run.
And then, secondly, thought promotes
action; it is the power by which purpose
is translated into deed. And, thirdly,
thought sustains action; withdraw the
thought from any activity and the dynamic
is withdrawn. Thought feeds the fires
which make action constant and effective.
We may say, therefore, that thought
determines the matter of an action and the

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manner of an action, its form and its spirit. If the thought be patchy the action will be broken; if thought be vagrant, life will be unprogressive.

Now, the power of thought is in proportion to its fixedness and constancy. Without fixity of thought there can be no strong advance and triumph. The man of vagrant thought is described by the Apostle James as one who looks into the mirror and "straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." He receives an impression, but the impression does not abide. It is effaced by another impression that immediately succeeds. The first essential of moral victory is a thought that never wanders from its end; "*looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.*"

"*The eye that never blenches.*"—There are two things that can make the eye blench; it can be done by lightning and it can be done by light. A sudden lightning flash can destroy the steady serenity of the vision. But light can do it as well as lightning. The glory of dazzling sunshine can rob the sight of its quiet contemplation. And this is true in the business of living. The glory of the favouring world can blind our eyes, and, therefore, damage our life. Some men can stand the lightning who are not proof against the light. Many a man has remained stable in the days of adversity who has blenched in the sunny days of success. The lotus-land has greater perils than the appalling desert.

"*The nerve that never relaxes.*"—This is the third condition of victory. The phrase offers the suggestion of a strenuous life. In our contention for moral and spiritual excellencies there must be no "off" moments. I do not mean that the triumphant life must be one of dreary and exacting vigilance. It is not needful that we should always be in the frock coat; we can sometimes wear the lounge jacket and sit at ease. It is possible for a man to laugh until he aches and yet never relax the moral nerve. We can retain the quest of the holy grail through a most hilarious hour. And yet it is true there must be no "off" moments in the consecrated life. The enemy of souls is waiting for those passing laxities, and he immediately takes advantage of them. The soul must be intent on purity, even in its merriment.

"These are the masters of victory." If we pay heed to these conditions, God plays His own mighty part in the victorious life. "He works in us to will and to do." He feeds us with "hidden manna." He invigorates us with the breath of the Holy Ghost.—REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

Almost Up!

DO not misinterpret seeming defeat. A soldier on a southern battlefield in the American Civil War was pierced by a ball and lay mortally wounded. "Almost up! Almost up!" he murmured. "Where did it hit you?" asked a comrade, bending tenderly over him. "Almost up! Almost up!" repeated the dying hero. "No, but where did the bullet hit you?" persisted the comrade. The poor fellow, turning back his cloak, exposed his shattered arm, adding, "There, that's it. I was hugging the standard and making for the top when I fell. Two minutes more and I should have planted the colours on the top. Almost up!" Just then his brave spirit mounted to heaven. He was up!

The battle of life is on. Brave standard-bearers are fighting their way to the top. Too often, alas! the air is filled with flying shot—thick with winged death. And not a few fall as they climb. But, like Wolfe at Quebec, they "die victorious." Even when failing to carry the colours quite to the top where ambition fixed its goal, they themselves reach the top, and, leaping from the ladder of life, which they have found to be the Son of Man on whom they have seen angels ascending and descending, they have won the climber's eternal reward.—S. B. DUNN, D.D.



The Way to Conquer

"I'll master it," said the axe; and blows fell heavily on the iron. But every blow made his edge more blunt till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and he fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer, "I know you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way." But at the first fierce stroke he flew his head and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the still, and flame.

They all despised the flame, but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution and the fury of pride, but there is power stronger than any of those, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.

SUBURBAN LIFE

Some Modern Tendencies and Trials

By AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN

TALK about the light that beats upon a throne! It is not one-tenth as fierce and unblinking as that which glares upon a suburban villa. Talk about the publicity of a Queen—she is a hermit in a cell, compared to Mrs. Blank of "The Nook," that square red and white brick edifice which stands in the centre of Holly Lane, Suburbia, and is flanked on the right by "Hill Crest," on the left by "Vale Side," and faced from across the road by the staring windows of "Arbroath" and "Mon Repos."

In a Blaze of Publicity

At the back, "The Nook" boasts of a trim little garden, with side beds, a plot of grass, two clothes-poles, a summerhouse, and one real tree. It adjoins the gardens of "Vale Side" and "Hill Crest." The wooden palings at the extreme boundary separate it from the tennis lawn of "The Turrets" in a parallel road. Also—owing to the fact that Holly Lane is built on the slope of a hill—the gardens of the upper houses stare down upon that of "The Nook," while those of the houses below lie revealed in all their detailed splendour. "Rose Lawn" has put up a shelter for the benefit of an invalid child. "Kingslyn" has abolished side beds in favour of a croquet lawn, and the click of balls is the cause of much annoyance to the occupants of "Garth," who consider that they are defrauded of their rights when an afternoon nap in a deck chair cannot be enjoyed in comfort. A garden, they declare, ought to be devoted to peace and quietness by day, and, say, a pleasant little gramophone concert by night! But the "Kingslyn" babies are disturbed by the gramophone, and the relationship between the two families grows more and more strained.

From morning till night, year in, year

out, the Suburbian lives in a blaze of publicity. The theory that an Englishman's home is a castle, where he dwells in isolated state, is true enough about the tall-storeyed houses in London streets, where two families may live side by side for years and barely recognise one another in the street. It is literally true about the occupants of the great hives of "mansions," where a resident may remain in ignorance of the most thrilling incidents which are happening at the other side of the wall, may even die, and be buried, while the neighbour complacently remarks on the increased quietness of his habits, but it is glaringly untrue of the villas of the suburbs.

Over the Garden Walls

Between eight and nine a.m., Mr. Blank waves his hand to his wife and starts forth on his daily task. The neighbours know precisely the nature of that task, and have a shrewd estimate as to his yearly gains. Over the garden palings the servants compare notes, and the knowledge so gained percolates through to the dining-room. "I fancy Mr. Bins must be doing very well," Mrs. Blank informs her husband over the evening meal; "they are getting a new Turkey carpet, and he has given her a diamond ring." Or, with a commiserating sigh, "Poor Mrs. James! She is sending away the housemaid and going to manage with one. I thought she was looking worried in the garden the other night. Mary says she sits and cries by the hour." "You should not encourage the maids to gossip about the neighbours," says the husband firmly, whereupon the wife tilts her head in indignant self-defence. "I never do! I'm always stopping them, and refusing to listen, but we are so close. There's so little room. We can't help hearing!"

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Alas! it is true. The blessed luxury of space is unknown to the suburban dweller; the villa residence may be sunny and comfortable, dainty and complete, but it has not a window that is not overlooked, not a corner of the garden that is not visible over alien fences, and from alien balconies. There is not a going or a coming in the household, a new hat, nor a dyed coat in Mrs. Blank's wardrobe, a joy, a sorrow, a loss, or a gain to herself or any member of her family, that the neighbourhood does not know and discuss over afternoon tea before twenty-four hours have passed!

"Mrs. Jones has had her fawn coat dyed blue. I recognised it by the braiding on the back." "Mrs. Brown's boy has won a scholarship at —. We saw the telegraph boy at the door this morning, and when he came home she rushed to meet him and show him the message; the nurse told Mary it was forty pounds, for three years." "Mrs. Robinson's mother has had a stroke. I heard her telephoning to the nurse. You can hear every word in our dining-room. Dying, they think! Dreadfully white she looked, poor thing, when she went off in the taxi." "I am afraid things are very wrong with the poor Reeds. When I was cutting flowers in the garden this morning I heard the grocer speaking quite rudely at the side door. Wouldn't take any more orders until his book had been paid."

Dangerous Knowledge

It is a dangerous thing to know too much of one's neighbours; it is a dangerous thing to live at such close quarters that the privacy of family life becomes impossible. It behoves the dweller in Suburbia to face the danger frankly, and say to herself: "If I do not intend to settle down into a small-minded gossip, absorbed in the doings of my own road; if I do not intend to subject my own conduct to the fear of what 'THEY' will think, and what 'THEY' will say; if my desire is that my mind should grow broader, and sweeter, and richer in charity and love as the years roll by—then it behoves me to arm myself against this poisonous gas, and arrest the stifling process before it is too late!"

It is useless to recommend a change of residence. In Suburbia Mrs. Blank now lives, and in Suburbia she must remain; her only hope is to fill her life with larger in-

terests which shall crowd out the less. Said a young wife to me one day: "I am dying of slow starvation! Not starvation of the body, but starvation of the mind. My brain is clogged with small cares, and small interests. I am turning into a machine. By the time I am forty I shall have forgotten everything in the world but the price of mutton!" Without a doubt the same cry goes forth from thousands of other women similarly placed.

Women are the chief sufferers from the evils of the suburbs; but men also suffer, though in a lesser degree. They drift into the habit of catching the same train morning and evening, and share a carriage with the same little coterie of friends; their leisure hours are occupied in mowing the small lawn, attending the local golf club, and in listening to the all-too-trivial conversation at home. Apart from business their lives are as restricted as those of the women.

Finding Counteracting Influences

Now where is the counteracting influence to be found? The cure is not easy, and must involve considerable effort; but as the good work is begun as soon as the mental attitude is adjusted, I venture to make a few suggestions that may be of use.

1. *Cultivate friends at a distance*, i.e. those whose dwelling is situated so far away from your own that your local topics of interest are of no interest to them, or theirs to you, and with whom your conversation must necessarily be on a wider, more inspiring scale. To do this may necessitate a certain effort and expense, but the reward will be of infinite value and refreshment. An evening so spent will be like breathing fresh air after confinement in a closed-in room, and the mental lungs will work more easily for the rest of the week.

2. Try to plan an exchange of short visits (from Saturday to Monday if a more extended time is impossible) which will serve as breaks in the monotony of life, and help to divert the mind to fresh channels.

3. In planning summer holidays, avoid popular seaside resorts, especially those patronised by your own neighbours. Break your bonds, and get right away to some hill-side farm or sequestered bay, where for a blessed month the voice of Nature may make itself heard, uninterrupted by bands and Pierrots, and a maternal vexation at

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spirit because somebody else's children are better turned out than one's own, followed by the inevitable strain and effort to be "upsides."

Let the children run wild, let the parents run wild, and play their own game with a free, unfettered hand, and I am much mistaken if the spirit of independence so bred does not last over the period of the holiday itself, and instil a wholesome disregard of "THEIR" sayings and doings on a return to town.

The Duty of Hospitality

4. Encourage hospitality of an inexpensive and original description. I believe in "gathering ourselves together" in a social as well as a religious sense, and of all classes the suburban dweller most needs the medicine of variety in daily life. The workman enjoys a nightly reunion with his chums; his wife makes a club of her own doorstep. The wealthier classes have of late years lived in a veritable whirl of amusement; but the Suburbian has little money to spare for public entertainments, and a shortage of servants makes dinner parties difficult, if not impossible. "I should be pleased enough to invite friends in the evenings, but unless you play cards *what can you do?*" asks the would-be hostess wistfully; "people are bored if there is nothing to do but to talk." In reply, I can only say that some of the happiest and *gayest* evenings I have ever enjoyed have been conversation parties of one sort and another, and that I am sure other hostesses will have the same experience if they will make the experiment. Choose those among your friends who are likely to prove the best raconteurs, invite them for eight or nine

o'clock, and announce that each guest will be expected to entertain the company by relating the history of, say:

"The Greatest Coincidence of which I have known."

"My Greatest Adventure."

"The Most Wonderful Sight of my Experience."

"An Authentic Ghost Story," etc., etc.

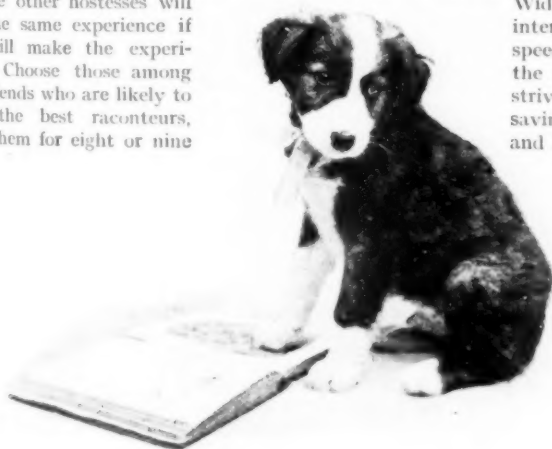
A more distinctly literary evening can be provided by choosing a special author, say Browning, and asking each guest to read or recite a favourite passage, while the musical members of the company contribute musical settings of words from the same poet, and the host reads a short history of the poet's life.

5. In less formal gatherings over the tea-cups, it is open to every woman to become a leader of thought in her own little circle, and that without any of the priggish or superior airs which so surely defeat their own aims. A deft little switch of topic when gossip becomes small and petty, another switch when a local danger spot looms ahead, still another when a neighbour's reputation is at stake. If this be deftly done, the guests will remain unconscious that their conversation has been directed in any way, but they will certainly rise from that table in a better mood than that in which they sat down.

Widen Out

In conclusion, I would give one watchword to all dwellers in Suburbia—WIDEN!

Widen your thoughts, your interests, your outlook, your speech, and your heart. In the midst of small things, strive gallantly for the saving *bigness* of charity and love!



AUNT JANE

Short Serial

By JEANETTE LEE

XXIV

SOMEONE was singing in the linen-room. Aunt Jane, going by in the corridor, heard the little song and stopped and looked in.

Miss Canfield, at work on her linen cupboard, was singing happily as she worked. She had gathered up a handful of towels and carried them to the table, and was looking at them with a little vexation, her lips still humming the song. She glanced up and saw Aunt Jane, and the song stopped. She nodded to her.

"Things are in a terrible state here!"

Aunt Jane came leisurely in. "What's the matter?"

"Look at that!"—the girl spread out the towel rapidly—"and that! Did you ever see such work? And that! They ought not to be sent out like this! And these belong in the men's ward!" She tossed them aside.

Aunt Jane surveyed the confusion equably. "I must get around to the laundry," she said, "and give them a good talking to. I haven't given them a real good talking to not for as much as three months, I should think!"

"They need it," said the girl crossly. But her lips were smiling.

Aunt Jane glanced at them. "You're feeling pretty happy this morning," she commented.

The face broke in little dancing waves. "I don't know. Am I?"

"You look happy," said Aunt Jane. "It's your afternoon off. Maybe that has something to do with it?" She surveyed her kindly.

"Perhaps." The girl hesitated a minute, turning over the towels ineffectually—almost as if she did not see them. "I'm going out to Mr. Medfield's garden," she said at last. She was examining the torn hem of a towel with absorbed look.

Aunt Jane accepted the news without surprise. "It's a nice garden, they say. He's given you permission, I suppose?"

"He wants me to go—yes. He's making plans for some new roses, and he asked me to see where they are putting them." She did not look at the face across the table that was surveying her shrewdly. "I can get back in time," she added concisely—as if that were the point to be considered.

"Oh, you'll get back time enough. I almost wish I was going with you," said Aunt Jane reflectively.

The girl looked up quickly and down again at her towels. "Mr. Medfield is going with me."

Aunt Jane's gaze remained in mid-air, astonished and protesting. "He can't sit up!"

"Oh! I didn't mean— It's his son that is going."

"Oh! Julian." Aunt Jane's tone was relieved. "Julian can go all right, I guess. He's a nice boy," she added impersonally.

Miss Canfield made no comment.

"They say it's about the prettiest garden in the country," added Aunt Jane. "I've heard there are only one or two gardens to compare with it—not so beautiful as his."

"Yes, I've heard so."

"It's really kind of him to think of sending you out there. He's a good man," she added diplomatically. "He's cranky, but he's good."

"He's an old dear!" said the girl heartily.

Aunt Jane stared. Her countenance was subdued. "Well, I don't know that I should call him *old*!" She considered it. "I don't believe he's a day over fifty," she concluded.

"I don't believe he is," assented Miss Canfield. "I should say that's just about what he is—fifty."

AUNT JANE

Aunt Jane's face was a study. It opened out in little lines of protest, and closed slowly. "Fifty isn't so very old," she finished mildly.

"Of course not. And he's an active man for his years." Miss Canfield carried the pile of linen to the cupboard and stowed it away, and came back. "What shall I do with these?" She pointed to the discarded pile.

Aunt Jane looked at it critically and sighed. "Leave it here. I'll take it along when I go to give them their talking to. I can't stop for it now."

She went into the corridor, and presently the little song floated out after her, light-hearted, with gay-tripping runs in it.

Aunt Jane heard the song faintly in the distance, as she knocked on Horace Medfield's door, and her face smiled intently.

He looked up almost benignantly from his place in the window, and laid the newspaper on his knees and nodded to her.

"Good morning. I was wishing you would come in."

"You don't look as if you needed anybody," responded Aunt Jane. "You look first rate."

"I'm pretty busy this morning," she added thoughtfully.

She sat down.

He beamed towards her, and the sunshine flooding in behind him lighted up the quilted robe in a kind of radiant haze of blueness.

"It's a wonderful day," said Medfield, motioning towards the window.

"I don't know that it's any better than it was yesterday," replied Aunt Jane. "Better inside, maybe," she added significantly.

He laughed out. "Much better. I'm all ready for business." He pointed to the pile of papers lying on a chair beside him.

She regarded them thoughtfully. "You don't want to go to work too soon. Can't somebody do it for you?"

"Nobody but I can attend to these." He laid his hand on them almost affectionately, and patted them.

"You're kind of tied down to them, aren't you?" she said impersonally.

"They are my interest in life," he replied quickly. "I shouldn't have anything to live for if it weren't for these." A note of regret crept into the last words and shadowed them a little.

"No, I don't suppose you would." Aunt Jane's face was lost in something.

He regarded the look curiously. "Well, what is it?" he said. "Tell me."

"I was just thinking you wouldn't need them so much when you got your wife," she said quietly.

"My—wife!" His hand loosened its grasp on the papers, and he looked out of the window.

"No." He turned to her and smiled. "I shall not need law papers nor any other kind—when I have her."

And suddenly something happened to Aunt Jane. She sat up, very straight; the muslin cap radiated lines of dignity about her disturbed face. "I guess maybe we weren't talking about the same thing," she said quickly. "Miss Canfield told me she's going out to see your garden this afternoon."

"Yes; she's going with Julian." He spoke with satisfaction, and a significance under-ran the words, and laughed at her.

Aunt Jane gave a startled gesture.

"Oh!" she said.

Then again, after a minute, "Oh!"

Something had collapsed in her. She was gazing at the ruins, a little bewildered.

Horace Medfield watched her and smiled. "You hadn't thought of that?" he said quietly.

"Well"—she made the slide gracefully and recovered herself—"no, I hadn't thought of just—that!"

She looked at him over her glasses. "It's a good thing," she announced.

He nodded. "But it's a secret!" he cautioned. "Nobody knows—except you and me." He looked at her and shared his secret with her happily.

Aunt Jane's face grew inscrutable. She gave a little sigh. "When did it happen?" she asked.

"It hasn't happened," returned Medfield. "But it's going to—"

"Well!" Aunt Jane got her breath. "It makes me feel as if I was a kind of blind—blind as a bat," she said vigorously, "not to see—I guess maybe I don't see anything!" she added with quiet scorn.

He laughed out. "You see more than I wish you did. You were the only one I couldn't fool. You suspected something right away."

"Yes, I suspected *something*," said Aunt Jane. She let it go at that. She beamed on him. "I don't know *when* I've been so pleased about anything," she declared. "He's a nice boy!"

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"One of the best!" said Medfield. "All he needs is backbone—and a little more steadyng."

"She'll help," commented Aunt Jane.

Aunt Jane closed the door softly, and left him to his happiness. At the far end of the corridor, as she looked down, she caught a glimpse of a dark, stubby figure hurrying along. It disappeared in Room 16. Dr. Carmon had a difficult case on this morning. He had told her there was little chance for the man in 16. She felt the concentration in the broad back as it disappeared from sight, and her thought left the millionaire in his suite and followed the shabby, hurrying figure into a darkened room.

XXV

"YOU look very well!" Medfield glanced at his son approvingly. "New suit?"

"Yes," said Julian.

"Yes—very good. You have a nice day to go." Medfield nodded towards the window.

"First rate!" The young man's face was full of careless light. It seemed to radiate in the room.

His father looked at it half curiously. "Have them serve tea for you. Give her a good time," he said absently. He was searching among the papers beside him. "I ought to have some cards somewhere."

"What is it, sir? Can I get something for you?"

"Over there in that desk. That's it—lower drawer. Just see if there are some of my cards there, will you?"

The boy took them out with an amused smile. "Going calling?" He brought them across.

Medfield selected one and wrote something, holding the pencil thoughtfully poised for a moment, and smiling as he jotted down the words.

He slipped it into an envelope and pencilled the address and handed it on.

"Give that to Munson, will you? Tell him to pick three dozen of the best roses in the garden, and send them to-day. Tell him the *best* ones!" he added exactly.

The young man glanced at the address carelessly. His face lighted up.

"Fine! I'll tell him to send her some corking ones—a big bunch of them!"

"You can tell him what I said," said his father dryly. "And have them sent to-day."

"All right, sir." He half turned away. "I'd like to pick some roses myself—for Miss Canfield. You won't object, I suppose?" His father's roses were sacred.

But Horace Medfield waved it away. "Pick her all you like." He was gracious with it.

"But not the best ones," laughed the boy, as he tucked the card in his pocket and went out.

Aunt Jane, sitting at her desk in the office, looked up as he went by.

He nodded and smiled at her, thinking of the little card tucked away in his pocket.

She got up and came across. "You going out home?" she asked.

He radiated happiness. "A ripping good day, isn't it?" He waved his hand at all outdoors.

"You'll have a good time," said Aunt Jane. "And Miss Canfield's a nice girl." She was surveying his new clothes kindly. "I'm glad you're going to take her."

"So am I!" said the boy. "She's waiting for me." And he hurried on.

But Miss Canfield was not in the waiting-room. He glanced hurriedly about, and crossed to the open window, and stood looking down into the street. He could not sit down.

It was a glorious day—floating clouds, everything fresh and flooded with light. Down on the pavement under the window the man-of-all-work trundled a low cart, and the rumble of the wheels came up rattling clumsily along.

The young man scarcely heard the sound of wheels. His ear was waiting for something in the corridor—for light footsteps that would come. He shrugged his shoulders, looking down on the man trundling his cart, and he whistled softly. Then his ear caught the sound, coming along the corridor far off—light, tripping steps and the little swish of draperies—and he had turned to face her—

It was not Miss Canfield!

A young woman stood in the doorway, looking in inquiringly.

She was tall and slender, with a certain quiet grace as she stood there, glancing into the room. There was something poised in the motion—a kind of freedom and lightness.

The young man's eye rested on it a minute, and turned back to the window, indifferent. She was very late. He took out his watch and looked—five minutes past

AUNT JANE

the hour. He put it back with a little impatient gesture. They would miss the best light for the garden.

Behind him, in the room, he was conscious that the young woman had come in. She was waiting for someone, it seemed, like himself, and he heard her move a little, and then a subdued laugh. He half turned his head—it reminded him of something. Could he have met her somewhere—before he went abroad? The steps rustled and came nearer, and a touch fell on his shoulder—very light, as if it might drift away—as if perhaps it were not there.

Julian turned swiftly, and stared into her eyes; they were bubbling over with laughter, and the hair fluffing under the little modish hat caught ruddy gleams and glinted at him. And he stared!

She laughed out, the hands hanging easily before her. "You didn't know me!" She shook a finger at him.

"You are not—*you!*" blurted Julian. "You are—you're different!"

Then he seized her hands and looked at her. "I say! Come on! You are—stunning, you know!"

"Thank you!" said the girl. "Yes, I'm ready." And they went out into the sunshine.

And all the way the young man stole glimpses.

She was different. He had expected that she would be changed, of course—a little different in her street clothes—and underneath, he discovered, he had been half afraid of the change—afraid perhaps that she might be a little common or awkward, without the distinction of the cap and uniform. But this young woman—he stole another glance, and his shoulders straightened in a gesture of pride and bewildered delight. This was the real thing. The other girl was masquerading.

"Who are you?" he said abruptly. "I don't know you! I thought I did; but you are somebody else!" He was looking at her keenly.

"Goose!" she laughed. "I am Mary Canfield, of course. Which way do we go?"

"This way." They fell into step. And he was conscious that the light, tripping hospital step had given way to a free, swinging movement of the whole body. She was like the radiant day about them. And she was like the roses—when at last they stood among them. Her freedom had the

same careful air of cultivation, and the crisp little colour in her cheeks had the same dainty refinement.

He plucked a rose and held it against her cheek. "Just a match!" he said critically. "Goes with you! Will you have it?"

She tucked it in her belt, among the endless frills, and he looked at it admiringly.

When he saw the gardener's eyes following them he walked with conscious pride. He had not known himself before. He had not known that anyone felt like this! He would have liked to walk with her always—with the whole world looking on and admiring her. She belonged to him!

"I say!" He stopped short in the path. "You are engaged to me, you know!"

"Oh, am I?" she laughed.

He went in a panic. Some girls were such frightful flirts. They had no decency. They didn't play the game.

"You are *mine*," he said fiercely. And he glared at the gardener among his roses across the path.

"Oh, very well! Have it so!" Her voice was laughing and sweet.

His courage came flooding back. "You are to wait here, please, and we'll have the tea brought out."

"Oh, how pretty!" She was looking into the pergola. A green maze of branches crossed and re-crossed the sides, and among them the scattered roses were flushed with light. "How beautiful it is!"

"Will you go in?" he said, standing aside.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" She stepped lightly in and faced him. "Now go and get tea! I like it here!"

She sat down, and he looked at her once—and was off.

He hurried fast. Suppose she didn't stay? Suppose it were not real? He fussed about cakes and sandwiches—and there must be strawberries. Everything must be of the best. Suppose she didn't wait? He hurried back.

She had taken off her hat, and sat with her hands clasped, looking up into the mazy green tracery and the bits of rose-colour shining through.

"It is like us," she said, with a little motion of the head.

"Like you," he said soberly, sitting beside her. "I'm not a rose!"

"No!" She laughed out. "But it *is*

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like us—it's just happiness—nothing to it!" She crushed the rose he had given her in her hand.

And he stared at her.

"No one takes us seriously," she said. "They just think how young we are——"

"And how beautiful *you* are!"

"They know it won't last." She was looking at it musingly. "And they think *we don't* know——"

"It *will* last!" said the boy vehemently.

"Will it?" She held out her hand prettily, and he kissed it.

"It's going to last for ever," he said stoutly.

"But we don't care if it doesn't. Do you know, I think that is what makes it beautiful." She glanced at the leafy walls of the pergola. "We know it will not be like this always, and so we just—love it!"

He stared a little. "You are not the least bit what I thought you were," he said helplessly.

"Don't you like me?" Her eyes demanded it.

"I adore you!" he said softly. "But all these ideas about not lasting—— Good man! Here's the tea!" He sprang up and took it from the man, and set it out for her. And they drank it, with the light coming in through the crossing vines and chequering the table and falling on her hair and gleaming delicately at him in little glints like stars all through it.

XXVI

"DO you think we'd better tell dad?"

They had gathered an armful of the roses and loitered along the winding paths, and were standing at last by the kerb, waiting for the car. She carried a few of the roses in her hand. She looked down at them thoughtfully. And suddenly the look of Miss Canfield, the nurse, flashed back to him.

"We don't want to upset him," she said slowly.

"I don't believe it will upset him. Do you know, I believe he wants it? I half suspect he's been planning it all along."

"Do you? What makes you think that?" She had turned to him curiously.

He shook his head.

"Father's deep. I can't tell exactly why I think he knows. But I never got very far ahead of him yet."

"Very well; we will tell him."

"To-night?"

"If you like."

"I want him to see you like this. There's the car!" He hailed it.

So they came into Horace Medfield's room and stood before him, with the armful of flowers. And he looked up at them, and smiled.

"God bless you, my children!" he said, after the critical glance at their smiling faces. "That is the proper thing to say, isn't it?" His eyes dwelt on them fondly.

Julian glanced at her. "I told you!" he said meaningly.

"What did you tell her?"

"That you knew all along, sir. I told her I never fooled you yet."

"Well, you have tried hard enough. Come here, please, daughter."

So she went over and stood beside him, and bent a little for him; and he kissed her, and looked at the delicate colour that came and went in her face, and at the slender freshness of her figure as it straightened itself.

"I am glad my boy has done so well," he said quietly. "I think I'll go to bed when my nurse comes back. I am a little tired, I find."

"She will be here in a minute, sir—as soon as she changes her gown." She nodded to him, and was gone.

And the boy and his father sat facing each other, with the light lessening in the room.

"How was the garden?" asked Medfield.

"Fine! I never saw it look so well."

The boy's voice was happy.

Medfield's eyes twinkled. "Perhaps you were not altogether fitted to judge." He was leaning back in his chair and looking at the light in his son's face.

"Perhaps not. I was never so happy in my life—I know that!" And his voice was serious now, with a deeper note in it than his father had heard.

And Horace Medfield began to speak of the business and of Julian's future.

"You told Munson to send the roses, did you?" he said presently.

"I told him. Yes—he'll send them to-night." The reply was absent. The young man's mind was reaching out to business and to the responsibilities that he saw his father would lay on him.

His shoulders straightened a little as he stood up. "I feel as if I had just come home," he said. "I've never felt at home

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"Dr. Carmon bent forward. . . . 'I never saw your books look like that' "—p. 422.

Drawn by
Balfour Salmon.

THE QUIVER

before, anywhere. It is curious to feel that way in a hospital, isn't it?"

His father's eyes were fixed on him dreamily. "I've been feeling 'at home,' too. And I have an idea a good many people feel that way—in the Berkeley House of Mercy." He said the last words slowly and softly, as if they had pleased him.

"Why should they, I wonder?" said the boy.

"I wonder," said Horace Medfield. "Perhaps I shall be able to tell you some day. I feel as if I were beginning to understand a good many things I never knew before. If you will just give me your arm now across the room, I think I'll get to bed."

XXVII

AUNT JANE was tired. She would not acknowledge it—even to herself. But it had been a trying day all through. The people in the laundry had been surprisingly difficult when she gave them their talking to. She finally had to put her foot down.

She went slowly along the hall now, giving a last look for the night and glancing into shaded rooms here and there. At the door of 16 she paused. The case in 16 troubled her. Dr. Carmon was anxious about the case. He did not need to tell her. She had known by the little hunched-over look of his broad shoulders down the hall. She knew that look very well. And he had been twice already to look after Room 16.

She went in and gave a few directions to the nurse, and glanced at the figure on the bed and went on to her office.

The room looked very inviting as she came in. Her big chair stood waiting for her, the light comfortably shaded beside it; and she crossed to it leisurely. She would rest a few minutes, and make her entries in the day-book, and go to bed.

She sat down with a sigh of comfort, and rocked gently.

The house was very quiet. The softly-creaking rockers seemed the only things awake.

Aunt Jane's eyes fell on a long pasteboard box resting on a chair across the room. She looked at it doubtingly. She was too tired to get up; but the sight of the long box irritated her subtly. She had thought flowers were over—for to-day. Sometimes Aunt Jane wished that she

might never see another flower-box! She wished so now—just as she wanted to rest! Well, she would get up presently, and take it to the ice-box. Let it stay there till morning. It was no time of night to be sending flowers. Everybody in bed and asleep. She looked at it severely, and got up from her chair and took it up.

Her eye fell on the address. She looked at it disbelievingly, and put it back on the chair and looked at it. She fidgeted about the room, and came back to the chair.

Aunt Jane had never received a box of flowers in her life. She had handled hundreds of them; they had passed through her hands into the eager, waiting hands held out for them. No one had ever sent them to her. They knew better!

She looked down at the innocent box as if it contained something baleful—something that would disturb the quiet routine of life for her. She did not want to be disturbed. She did not want flowers. And she reached out her hand to the box. It was very long and big. Who could have sent it? she wondered. And a little, mill curiosity came under the white cap as her fingers undid the tape and rolled it methodically, and lifted the lid of the box and raised the bit of waxed paper underneath.

Aunt Jane gave a pleased sigh.

Horace Medfield's best roses—three dozen of them—lifted their fragrance about her; and the little card lying on top of them held their message. She took it up gingerly and read it and put it down sharply, as if it had burned her, and looked at it.

Then she gathered the roses up in her hands, and held them against her face, until her very cap was lost to sight. It was a subdued face that emerged from the rose at last. Something of their hardy color seemed to have been caught in its disturbed quiet.

She laid them on the table, and brought a great vase of water and shook them loose in it, standing off to look at them, and touching them here and there. The subdued look glanced softly at the roses as she lifted the vase, and set it on her desk, and stood back again to admire them.

They made a gorgeous show, lighting up the wall behind them. The room was filled with rose fragrance.

She moved slowly backward, gazing at them, a troubled, happy look in her face.

AUNT JANE

then her eye fell on the little card lying on the table.

She looked down at it, fascinated, and took it firmly in her fingers and carried it to the desk and slipped it beneath the vase—with Horace G. Medfield's name exposed. There was no reason why Mr. Medfield should not send flowers to her!

She surveyed them complacently. It was very natural for Mr. Medfield to send flowers; and the little card announced to all the world how natural it was. The words jotted on the other side of the card were safely out of sight.

Aunt Jane sat down at her desk and folded her hands on the edge of the blotter and looked at the flowers. Her peaceful face gave no hint of anything but the most serene admiration and pride.

Her hand reached out for the big day-book, and drew it forward and opened it, and took up the pen; and Aunt Jane's finger found the place, and moved along the dotted lines composedly. And two great tears fell on the spotless page and blurred it, and Aunt Jane sat up and sought swiftly for her handkerchief. She dabbed at two more tears that were sweeping down, and moved the handkerchief quickly across her face, and wiped it over the page, and once more across her face, that kept breaking up in little, incredulous, ashamed waves. She shut up the day-book impatiently, and folded her arms on top of it, and put her face on her arms and sobbed—a great shamed, bewildered sob that shook the quiet shoulders; then they were very still.

Presently she sat up. She shook out her handkerchief and blew her nose methodically and opened the book. "I am a fool!" she said softly. "Room 36." And two left-over tears splashed down on "Room 36" and flooded it—tears enough to wash "Room 36" out of existence. They overwhelmed Aunt Jane.

She got up abruptly and closed the book and turned down the light, groping for it and glancing hastily at the open door. The light shone dimly on a very disturbed and crumpled face.

She looked about her for a minute. Then she went to a small door, and drew a key from beneath her apron and inserted it in the lock.

No one in the hospital knew what was behind the small door. It was popularly supposed to hold Aunt Jane's private sup-

plies—dangerous remedies for emergencies, perhaps. No one knew.

She opened the door slowly and stepped in, closing it gently behind her; the key was still in the lock. There was not any light in the little room, except for the moonlight shining through a small window and lighting up the bareness of the place; it shone on a single chair by the window. There was nothing else in the room. Aunt Jane went across to it and sat down. She was not crying now. She folded her hands in her lap, and sat very quiet, and the moonlight filtered in through the window, and touched the muslin cap and the white figure, and passed silently across it and fell on the floor, making a luminous path in the blackness. And Aunt Jane did not stir.

Often when she was sought for in the hospital and could not be found, high or low, Aunt Jane was sitting by the window of this tiny room, gathering up the tangled fibres of pain or discord and holding them steady. She knew all the stars that moved across the window at every hour of the night and every night of the year. It was not a new experience for her to sit very quiet while the stars travelled across; but to-night she was not reaching out to stars and drawing them down into the pain of the world to heal it.

She was looking into a very queer, disturbed heart, that seemed breaking up in little bits. Curious things bubbled up and startled her as she gazed at them. No one had loved her for twenty years. Why *should* anyone love an old woman like her? Why should she *want* to be loved? Her thought was full of gentle scorn for all old women that wanted to be loved—and for Aunt Jane! She would have to get a new day-book, or tear out the page. It was a disgraceful page. Aunt Jane was a disgrace! And something in her heart ached so with the happiness and the misery of it that Aunt Jane's lips fell to quivering. Any woman that had as much as she had to be thankful for ought to be ashamed. And what was Horace Medfield? Just a man! But it wasn't Horace Medfield. It was all the repressed heartache of years. "Women are not fit to live alone!" She had said it many times. But she had not thought of Aunt Jane when she said it. *She* was superior to such things—with her hospital and her patients and Dr. Carmon— Her thought stopped suddenly, and flashed on. She had always thought she depended on

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the Lord; and here was this great, lonely ache in her heart.

It didn't seem to make any difference how ashamed she was.

Her handkerchief brushed fiercely at her eyes.

There was a sound in the outer office. Aunt Jane sat up. Someone looking for her! The hand felt again for its handkerchief, and she turned her head to listen. The steps crossed the office, and a bright line of light ran along under the door. Aunt Jane's eyes rested on it. She brushed the traces of crying from her face, and reached up to her cap. Then she leaned forward to the door—she could reach it from her chair in the little room without getting up—and she turned the handle softly, opening it a crack.

There was no sound in the office.

From her crack Aunt Jane could see the table and the shaded light on it, and a man standing by the table, looking down.

XXVIII

HIS back was towards the door, but Aunt Jane had no doubt as to the shabby, wrinkled coat and the shrugging shoulders.

She waited, holding her breath. She was not quite sure of her cap even yet, and she put up her hands to it cautiously, adjusting and smoothing it. The figure by the table moved across to the bell and rang it sharply.

His face was towards her now. She saw that he was smiling a little.

Aunt Jane nodded shrewdly. No, 16 was better. From her place in the dark she watched the man move about the room. He was humming softly—a half-meaningless little tune, with a tummy-tummy refrain, and his face was absent.

A nurse appeared in the door and looked at him inquiringly.

He glanced at her. "I want Mrs. Holbrook—yes."

"Aunt Jane?—I don't know where she is. I thought she came into her office."

"Well, she isn't here. You can see she isn't here, can't you? Find her, please."

Aunt Jane, behind her crack, shivered a little as the girl turned. But the nurse had eyes and ears only for the surgeon and his impatience. She hurried away.

Aunt Jane drew a free breath.

The surgeon crossed to her desk and halted there. His eyes rested absently on

the great bunch of roses. Presently his face lighted up; he was seeing the roses. He looked at them with an air of appreciation. The little smile was still on his lips, and the tummy-tummy tune. Slowly he leaned forward, on tip-toe, and smelled them and nodded approval.

Aunt Jane's hands made swift, darting touches at her cap, and her apron, and her hair, and she got up quickly. Perhaps he would go away. But Dr. Carmon's eyes had fallen on the little card under the vase, and he took it up, and read the name with near-sighted, curious gaze, and turned it over.

Aunt Jane stepped out from her place. "How is Number 16?" she asked placidly.

He wheeled—the card in his hand.

"Oh! you're here? I just sent for you." He waved the card.

"I know. I was busy."

"Funny, I didn't hear you come in!" He looked at her thoughtfully.

"You were thinking of something else, maybe," said Aunt Jane tranquilly. She came up to the desk.

He looked curiously at her face.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," responded Aunt Jane. "Do I look as if anything was the matter?" The face under its ink-stains was serene.

Dr. Carmon regarded it critically. "Soup and water," he suggested. He pointed a helpful finger at the smudge of ink on her cheek.

She lifted a quick hand.

He nodded grimly. "And there's a little over there by your left ear," he said wickedly.

She rubbed at the place blindly. "I must have got ink on me when I was making up my book." Her glance flitted towards it.

Dr. Carmon's eyes fell on the open page and on the smudge of "Room 30." He bent forward, tapping the place with the card in his hand, and laughed out.

"I never saw your books look like that." He gazed at it, and then at Aunt Jane's face a little suspiciously.

She leaned forward to inspect it.

"Somebody must have spilled water, or something, on it," she said casually. "People are so careless here!" She laid a blotter methodically across the smudge, and closed the book and put it away.

Dr. Carmon surveyed the roses. "Handsome bunch of flowers!" he said carelessly. He waved the card at them.

AUNT JANE

"They look nice," admitted Aunt Jane. "They're some Mr. Medfield sent; they came from his garden." Her tone was quiet and businesslike; there was no nonsense about those roses. She looked at them impersonally.

"I saw it was his card," Dr. Carmon's hand motioned with the card, and dropped it to the desk. He might almost have been said to fling it from him, as if it were a challenge.

"Who did he send them to?" he asked.

"Why, to me!" said Aunt Jane.

She tried her best to look commonplace and unconcerned, as if she had been receiving roses all her life—as if she had large bunches of them every day, flaming away there on her desk.

Dr. Carmon's glance twinkled across the roses to the placid face.

"Humph!" he said.

"How is Number 16?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Fine!" Dr. Carmon's face lighted with it. He forgot roses. "He's going to pull through all right, I think."

"That's good. I kind of reckoned he'd come through." She turned leisurely to the door.

The nurse stood there.

"I can't—" she began. "Oh, you're here! I looked everywhere for you."

"Yes, I'm here. I've been here quite a spell," said Aunt Jane.

The nurse withdrew, and Dr. Carmon and Aunt Jane and the roses were left alone.

He looked suspiciously and grudgingly at the roses, and shrugged his shoulders and turned away. He took his hat. "I want you to look in on Number 16 some time later."

There was no "Please" about the request, or "Will you kindly?" But Aunt Jane understood.

"I was planning to go in by and by—along about four o'clock," she said kindly. "That's the time he'll need somebody most, I guess."

Dr. Carmon looked again at the roses. "I shall want Suite A on Friday for a new patient," he said abruptly.

Aunt Jane's mouth opened and closed.

"Medfield's well enough to go," said Dr. Carmon. He nodded to the roses, as if they knew of Horace Medfield's health. "He'll be better off at home," he said shortly, and shot out of the door.

Aunt Jane gazed after him for a minute or two.

She took up the card from the desk and held it off and looked at it severely and shook it a little, as if it might have known better. Then she dropped it into a small drawer behind the roses. She locked the drawer carefully and put the key in her pocket.

Then she turned off the lights and left the room. And the great bunch of roses that had flamed up so bravely lost their colour in the dark.

Perhaps they went to sleep.

All night the fragrance of the roses stole out into the room and filled it, as if little flitting dreams of roses came and went there in the dark.

XXIX

THINGS were moving happily in Suite A. Horace Medfield had been awake and stirring since daybreak. He had written one or two notes in his own hand, and had dictated one to Miss Canfield.

He watched her move about the room contentedly. Julian really was a lucky dog. Luckier than he knew, to win a girl like that—sweet and sensible and poor.

Presently, when she was going out, he watched her again, then looked out of the window, and fell to thinking of the things life was bringing him. Everything seemed coming to him out of this great comfortable hospital that he had looked forward to and had dreaded so.

A wife for Julian! He might have searched the world over to find a girl like that. Straight, and as true as steel, and, best of all, she was poor; she would know the value of money. She had had to work for it. He had always spoiled Julian. He knew it, guiltily. Julian had never known what it was to want for anything that money could get—except, perhaps, a widow or two! The millionaire's lips smiled grimly. That danger was over, thank Heaven! The boy would marry a poor girl—and a lady. Horace Medfield had perhaps old-fashioned ideas as to what makes a lady, and the nurse who moved so noiselessly about his room suited him to perfection. His thoughts dwelt on her happily. They had come together—thanks to Aunt Jane! Ah, that was the secret: "Thanks to Aunt Jane!"

The millionaire leaned back in his chair, smiling thoughtfully. He had known that

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he was coming to that. As he sat there in the window, looking idly down into the little squares of back-yards—he had known all along, under his thankfulness for Julian, that he was coming to the thought of Aunt Jane. He had held it to the last. It was not Julian he was thinking of now, with the little smile that kept coming to his lips.

He was smiling at Aunt Jane and her crispness, and her goodness, and her little managing wilful ways that kept him straight. He was like a small boy in the very thought of her. A man ought to feel that way towards his wife, he told himself. All men really feel like that.

There was a gentle tap on the door, and he sat up. He smoothed the dreams from his face.

"Come in!"

The whole room seemed to become a place of comfort as she came leisurely across to him.

"I hear you've been doing a lot this morning." She looked at him uncritically.

His response was guilty. "Only a letter or two—— Sit down, won't you?" He reached out to a chair for her.

But Aunt Jane interposed. "When you're well enough to wait on folks you're well enough to go home," she said.

"Oh! I'm not well enough for that, I feel sure." He sank back in his chair. "I shall be very careful what I do," he said piously.

She surveyed him. "I liked the roses you sent. They're really fine. I don't know that I ever had any handsomer roses sent me."

"I am glad you liked them." He was suddenly a little formal and polite. He had not expected quite such frank and open delight in his offering.

"And the card," he said softly, after a minute. "I hoped you liked that, too?" He was almost shy about it.

Aunt Jane looked at him inquiringly and rocked a little. "Was there a card?" She seemed considering it. "Maybe it dropped out." She shook her head.

The shadow crossed his face. "You're sure there wasn't a card with them no message?" His tone was vexed, and he sat up.

"That's Munson's carelessness!" he said dryly.

"I can't seem to remember any card," said Aunt Jane.

A little smile broke up his face.

"You would remember it—if you had read it. I made sure of that." He chuckled gently. "Never mind—I will send you another—with some more roses."

"You need not send them right away—not for some time," said Aunt Jane hastily. "These will last quite a spell. I'll cut the stems every day, you know, same as if I was a patient." Her eyes twinkled at him.

And he smiled at the round trustfulness of her face. He was vexed at Munson for carelessness. But there was plenty of time to send roses; and he enjoyed sitting there and teasing her a little and watching the guileless face turned so comfortably upon him. She little knew what was on that card.

He chuckled.

"You'll be ready to go home in a day or two now," she said impersonally.

He cast a quick look at the face in his cap. "No use to borrow trouble," he responded lightly. "I have some news for you."

"For me?" A quick flush swept under the cap and subsided. "I hope it's good news," she said tranquilly.

"Yes; it's good for you. You'll think it's good—some day. My son is going to be married." He leaned back to watch the effect.

She nodded. "We talked about that yesterday."

"But it hadn't happened then."

"H hadn't it?" There was no contradiction in the response, but it brought him to a sudden pause.

"Why, of course not. I don't believe it had. Do you know anything?" He turned on her swiftly.

"No, I don't know anything." Aunt Jane was cheerful. "Not anything I could put my finger on," she added slowly. "But I kind of sensed, somehow, that they'd got things settled between them."

"Oh, you 'sensed' it?" he scoffed gently.

"Well, she'll make him a good wife." Aunt Jane rocked. "Of course, he doesn't need a rich wife——"

"No, I don't want him to marry money." Medfield spoke with satisfaction. His magnanimity overspread the poverty of his son's wife, and welcomed it and exulted in it.

Aunt Jane's face was tranquil, and some-

AUNT JANE

where deep below little twinkles came up to the surface and stirred it.

"Well, he doesn't need to marry her money," she said slowly. "He can't help her having it, of course. But she'll make him just as good a wife."

He stared. "I must have given you a wrong impression." He was polite about it. "Julian is going to marry Miss Canfield."

"Mary Canfield has money—more money than most folks. She's going to make a good nurse, though. She came in and took the training as if she hadn't a penny to her name. She said she wanted to be something besides Sheldon Canfield's—"

"Sheldon Canfield!" He took it up. "Was Sheldon Canfield her father?"

"His name was Sheldon," said Aunt Jane. "Maybe you've heard of him?"

Horace Medfield laughed shortly. "He did me out of a hundred thousand! Sheldon Canfield!" He looked at the thought and shook it. "I fought him for ten years. I swore I would break him before I died. But he died first. Sheldon Canfield's daughter!" He held it before him. "So Sheldon Canfield's daughter has been taking care of me?"

"She's taken good care of you," said Aunt Jane. It was almost defensive, and he gave her a quick look.

"The best of care!" he said emphatically. "Couldn't have been better—unless you had done it yourself," he ended gallantly.

Aunt Jane's look cleared, and then became a little confused under something that danced in the eyes that were bent upon her.

"I must go and do my work," she said.

"And leave me to my Juliet?"

"Julian, I suppose you mean," Aunt Jane corrected him kindly.

"He's Romeo—of the house of Montague," he said dreamily.

She stared a little. He waved his hand gently.

"Go away, Aunt Jane, and do your work. You have disturbed me—even more than usual, I'm afraid. I want to collect my thoughts."

She went out almost soberly, turning it in her mind on the way to the office. She had upset him, and she was a little remorseful. She ought not to have let him run on like that. There was no telling that he would not have a set-back. And they

needed Suite A for Dr. Carmon's new patient on Friday. He had said Horace Medfield was well enough to go home—that he would be better off at home.

She entered the office and stopped.

On a chair across the room was a long, light box.

Aunt Jane almost fancied she had been dreaming and had never opened that box. She contemplated it and went over to it slowly and looked at her desk, where the great flaming roses gave out their fragrance. She went back to the box and took it up slowly and undid the tape.

It was filled to the brim with roses—great pink-and-white heads glowed through the transparent waxed paper at her, and on top of the paper lay a card, with the name uppermost:

"Dr. Frederic H. Carmon."

Aunt Jane stared at it.

She reached out a hand to it, as if fascinated and almost afraid, and took it up and turned it over slowly. There was no writing.

She laid it back with a little quick sigh of relief, and stared down at it. Presently a shrewd look of amusement overspread the stupefaction in her face, and she nodded to the little card and took it up and carried it to her desk and unlocked a drawer, moving the great flaming roses to reach it. She dropped the card beside the other one that lay there, and the amusement in her face grew to soft chuckles that filled all the spaces in her roundness.

When she had arranged the pink-and-white blossoms, and carried them to her desk and placed them opposite the flaming ones, she stood back and surveyed them and shook her head and smiled radiantly to them.

A man who had come quietly down the hall stood in the open door of the office. He watched her a minute.

He cleared his throat circumspectly.

She turned swiftly and saw him, and moved a reproachful hand to the flowers.

"You ought never to have done it!"

He smiled on the roses complacently and removed his gloves.

"Like them?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I haven't any call to like them—or not like them." There was an atmosphere of severe disapproval. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I'm not!" He looked at them with satisfaction. He was whistling softly. "I

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didn't know you wanted flowers, or I'd have sent them before."

He had turned, his glance was on her face.

Something in the glance sent Aunt Jane hastily across the room. She straightened the furniture just a little, and came back to the desk and looked at the bunches of roses on either side, regarding them impartially.

"I ought not to want flowers, goodness knows!" she said slowly. "I see enough of them around every day to make anyone sick of them for life."

She paused and studied the pink-and-white blossoms.

"Somehow it's different when they're your own! I guess maybe I did need to have them sent to me, so I'd know how folk feel inside when I open their boxes for them, and they look in and see the flowers and see somebody's card on top—somebody that's thought about them, somebody that loves them!" She ended it triumphantly and happily and smiled, sharing it with him.

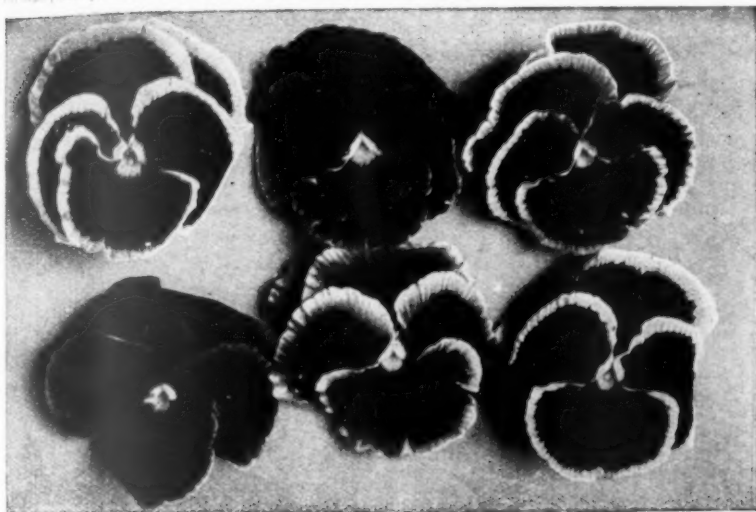
Dr. Carmon looked at the two great bunches of flowers and grunted, and went out.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



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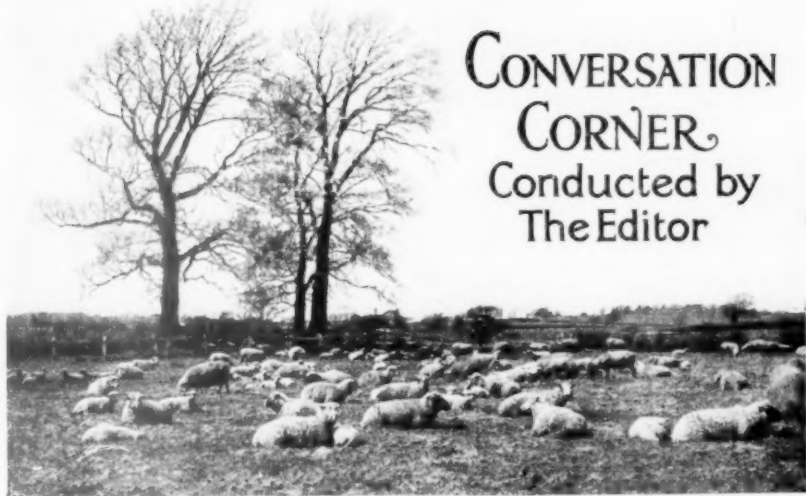


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CONVERSATION CORNER Conducted by The Editor



February

WINTER is on us, with its cold, wet, variable weather, and February, the most depressing month of the year, stands between us and the spring. We watch the water freeze in the ditches, or—more cheerful sight—the kettle boil on the hob, and somehow we feel that we, too, are like the water, at the mercy of the forces of heat and cold doing giant battle in the world around us. The chilling wind of sorrow and adversity has at times all but frozen our beating life; the heats of emotion and passion have melted the calm of our spirits until we hardly recognise our former placid selves.



A World of New Powers

IF the world at war has taken us off our calmly flowing course, we are coming to see, in the fiery trial of these days, that the transformation has revealed new powers within ourselves, new depths not hitherto suspected. The placid water brought to the boil becomes steam so powerful as to drive the biggest engines, and I think it is the experience of most of us that the crises through which we have passed have brought about a transformation the power of which we had not conceived. Along the battle-line out there

in Flanders there has been, we are told, a strange revival of religion. Soldiers in their scores and hundreds have joined in prayer and in singing those simple grand old hymns that are our heritage from our fathers. The torpid indifference of normal life has, in the face of danger and death, given place to the activities of the spirit. Men of ordinary calibre and life have, in these gigantic times, been moved to heroic deeds; and, too, the sluggish life of the spirit, lying dormant within every man, has been transformed into a living, throbbing reality.



The Shadow of His Wings

IN the palmy days of peace it is not difficult to forget the existence of the great unseen spiritual world. But men faced with danger and death have found it easy to realise it. The heavens have opened, and the sons of men have seen the angels ascending and descending. Miss Barnard, in her article in this issue, gives instances where an overshadowing Providence seems to have intervened for the protection of His children. Some people are very concerned as to whether the "Angels of Mons" were real angels or phantoms of the imagination. Personally, the controversy does not greatly

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interest me. The real point is that at times of great stress, when the ordinary safeguards of life have failed, it has seemed as if a power greater and stronger than that of frail man has stepped in and brought succour and salvation.



What we all Know

THIS experience is not confined to the battlefield. I know that this magazine is read by thousands of women whose nearest and dearest are in the long fighting-line. It is also read, as my letter-bag shows, by the fathers of brave sons, and by the soldiers themselves. My readers can bear me out that these times, so abnormal and so trying, have revealed these supernormal powers. The scientist will speak of the depths of the subliminal self that have been sounded; the Christian will breathe the name of God.



The Spring shall Come

AFTER all, we can look out on the wet or freezing ground, we can watch the kettle boiling on the hob, with calmness and hope. We are not mere water, turned into ice or steam at the caprice of the giant forces around. Still less are we blind atoms, swept hither and thither at the sport of chance. If there is a Providence watching with loving care over this soldier and that, there is a Hand at work on a struggling Universe, a Mind directing a mad world, a Power to bring order once more out of chaos. So we trust on. The February days shall rage and storm, sullen fog or frosty cold shall play with us as they will. The spring is coming. And just as surely as the spring shall come, so, too, we shall have peace again in the land. It may come soon or it may tarry late, but he who waits in trust and confidence shall see the end of the longest day.



Preparing for Peace

THE person without imagination will smile at the idea of "preparing for Peace." Peace seems too far off to be reckoned with seriously, too good a dream to be true. Yet it will come, and it will not bring the Millennium with it, unfortunately. The Government is taking some

steps to deal with the mighty upheaval that Peace will bring. But others need to prepare too. Is the Church ready for Peace? The cessation of hostilities will bring with it religious and ecclesiastical problems that we ought to be facing betimes. The subject will be dealt with in a special article in my March issue.

"Aunt Jane"



I AM glad that my readers are endorsing the opinion I expressed on the story "Aunt Jane," now appearing in our pages. Most of those who have referred to the story are full of praise of its charm and beauty. One testimony reaches me which is striking—and pathetic. Just before Christmas I received an urgent request from a reader asking for the earliest possible date for the publication of the January number. She was, she informed me, reading "that sweet little story, 'Aunt Jane,'" out of the Christmas number to a dear relative who was very ill—who, in fact, was dying. To her disappointment the story did not end in that number, and my correspondent was so touched by the pathos with which she said "I shall never hear the end," that she felt she must get it in time, if at all possible. Of course, I broke all the rules, sent her an advance copy, with proofs of the completion of the story, and I am very glad to know that it arrived in time. The story will finish next month.



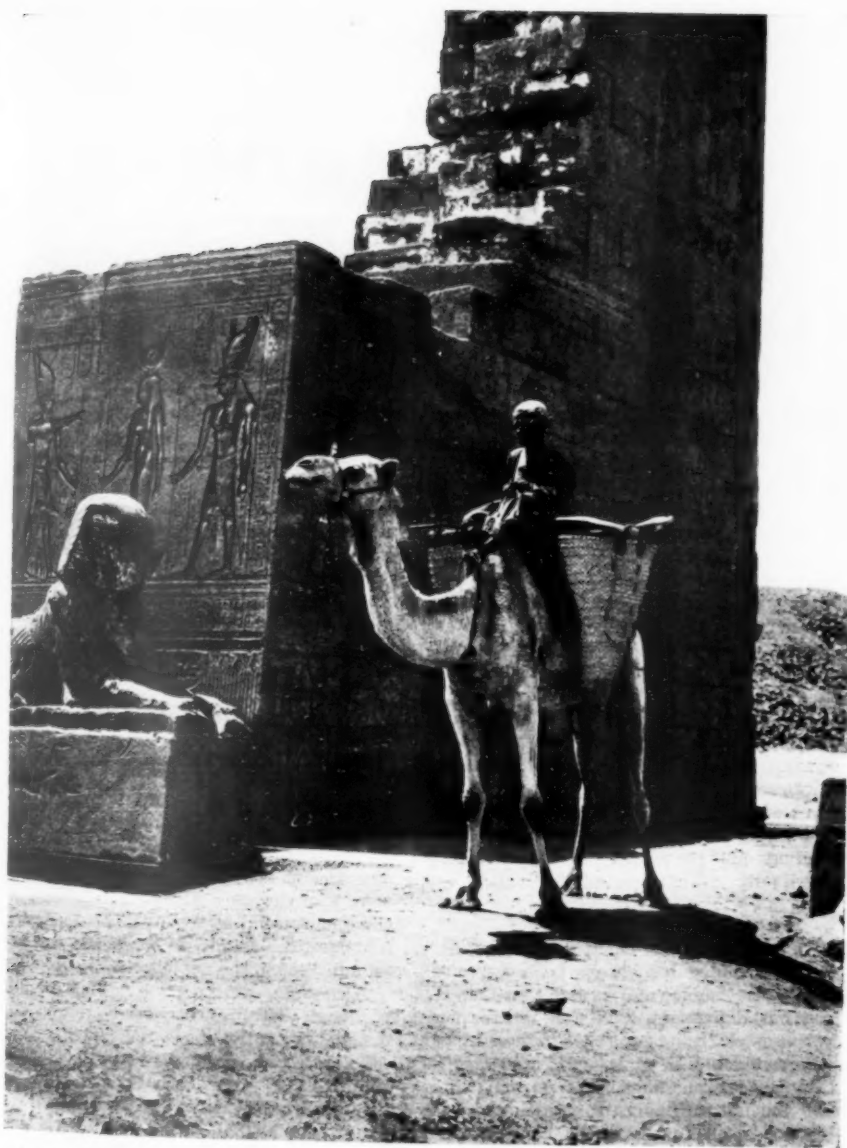
About the Price

IN my March number I shall have several important announcements to make as to new features in forthcoming issues. Meanwhile, readers perhaps will notice the addition of "net" after the price of this magazine. In most cases this will make no difference to what you pay for your copy, but in some it will mean a slight addition. The change has been necessitated by the increased cost of paper—an increase amounting to nearly a thousand pounds per annum above pre-war charges. I think readers realise something of the manifold difficulties under which we are endeavouring to produce THE QUIVER "as usual," and will give me their continued hearty support.

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At the Entrance of the Ruined
Temple of Dendera, Egypt.

Photo :
D. McLeish.



The HOME DEPARTMENT

THE USES OF DRIPPING

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

DRIPPING is one of those by-products of cooking which has greatly risen in value and appreciation during the past eighteen months. Before this time it was more plentiful, for we were, as a nation, larger meat consumers than at present, and as is often the case, when commodities are plentiful they are accounted of little value. During the Victorian era the dripping derived from the family roasts was, for some extraordinary reason, considered the perquisite of the ruler of the kitchen, who was entitled to augment her wages by selling it to whomsoever she pleased. This custom, like many others equally incomprehensible, gradually passed into disuse, but I have distinct recollections of overhearing my mother when engaging a cook say that the dripping was not to be sold, but to be kept and used for any purpose for which she might require it.

Economising

In humble homes, particularly in country places, dripping has always been appraised at its true worth, and rather than use the precious deliciously flavoured fat for such purposes as frying or basting, the farmer's wife would buy or make lard, reserving her dripping for puddings, pastries and cakes, and the hot dripping-toast, without which her Goodman did not consider his Saturday or Sunday tea complete. The increasing price of all household necessities has made us eager to practise every and any true economy, and is teaching us to know and appreciate many ingredients which we have hitherto regarded as too homely for our notice. The more universal use of dripping is not the least of these, and the experi-

enced housewife is not a little amused to hear women telling each other of the wonderful ways in which dripping can be used as a substitute for lard, butter, margarine, etc., just as if they had made some new and marvellous discovery. Of course, many housewives have used and appreciated dripping for years, and it is more especially for those of my readers who are at the beginning of their "dripping career" and the newly married war-brides, who have never given the subject a thought, that this article is written.

How to Acquire Dripping

Dripping is the fat which oozes out of and melts from a joint that is baked or roasted. Fat joints naturally produce more dripping than lean ones, and taking into consideration the alarming price of butter and the manifold advantages of a good supply of dripping, it is often cheapest in the long run to buy a joint with rather more fat than the family will consume, for the sake of the extra dripping.

N.B.—The cooked uneaten fat can be rendered down. The process will be explained presently.

The dripping accumulates in the baking-tin with the gravy from the meat, and is used for basting whilst the joint is cooking. Many people roast or bake potatoes in this fat, but this is a habit not to be encouraged in these hard times, for the potatoes absorb a large quantity of the dripping.

When the time for dishing up and making the gravy arrives, the fat must be carefully poured from off the gravy into a basin containing a little cold water. When cold there will be found a cake of dripping with



What One Housewife tells Another

"Cytos" Flour is being talked about all over the country; and clever home-cooks are telling each other just how good it is. Quite often, too, those who are trying it and proving its excellence are kind enough to write to the Proprietors—

"Cytos" Flour Mills, Great Grimsby—and give their candid opinion as to the real merits of this perfect Cake-Flour.

It cannot too often be repeated that "Cytos" contains the rich germ of the wheat-berry, the real life of the grain, that which gives to bread its sustaining and strengthening properties, and makes it worthy to be called the Staff of Life.

When you send a shilling for a 3-lb. bag of "Cytos" you will receive, packed in the bag together with the flour, the Little "Cytos" Book of Simple Recipes, which will help you with the making of many delicious Cakes, Scones, and Puddings.

A 3-lb. trial bag of

"Cytos"

will be sent direct to your door if you forward a shillingworth of stamps or a postal order for the same amount to "Cytos" Flour Mills Great Grimsby.

Just What Clever Home-Cooks are saying about "Cytos"

From Scarborough

"I am more than pleased with 'Cytos,' and as I cannot yet get it from my grocer I must trouble you to send me two seven-pound bags by post. I am recommending it to all my friends."

From Peckham

"My housekeeper is well satisfied with 'Cytos,' and thinks it goes farther than ordinary flour. Certainly I enjoy her productions with it."

From Brighton

"Your 'Cytos' flour gives every satisfaction. Please let me have a figure for larger quantities. I have tried it for Gingerbread, Ginger Cakes, Gingerbread Snaps, and Pancakes, and think it unique. It is satisfactory both in working and in results."

From Nelson, Lancs.

"I am highly pleased with 'Cytos' flour, and shall certainly continue to use it; and if I find I cannot get it in this district I shall send direct to you for it."

From Norwich

"Your 'Cytos' makes excellent cakes. I am asking our grocer to stock it, and if there is any difficulty I shall continue to get it direct from you."

From Chichester

"I like 'Cytos' very much—just as much as I dislike ordinary white flour."

From Nottingham

"I find that 'Cytos' makes delicious Gingerbread and Ginger Cakes, and is also very good for Scones and Spice Cakes. I had a five-stone bag just recently and have been experimenting largely, making cakes for our military hospital."



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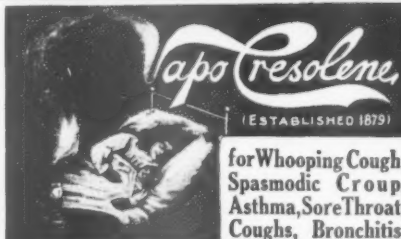
QUIVER, Feb., 1916.

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And they ALL know it makes the very Best Barley Water obtainable.

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Brown's Barley Kernels differ both in kind and quality from any preparation of Barley on the market. See only in Branded Boxes, 4d., by Grocers, Stores, etc.

W. & G. BROWN, CEREAL FOOD SPECIALISTS, DEBBY

THE USES OF DRIPPING

a dark sediment underneath, and this must be carefully cut away from the dripping. (This sediment should not be wasted, but reserved for adding to any kind of soup or stew.)

The dripping will still contain some of the essence of the meat and be slightly meaty in flavour. For bread-and-dripping or dripping-toast this flavour is distinctly pleasant, and, of course, the essence makes the dripping all the more nourishing, but for cakes, pastry, puddings, etc., the dripping requires further clarifying.

To Clarify Dripping

After removing the sediment, cut the cake of fat into small pieces and put into a lined saucepan. Cover with cold water, stand on a hot stove and let the fat cook till all bubbling ceases. Pour through a fine strainer into a basin partly filled with cold water and set aside till cold. Cut round the edges with a sharp knife and scrape off any impurities on the underside. Divide into pieces again and melt either in a jar stood in the oven, or a saucepan, then pour through a piece of fine muslin. This process sounds rather lengthy and complicated, but the different parts can be done just whenever it is convenient, and it does not matter if days elapse before the final clarifying.

If you want your dripping very white and pure, dissolve a saltspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a quart of cold water, and pour the dripping into this. Stir for a few minutes, then set aside till cold, when the impurities must be scraped from the underside. The fat that rises on rich stews, stock, or soup should be collected and clarified by one of these processes, when it will be quite suitable for frying, basting, etc. The fat from bacon, when the meat is not too salt or highly flavoured, is splendid for making cakes and pastry which are to be quickly consumed. Any pieces of fat that remain on the joint when the lean parts are to be converted into a "made dish" should be placed in a baking-tin and melted in the oven, after which they can be clarified and used in cooking.

Dripping, thus purified, will keep for a considerable time, should one, indeed, be fortunate to have a good stock on hand, and is always ready for browning meats and vegetables for stews, for soups, basting

game or poultry, adding to *purées*, thickening sauces, frying, etc.

The Use of Dripping in Cakes

I have already mentioned that, putting the economical aspect on one side, dripping has other advantages over butter or margarine in cakes. It is, however, necessary to inform the amateur that this fat cannot be substituted for other expensive fats in every recipe. It is a little difficult to know just where the rigid line must be drawn, but I think it is safe to assert that in all recipes in which the fat is *rubbed* into the flour, dripping can be safely used. I have tried it as a substitute for butter when the recipe reads "beat the butter to a cream," but the results of creaming dripping have not been altogether satisfactory. Experiments in substituting dripping for lard or suet in puddings, forcemeat, and stuffings have, on the other hand, turned out most successful; and suet puddings, of the boiled or steamed varieties, made with dripping in rather less quantity than the amount of suet given in the recipe, have turned out deliciously light and pleasant. When making stuffings for birds or rolled roasts, or forcemeat-balls, rub the dripping into the breadcrumbs just as you would into flour; and do not forget that in every recipe in which dripping is used a larger proportion of salt than is stated should be used.

Dripping is particularly efficacious for what one might describe as schoolroom fare, dough cakes, parkin, ginger-bread and the like; and if you want to experiment with dripping try one of the following easy recipes.

Plum Cake

Ingredients.—One lb. flour, 6 oz. raisins, 6 oz. currants, 5 oz. sugar, 2 oz. peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. dripping, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk (sour if possible), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1 egg, pinch of salt.

Method.—Put the flour into a bowl, mix the salt with it, and rub in the dripping. Stone and divide the raisins and add these with the cleaned currants, peel and sugar. Beat the egg. Dissolve the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar in the milk, add the egg, and mix with the dry ingredients. Bake in a well-greased tin for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours in a moderate oven.

THE QUIVER

Dough Seed Cake

Ingredients.—Half-quartern dough (risen), $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. dripping, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. caraway seeds, pinch of salt.

Method.—Beat the egg and add the salt to it. Put the dough on a floured board, and work the fat, sugar, seeds and egg into it. Turn into a greased tin and bake for two hours in a well-heated oven. A little candied peel may be added with advantage to this cake, and caraway powder can be substituted for the seeds if preferred.

Dried fruits are becoming too expensive for everyday cakes, and in the plum cake either the raisins or currants can be omitted, and half a grated nutmeg or some mixed spice added to flavour the cake.

Parkin

Ingredients.—Seven oz. flour, 3 oz. dripping, 4 oz. oatmeal (fine, medium, or coarse, as best liked), 2 oz. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. mixed spice, 6 oz. treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoonful milk.

Method.—Put the flour into a basin and rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers. Add the oatmeal, sugar and spice. Heat the treacle, dissolve the bicarbonate of soda in the milk and stir into the treacle. Mix with the other ingredients, stirring thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Shape into small round cakes, flatten with a floured roller, place on a well-greased baking sheet, brush with milk, and cook in a slow oven for about fifteen minutes.

Dripping in Pastry

Pastries of several kinds can be made with

dripping as a fat medium, but to achieve success the dripping *must* have been previously well clarified and be firm, pure and absolutely free from oiliness.

A short crust for meat pies and ordinary use is made with 6 oz. of flour, pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder, and 3 oz. of dripping, moistened with as much ice-cold water as will make a rather stiff paste. The addition of a teaspoonful of castor sugar will render the crust yet shorter and more suitable for fruit or jam tarts.

A Superior Dripping Crust

Ingredients.—Half lb. flour, 4 oz. dripping, 1 egg, pinch of salt, cold water.

Method.—Cut the dripping into cubes, then rub it into the flour until it looks like the finest breadcrumbs. Make a hollow in the centre, into which drop the egg. Mix lightly with a knife, then stir in sufficient water to make the dough. This recipe is especially useful at extra busy times, for it can be made two or three days before it is wanted. To store, sprinkle with flour, place in a pie-dish, and stand in a cold, dry place until required.

I am informed that many French cooks use clarified dripping for making the richest puff-paste, and that the correct proportions are 8 oz. of fat to 1 lb. of pastry flour. In order that the dripping can be easily spread over the paste it is advisable to knead it in a mortar, or to wrap it in a piece of muslin and beat with the roller until soft. The dripping must on no account be heated or oiled.



BOTTLED SUNSHINE

"Bottled Sunshine" is the title of the "Science Club" article in this month's "LITTLE FOLKS," but—in a wider sense—it well describes the contents of the February issue of that popular magazine for young people. There are a dozen or so stories, and amusing and informative illustrations and articles. "LITTLE FOLKS" is just the magazine for children from six to sixteen—but people of all ages are reading it.

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A Doctor writes:—"I prescribe Mellin's Food largely, and find that made up with fresh cow's milk it is far superior to foods made with water only."

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FREE A Sample of Mellin's Food and a valuable handbook for mothers—"How to Feed the Baby"—will be sent free on request.

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PRISONERS ILL IN GERMANY A LETTER

Baracke Schonung, Engländerlager Ruhleben,
8th September, 1915.

Dear Sir,

We beg to thank you in the name of this camp for the sixty-seven cases of Prisoners' Comforts which you so generously sent us through the Prisoners of War Help Committee. We found the contents most acceptable, especially the Plasmon preparations.

The writer, S. Lambert, acts as Superintendent of the Schonungs Baracke (a sort of Convalescents' Barrack), and we therefore decided not to distribute them to the camp at large, but to serve them out to the sick in this barrack who require special diet.

The authorities are giving us every assistance in carrying out the above, and are even contemplating giving us permission to build a special kitchen for these invalid requirements. It was under this head that the Plasmon preparations, especially Plasmon Oats and Plasmon Cocoa, had proved such a boon to patients suffering from gastric disorders. Again reiterating our thanks, we beg to remain, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) FRED W. HANSON.
STANLEY LAMBERT.

To the Editor,

"Khaki Magazine," London.

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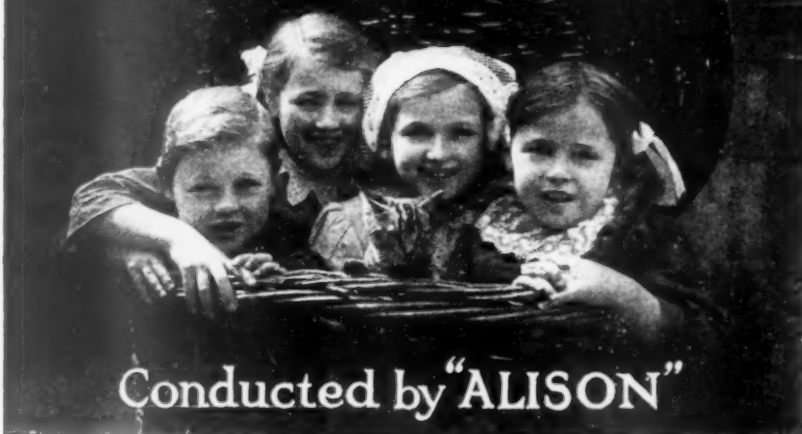
—*British Medical Journal.*

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COMPANIONSHIP PAGES



Conducted by "ALISON"

Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

*How, When and
Where Corner,
February, 1916*

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—We were speaking in our last chat together of Cheerful Comrades, and I like to picture you all, where you are, practising with zeal and love the art of cheerful comradeship in the dull grey days which, in England, anyway, so generally are our lot in February. The next thought that followed on in my mind for you concerned Strength. We do want you to be strong—with the strength that comes through purity of heart and nobility of purpose—you who are to be the British citizens of the coming days.

New Problems

There will be so many fresh problems for you, as men and women, to tackle; such wonderful new pathways to tread, such great constructive work for you in the building up of a new world from the ruins that the war will leave. And if you realise that we want you to be strong, it will help you to be. "It is very good for strength to know that someone needs you to be strong," as Mrs. Browning said understandingly. Lots of times to each other we have remarked, apropos of our little protégés, that we were proud of helping to give Canada such good, efficiently trained citizens. Will each of our Companions not only try to realise that we have more than that—the giving of our protégés to the Dominion—to do; we have to give,

each one—himself, herself—to be a true, noble, efficient citizen of the Empire to which we most of us belong: and that not in any narrow bigoted sense, but to be citizens in love with our Empire ideals—the ideals of Truth, Honour, and Liberty for All.

A Motto that Helps

You, who are now citizens in training, will have opportunities as great or greater than any of your forbears had for upholding and *living* those ideals. All the fights for liberty will not be in the past when you take up your rôle of citizenship. There will be bigger chances for you: there will be sterner fights—not material war, we trust; but there will be hard struggles for world betterment for you to take your places in, and as noble victories to win as any that the old world saw. For it must be a new world in many ways into which the present upheaval is bringing us.

These ideals and these dreams of work to come are, it seems to me, especially appropriate to all the members of our Companionship. For only in the spirit that is expressed in our motto can they be fully and rightly worked out. That motto will have to be lived out by every citizen before the world is what it ought to be.

"Love alone is might,
Makes the heavy burden light,
Smooths rough ways for weary feet,
Makes the bitter morsels sweet."

"Love alone is strength," says someone who can tell me? I fancy it was George Macdonald.
"How Boys and Girls can Help the Empire"

THE QUIVER

is a matter that ought to interest all of you: will you write and tell me your thoughts about it? I shall be glad to give prizes for letters on the subject that are suitable for printing in our Pages. Please keep within the limit of 450 words, write on one side only of the paper, and let me receive your contributions for the competition by March 1st at latest (Foreign members have the usual extension).

One of our South African members has been needing special strength and courage and cheerful comradeship in her own life, as you will agree when you read the following extract from her letter:

"MY DEAR ALISON," says the writer. "Since I wrote to you I have done a little bit of travelling. Shortly after I posted my last letter to you I was transferred to a place called M— (This Companion, by the way, is one of our busy girl workers.) The train journey was very tedious, but the cart journey from the station was just glorious! For over an hour we climbed up the side of a mountain, and far below us in the valley were farms and orange orchards. On the top of the mountain, before the descent, there is a resting-place, and the air and the view are lovely. The descent is very gradual, it winds round the mountain all the way. About half an hour's drive from M— another orchard may be seen and a river flows very close to the farm. After I had been in M— two months my knee began to trouble me very badly, so I applied for 'leave,' and came to Cape Town. I have been in hospital three months, and I do not know when I shall leave. My doctor tells me I shall be a cripple always. I have a tubercular knee, and for eleven weeks I lay flat on my back unable to turn on to either side. Now I am getting up and have to walk with crutches. The matron and the nurses are charming. This is my first experience of hospital life, but I have not found it as dreadful as I fancied I would.

"Several young South Africans that I know have gone to Europe to help 'crush' our common enemy. A cousin of mine is on his way from here, and two others will be leaving shortly. I wish I had a brother, so that he could go too. You must please excuse pencil, but I am writing this in bed."

I shall make no further comment on this letter than this, that I hope it will help some other reader of our Pages as it helped me. It came on a very dark day, and brought such a sense of cheerfulness and bravery that I felt rebuked for my own cowardice of the moment. I know you would all vote the Foreign Letter Prize to this Companion, and send it with loving good wishes for the future.

Another member—crippled temporarily only, I am pleased to say—has been able to write after a long silence. With her Violet collecting book and 9s. 2d. for the Fund, KATHLEEN COLLIVER (Canada) sent a kind letter. She and DOROTHY followed out the "A Cent for a Year" suggestion, and added fourteen and eleven cents respectively to their S.E.D. 5s. The balance was made by "flowers sold." A later note from Kathleen covers another birthday gift from herself, and also one from Baby Elbeth, who is just three.

AMY NEWLANDS (age 15, London) is a friend of HERIOT HUGHES, and joins us at her invitation:

"We have taken THE QUIVER for quite a long time now, and I have always read the Companionship Pages, as they are always interesting. Heriot Hughes, who comes to my school, has talked to me about the Corner, and I am glad I have joined. I will try to find some more members for you."

DOROTHY LITTEN's sister MARGARET (age 7) is another new small member.

"I want to be a Companion," says Margaret, "so I am sending a coupon."

Dorothy is one of many who have enjoyed "Miss Quixote." ERNEST SCARBOROUGH (age 14) is a fresh Bedfordshire Companion. A letter, please, Ernest. NANCY R. MORGAN-JONES joins our growing band of Welsh Companions. She is twelve, and had been interested for a good while in our Pages. Her home is in Montgomeryshire.

I was delighted to have another letter from MARIAN HARDY, after a long silence. She tells me about some of her reading:

"We are reading 'The Talisman,' by Scott, for English at school this term, but we have an abridged copy, and I would rather read the real one. We spent our holiday with our Aunt Mary.

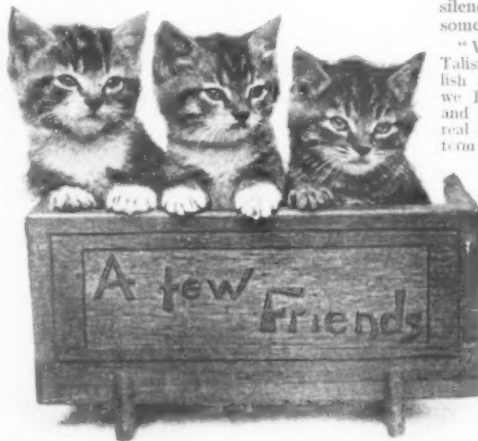
She gave Joan a shortened copy of 'Peveril of the Peak,' and me a French history book of which I read (well, I have time) a paragraph every day.

Sunday I am going to start teaching in the Primary Department of our Sunday School. I am reading 'The Old Curiosity Shop' by Dickens, 'Auntie,' and 'The Mill on the Floss' by myself. Will you please have

a drawing competition one month? I am very fond of drawing."

EDITH BAXTER speaks for many. I am sure when she gives us a reason for fewer letters:

"There seem such a lot of things to think about now this awful war is on. But," she adds, "I will turn over a new leaf. The Corner is very interesting, and I think it is very nice to be able to help in this work."



THE QUIVER

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP and FOOD WARMER

THE convenience and manifold uses of this simple and inexpensive appliance make it indispensable to the comfort of the mother or nurse. It heats liquid foods and keeps them warm throughout the night. It illuminates the bedroom and obviates the trouble of getting out of bed to prepare the food.

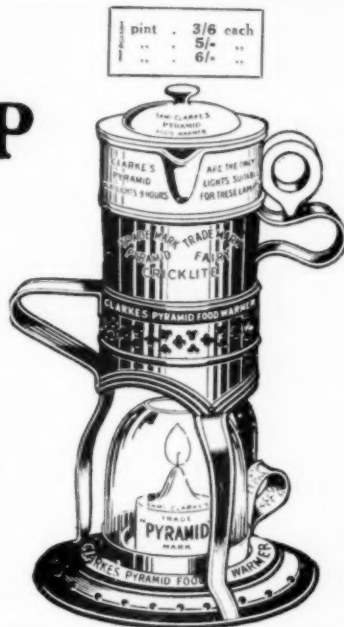
The only Lights suitable for use in
CLARKE'S NURSERY LAMPS are

Clarke's Pyramid Night Lights,

which are much larger than ordinary Night Lights,
and give more heat and light. No water required.

Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED,
Battersea, London, S.W.



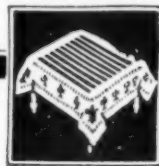
The Diploma Shoe

SMARTEST of all wear is patent coltskin, and always fashionable. The Diploma Shoe illustrated is a particularly charming Derby style, with a medium toe and Cuban heel of just the right height to be comfortable. Diploma Shoes are as durable as they are dainty.

STYLE D11, Patent Coltskin



Booklet of other styles and name of nearest agent.
NORVICH SHOE CO., NORWICH
(Lowell & White, Ltd.)



Pure Linen

as made by Robinson & Cleaver from the finest flax yarns, will give you years of satisfactory service and retain its original whiteness even after repeated washings. The following are typical bargains.

TABLE LINEN

No. A1. Bleached Damask Table Cloths. Design, Oak and Olive Border, with Diagonal Stripe Centre. Size, 2 by 2 yards, 11/-; 2 by 2½ yards, 13/9; 2 by 3 yards, 16/6; 2½ by 2½ yards, 17/1; 2½ by 3 yards, 20/6 each. Dinner Napkins to match, 16/11 per dozen.

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No. 1.R9. Linen Sheets, our own manufacture, size 2 by 3 yards, 26/4; 2 by 3½ yards, 30/8; 2½ by 3 yards, 33/4; 2½ by 3½ yards, 38/10 per pair. Linen Pillow Cases, size 18 by 28 ins., 18/6; 20 by 30 ins., 20/- dozen.

Price List and Cuttings sent post free.

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360 Donegall Place
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The YEWFSFUL CLIP
for the home & office



IS AS
USEFUL
AS ITS NAME IMPLIES.

The Patent Clip with a Thousand Uses.
For Hats, Clothes, Papers, etc.

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.
Invaluable where space is a consideration.


It entirely supersedes the old-fashioned hat
peg, and can be used with great advantage
for numerous other purposes.

**A Great Comfort Aid. Compels
Neatness and Tidiness. 6d. each.**

Of all Ironmongers, Stores, and General Dealers, or
send **SIX STAMPS TO-DAY** for **SAMPLE
CLIP**, Post Free from

YEWFSFUL LTD., 25 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

THE COUNTRY OF THE FUTURE THE ORCHARD OF THE EMPIRE



BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Canadian Province for Mixed
Farming, Dairying, Fruit Growing,
Ranching, and Poultry Raising.

Practically free lands for settlers, blocks of 160
acres costing only about 50s. inclusive.

The Country for Farmers, Stockbreeders,
and Horticulturists with some capital.

Full particulars free of charge on application to J. H. TURNER,
Agent General for B.C., Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, London.

IN THE LONG LINE OF TRENCHES
at the Front, or in the North Sea, many Old Boys from the NATIONAL
REFUGES are fighting for their country. In the British Regiments, as
well as in the vessels of the British Fleets, are men who, as homeless and
deserted children, were cared for by **THE**

NATIONAL REFUGES
and Training Ship "ARETHUSA."

2,000 have entered the Royal Navy.
6,500 have entered the Merchant Service.
1,200 Boys and Girls now being maintained.

SURELY YOU WILL HELP THIS PATRIOTIC WORK?
Upkeep Expenses have been greatly increased
by the rise in the Price of Food.

Patrons: **THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING and QUEEN.**
Honorary Treasurer: **W. E. HUBBARD, Esq., 47 St. Helen's Place, E.C.**

National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children
and the Training Ship "Arethusa," which have received and
continuously receive Boys and Girls from all parts of the British Isles.

London Office: 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
Joint Secretaries: **H. BRISTOW WALLER and HENRY G. COPELAND**



**TURKISH BATHS
AT HOME.**

No form of bathing accomplishes such perfect cleanliness as
the combined HOT-AIR and VAPOUR BATH. It not only
cleanses the outer surface, but also opens the pores, eliminates
impure matters, and stimulates a healthful flow of life-giving
blood—the blood, clears the skin, reciprocates the body, quiets the
nerves, rests the tired, and creates that delightful feeling of
vigorous health and strength. Physicians recommend it for
prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Eczema,
and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, etc.

Our "Patent Folding Cabinets embrace every desirable feature in
bathing, several exclusive advantages, such as—**Absolutely Safe
Outside Heating; Heat Regulator; Exit is easy
and immediate—no assistant required.**

Prices from 35/-. Write for "BATH BOOK," No. 34.
**J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. 171 New Bond Street,
London, W.**

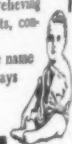
**EE A MOTHER'S EE
HAPPY THOUGHT.**

A Lady writing from Ireland says:—"I
went to see my sister's baby, who was very
ill indeed. She had been up for nights
with him without undressing; he was cry-
ing all the time as with some internal pain.
The doctor told her he could do nothing
except put him in a warm bath, which gave
him a little ease for the time being.

"I thought of **STEEDMAN'S
SOOTHING POWDERS** which I
used for my own children; and next day
I sent some to my sister, when she gave
the child half a powder according to
directions. For the first time for a
fortnight she and the baby, and, in fact, all
the household, had a good night's sleep,
and the little fellow has continued to
improve ever since."

These powders do not contain poison,
nor are they a narcotic; but they act
gently on the bowels, thus relieving
feverish heat and preventing fits, con-
vulsions, etc.

Please notice that the name
STEEDMAN is always
spelt with **EE**.



COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

It is rather a long time since any of our members sent me a letter about their animal pets. ISOBEL HEWSON (Ireland) writes interestingly of hers:

"First and foremost is my own red setter, 'Shot.' He is dark red, and rather a cross dog with strangers. He is a very good dog at his business; his kennel companion is 'Jack,' or 'The Pig,' not that he is dirty, but because he is so fat; but Clumber spaniels are always fat. He is white, marked with tan, and has very long ears. 'Ma Fuss' and 'Whisker' are the cats of the house. 'Ma' is one of the ugliest cats you have ever seen, with no pedigree, I am afraid, but she is an old dear. We used to keep horses, but now, sad to relate, we have descended to a motor! I prefer a horse to any car; we used to have great fun riding and driving. All that remains to us is 'Tom,' a half-bred Spanish donkey. Her real name is 'Thomasine.' She has a pal called 'Billy,' who is a year and a half old. We have Kerry and Dexter cattle. A Dexter cow is about three or four feet high at the most. They should be perfectly black, have very large bodies and short legs, thick necks, and are generally very pretty. They give very rich milk, and are the easiest cows to tame. We have one called 'Topsy,' who had a calf the other day which we called 'Jellicoe.' 'Jellicoe' is curly and fat, and about one and a half feet high. The Kerry cows are big black cows, but sometimes red. We have one now called 'Darragh,' which is the Irish for red. The best ones are always black and very pretty. A Kerry heifer can jump rather like a deer. That's all the interesting animals we have."

One Companion includes this paragraph in her letter:

"I have started taking in LITTLE FOLKS. Doesn't it sound ridiculous, because I shall be 24 next February (this month)! But I am very interested in anything to do with children, so when I saw the Editor was taking it on, it struck me that I would very much like to see it. But I wondered if I couldn't pass it on to someone. Do you know anyone who would be glad to have it? I would willingly send it each month if you did."

An interesting letter comes from GLADYS M. JOHNSON, a new Companion in the West Indies:

"I will tell you something of my island home. It is a very small island in the Atlantic, just outside the Caribbean Sea. There are no mountains and the hills are very low. I live in a tiny town, which is so quiet that a wedding is quite a sensation, and when anyone who is outside the peasantry is to be married the church is decorated, and on the arrival of the bride and bridegroom guns are fired. A man stands at the church door, and as the time is placed on the bride's finger he signals to another man, then another gun is fired. Then there is another salutation when the couple leave the church."

Even up to Christmas S.E.D. gifts came in. VERA HEYWOOD (Lancs) sent me half-a-crown made "through painting my own Christmas cards." A pretty one for Violet Little was

enclosed. From Ireland came two half-crowns, one each from BERTHA and CLARA MILLAR.

"Each time Clara or I," wrote Bertha, "clean and polish Auntie's bike we get 3d. Other friends give us a similar sum if we do theirs. As we have many relations we frequently receive money from them, so we try to give half the total to some charity."

EDITH M. SMITH sent a gift also, and in her letter is this cheery sentence: "I shall be starting business in the New Year, and will then have money of my own." KATE and ETHEL EDWARDS (Suffolk) sent half-a-sovereign for the Fund, part of which was the profits of a table-centre painting enterprise. They were rejoicing at being so "lucky" in their plan, and we congratulate them.

IRENE and ERIC KING-TURNER (Kent) were two Companions from whom I was most pleased to hear once more. Their long silence was caused by illness, unfortunately. Irene tells of the interesting work she is learning after leaving school "for good," and Eric was excited at the prospect of a new school in the New Year.

For the Clinic Babies

A busy woman journalist friend sent me some woollics for our babies a while back, and remarked that she was knitting all she could for us, as she felt

it was so vitally important that the nation's little ones should have every care. She is right. And to each competitor in the Vest Competition, and to the readers who did not enter it, but sent vests for our babies, I give very hearty thanks. This Baby and Mother Care work is pre-eminently patriotic. It is more than that, though. And if every vest-donor could have a peep at the particular little bit of work for which they have given me this help they would have a very glad-at-heart feeling as a reward for their thought and effort.

Let me first thank the friends whose woollics do not come under the competition rules. I am most grateful to "H.L.P." (Romsey), who so kindly sent two little vests towards my "Christmas store for the little ones." Also to Mrs. R. (Cheltenham); to Mrs. Webb and our Companion MARION, whose gift was "a company concern"; to EDITH PENN, who amid all her war work found time to knit—not a vest, for "I am sorry to say," she wrote, "that I could not find a pattern such as you described, so I did the little petticoat, because I am sure you will be able to find a baby to wear it." "I enjoyed our Christmas Corner," she remarks.

To "H.L.P.," an old reader of THE QUIVER, I am indebted for two splendid specimens—excellent in work, size, and all points. For another useful vest and a bonnet, made by "Two Friends"; "Alice" (Rothsay), one vest;

Erica Welsh.



THE QUIVER

and many thanks to "B. W." for a beautifully made vest on the newest lines. To Miss May Bellamy also for two of the same description. For all these and for other gifts that came in after we went to press I am grateful, for our babies' sakes, and my personal thanks are added.

Competition Award

The judging of the vests has been a most interesting piece of work. Two senior prizes are given, as the work in these two instances are both most excellent, and it was impossible to make a real distinction. EILEEN MURPHY (age 17, Herts) and "Caledonia," an old Scottish friend of ours, have the senior prizes, with my congratulations on their work. Eileen enclosed with her vest a charming little crochet cap for one of our small boys, by the way. The junior prize goes to MARIAN HARDY (Norfolk). She has chosen an excellent pattern, and her knitting is even and careful.

A few of the vests sent in were, I fancy, intended for mythical and not real babies; but the majority are sensible garments and will be of good service for the little ones to whom they have gone. I must give very Special Mention to the work of ELSIE HIBBERD (London), ANNIE BALLINGALL (Fife), KITTY WILLERS (Cambs), MARJORIE HEARD (London), EDITH BAXTER (London); and Honourable Mention to the following: KATE and ETHEL EDWARDS (Suffolk), MAUD ARMSTRONG (Northumberland), BERTHA and CLARA MILLAR (Ireland), MADGE WILLIAMS (Anglesey).

One other pleasure has been that some Companions have not forgotten the little invalid children who have had their sympathy and Christmas gifts for several years.

Writing from her Scottish home, D. JEAN BEST says:

"I am sending you a doll for the poor children at Christmas, dressed by a girl at M—— Hospital. She is called Elsie, and the doll is called after her. There are some babies' boots and a pair of stockings which our cook made for your poor babies. I wish I had time to knit a baby's vest, but there are so many things which I have to work for. I wonder if you can give me Private B——'s address (Private B—— is a soldier Companion). He sent me a post card saying that now he was in the — Regiment and they were starting for abroad. He said he would let me know when they got to the other side. I am so sorry to have no address to write to him for Christmas."

Perhaps if our soldier Companion sees this he will send me his address also.

DOROTHY and MAUD ARMSTRONG (Northumberland) remembered my little friends' love of dolls also, and each sent one along with a vest. FRANCES BOSTON sent a daintily made doll's bed that will give happiness to some little girl.

ESSIE DALEY (New South Wales) wrote:

"I am sending you a small parcel by this mail. I was out the other day, and a little boy had several of these small scrap-books which had been given him, and he was making some himself. I thought you would be glad of some at Christmas for your little cripples. My little niece Maisie (who is 7) came in while I was doing them, and was very excited when I told her they were for the little cripples, and asked to help. So she did too."

Will those correspondents whose names are not mentioned kindly remember that their letters have been thoroughly appreciated, though space limits prevent acknowledgment.

Do not forget to write me a letter on one of the twenty-nine days of this month.

Believe me,

Your affectionate
Companion,

Phon.



ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF 60 YEARS.

Dr De Jongh's
Light Brown
Cod Liver Oil.

Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD & Co., 112, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Incontestably proved by more than SIXTY YEARS' MEDICAL EXPERIENCE to be

The Purest.
The most Easily Digested.

The most Palatable.
The most Speedily Efficacious.

Maladies in which this remedy has been successfully administered.

CONSUMPTION & DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

It has long been a well-established fact that Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL produces to the fullest extent the curative effects of the remedy. Hence the importance of its administration in Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, so that invaluable time may not be lost through the use of Cod Liver Oils deficient in the most active properties of the medicine.

Highly Recommended by Medical Men

for

**DISEASES OF THE THROAT, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
COUGHS, ASTHMA and DEBILITY.**

Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in Imperial Half-Pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-; Capsuled and Labelled with his Stamp and Signature, **WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE,**

By most respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.

**SOLE CONSIGNEES: ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., Ltd.,
182, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.**

CAUTION.—Beware of unprincipled attempts to substitute worthless preparations.

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Dr. DE JONGH'S

Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil.

THE EXTRAORDINARY VIRTUES OF THIS MEDICINE IN CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS

are fully established. Administered in time, and steadily persevered in, it has not only the power of subduing all disposition to phthisis, but of arresting the development of tubercles; or, when the disease has advanced to the developed form, it has accomplished, in numerous instances, a complete cure.

Dr. HARDWICK, Medical Officer of Health, Paddington, wrote:—
"In the class of tubercular diseases, including Consumption, so prevalent in our great centres of population, the use of Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is attended with manifold advantages: and I know of no therapeutic agent, which, in connection with judicious sanitary measures, is better calculated to stay the ravages of these great consuming plagues of the British Islands."

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS COUGHS, ASTHMA.

Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., M.R.C.S.

Physician to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Senior Assistant-Physician and Lecturer on Diseases of the Throat at the London Hospital. Author of "The Use of the Laryngoscope in Diseases of the Throat," "Essays on Throat Diseases," &c., &c.

"As a general rule, I object to giving a testimonial in favour of any remedy, but as you have called my attention to the fact, that for many years in prescribing Cod Liver Oil, I have specially indicated the sold at your establishment, I cannot refuse to state my reasons for having done so.

These are as follows.—

1st. That I have found your Light-Brown Oil much more uniform in character than any other Cod Liver Oil.

2ndly. That I have found it more uniform in its action than any other Cod Liver Oil.

3rdly. That I have found it more easily digested than any other Cod Liver Oil."

To Dr. DE JONGH.

DEFECTIVE NUTRITION and GENERAL DEBILITY.

In addition to its remedial virtues in active disease, this Oil possesses powerful nutritive and restorative properties.

SIR HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., T.C.D.,

Officer of the Legion of Honour, Physician to His Late Majesty Louis Philippe, Professor at the Faculty of Medicine, Chief Physician to l'Hôpital la Charité, Paris, &c., &c.

"Its action on the system is renovating. With strumous and emaciated subjects, and where the general health is impaired, this remedy tells with peculiar efficacy. It checks the progressive emaciation, restores the yielding health, rebuilds as it were the tottering frame, and though the patient may be reduced to the lowest state of weakness and attenuation, there certainly are cases in which a regular daily course of this animal oil steadily and uninterruptedly persevered in, is capable of bringing about a most remarkable and salutary change in all the vital functions.

Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in Imperial Bottles, Pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-; Capsuled and Labelled with his Stamp and Signature, **WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE.**

By most respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.

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182, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

CAUTION.—Beware of unprincipled attempts to substitute worthless preparations.



AT BREAKFAST TIME

What a rush and a scramble to get through with the porridge when it is followed by

The daily spread for the children's bread.

Laitova Lemon Cheese

It's just the most delicious dainty you ever tasted. The kiddies can't have enough. It's wholesome and nourishing, too, besides being so economical. Get a jar for breakfast-to-morrow.

Laitova is a most welcome change from the usual bacon for the grown-ups. It is now packed in dainty hygienic jars, and your grocer sells it in 7d. and other sizes.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd., Cornbrook, MANCHESTER.

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

All goods sent direct from Factory to Home.

Do you know that practically **ALL** Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply **BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBORDS, OVERMANTELS, &c.**, at very **LOW PRICES**, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.

Send post-card to day for Illustrated Price Lists (POST FREE).

CHAS. RILEY, Desk 17, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.



COUPON. "How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver,"
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name

Address

Age Date of Birthday



What's *for* Breakfast —

There is nothing nicer or cheaper than De Fourier Sausages. Try them to-morrow and you will never go back to ordinary sausages again.

Not only are they more economical, but they are more nutritious, more savoury, and more appetising. There is no "mystery" or "guessing" about the ingredients.

They are made principally of the finest bacon, which is the most easily digested of all meat foods, and their delicious flavour is enhanced by the addition of chicken and fresh pork.

De Fourier Sausages are the nicest you have ever tasted. Ordinary pork sausages shrivel up in the pan when cooked, but De Fourier, being all tender meat, enlarge when cooked, and so are nearly equal to twice the quantity of ordinary sausages.

To make the most of De Fourier Sausages, use a little extra lard or dripping. After the Sausages are cooked, place some slices of bread in the pan to fry in the gravy. The rich and delicious flavour of the Sausages is imparted to the bread, and the children prefer it to bacon. And it is good for them; it is so wholesome and nourishing.

Ask your dealer for them. If he cannot supply you, send his name and address to us, and enclose 9d. for $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., or 1/6 for 1 lb., or 2/10 for 2 lbs., or 5/4 for 4 lbs., post free.

CUNNINGHAM & DE FOURIER CO., Ltd., Glencairn Works, West India Dock Road, London, E.

De Fourier

Cambridge Sausages

$\frac{1}{2}$
per lb.



De Fourier is the last word for making Sausage Rolls, Stuffing, and all the food dainties for which sausage-meat is used.



Cheery Oh!
It's *Fry's* PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA



15 Pairs a day!

—and so pertickler!

What's a little job like *that* when you're using Wood-Milne Shoeshine!

The way Shoeshine lightens labour and brightens boot-leather is a joy indeed. Far the best polish I've ever used—and the easiest!

You only want a very little polish—and you only want a minute to get an *At* shine. And you're doing the leather good all the time—keeping it soft and waterproof!

Wood-Milne

SHOESHINE

Get a tin and try it to-day. The big 1/- tin is a money saver where the boots are many; and the handy 3d. tin gives you as much polish as the 4d. size of many other kinds.

Sold by all good Bootmen and Stores.

P 293

**Handsome Furniture
that never gets shabby
and withstands hard wear.**

Everybody agrees that a leather-upholstered suite is the most handsome of all furniture. Unfortunately it is expensive at the outset and soon gets shabby, especially where there are children.

But you can have just the same charming effect with

Rexine

which looks like leather but wears longer, doesn't crack or peel, and if it becomes soiled it can be made clean by simply washing with soap and water. Rexine is quite grease and stain proof. And it costs about one quarter the price of leather.

Before buying new furniture or having your present suite re-covered, ask to see samples of Rexine.

The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co., Ltd.,
Rexine Works, HYDE, Near MANCHESTER.

XXVII



Pianists, Violinists, 'Cellists

The Cowling System, by a few minutes' daily practice, away from the instrument, ensures that little extra responsiveness and control of the fingers needed to make playing more certain and easy. It gives **Strength and Flexibility** to the hands and fingers. The Course consists of 12 lessons (by post), each illustrated by actual photographs of the hand and its muscles, and accompanied by clear and explicit instructions. No apparatus is required, the fee is small, and the results are permanent.

Send **to-day** for Free Booklet; address
THE SECRETARY, COWLING SYSTEM,
Museum Station Buildings,
HIGH HOLBORN, LOND. N., W.C.

See page
xxvi

4,800 MEN'S KNITTED JACKETS



of Sweaters, Excellent Quality and Finish, in Brown, Black, Grey, Khaki, and Black and White; well made, full men's size, thick, superior knit, very strong, with-leaves, collar, pockets, also preserve. PRICE 3/11. Fronts and buttons to match (see illustration). Excellent for Holidays, Sports or General Out-door wear. Very warm. Postage Special Offer, 3 for 11/6. 5d. extra.

These jackets are sold at all good menswear shops, and by post from—

Address: **F. HODGSON & SONS,**
Q.V., WOODSLEY ROAD, CITY OF LEEDS.

STANWORTH'S "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS

This Umbrella

photographed
before and after repair, is
an example of
what can be
done in our
workshops.

A **com-
plete wreck**
in the first pic-
ture, the second
shows the poor
"patient" wrap-
ped in paper on
its way per par-
cel post to be
"Stanworthed."

It is difficult
to recognise the battered
wreck of the first pic-
ture in the **smart,
neatly-rolled,
dainty-looking
Umbrella** at foot
—repaired and re-
covered with our
famous **"Defiance"
Silk Union**,
and delivered Post
Free, carefully packed
in strong cardboard
box as shown, at an
inclusive charge of

5/-

Send us your Old Umbrella

to-day, together with
P.O. for 5/-, and it will
reach you per return of
post, looking as fresh as
on the day you first pur-
chased it. Try us with
the one you have given
up as hopeless.

A post-card will bring
you our Illustrated Cata-
logue of "Defiance"
Umbrellas and patterns
of materials for recover-
ing umbrellas from 2/6
upwards.

J. STANWORTH & Co.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



The Finest Chemist's Shop in Europe

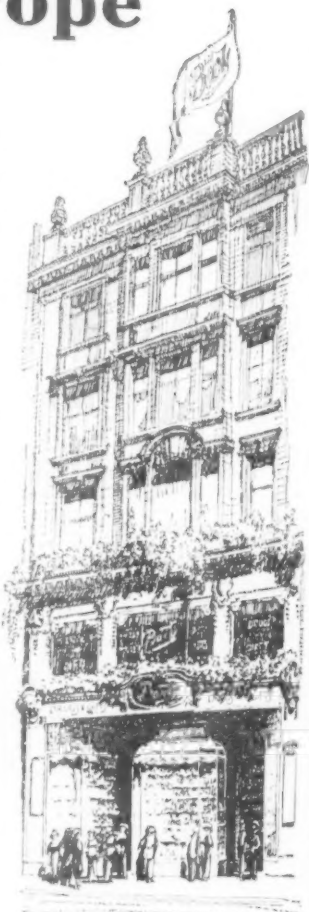
Q Situated right in the heart of fashionable shopland, with tastefully decorated and beautifully fitted salons covering a floor space of 30,000 square feet, Boots *The* Chemists' establishment at 182 REGENT STREET fully deserves the title—"The Finest Chemist's Shop in Europe."

Q Though situated in the West End, City prices rule. The same low prices are in force as at other branches of Boots *The* Chemists.

Q Dispensing is carried out by specially trained qualified chemists. All drugs have to answer *every known* test for purity, and special safeguards are taken to ensure their absolute freshness.

Q The finest selection in London of all that is latest and best in toilet preparations, soaps, creams, powders, etc., will be found at 182 Regent Street. There are perfumes to suit the most exacting taste, dressing cases, mirrors, hair brushes, toilet requisites of every description.

Q Careful thought has been given to the comfort of customers. The various floors are served by electric lifts, dainty teas and luncheons can be obtained in a charming rose-embowered Adams Café, and a trained nurse is always available in the surgical departments.



For West End
Service
go to

The
Boots
Chemists

182
Regent St., W.
And at 15 New Bond Street, W.

Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Ltd.

Numerous other Branches in Town and Country.

Colds Coughs Bronchitis

Rev. Harry Bull, of the Parsonage, Mansfield, Notts., writes:—

Dear Sirs,—I have ample reason to be grateful to Angier's Emulsion. Having a susceptible throat and being subject to bronchitis, and with children of a like tendency, I have had every opportunity during the last ten years of testing its beneficial action, and I would like to extend to others the knowledge of its usefulness in chest and throat affections. As a family medicine for young and old, we have found it invaluable. We are never without it, as our experience proves that much benefit is derived from its use when taken occasionally as a preventive, its action being to enable the body to resist bad weather and chills. It is indeed a family treasure.

(Signed) (Rev.) HARRY BULL.

ANGIER'S EMULSION

**"BOTH HEALING AND
STRENGTHENING."**

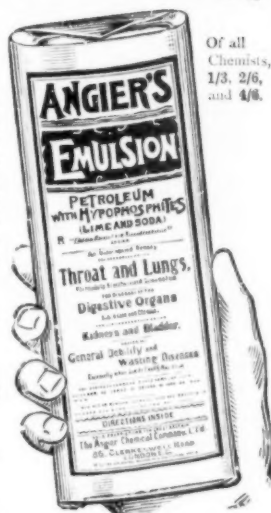
The combined soothing and strengthening properties of Angier's Emulsion make it invaluable in the treatment of colds, troublesome coughs, bronchitis, asthma and all inflammatory and catarrhal affections of throat and chest. It not only heals and strengthens the lungs, but it keeps the digestive organs in a healthy condition and exerts a most invigorating tonic influence upon the general health. Angier's is the most palatable of all emulsions, and agrees perfectly with delicate stomachs.

Free Sample Coupon.

Name

Address

Order. E.W. Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. for postage to the
ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.



Of all
Chemists,
1/3, 2/6,
and 4/6.

Put your feet in real Scotch Brogues



"Athol" Men's Brogue.
Hand-made, leather lined through with finest dry Calfskin. Uppers of it-silble Water-proof, Grain Calfskin.

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Same shoe in Black—better quality, **33/6**



"Two-Buckle" "Grampian" Brogue.—This superb make of Buckle Brogue Shoe for Ladies will stand any amount

of hard usage and wear.
Made of stout flexible leather with uppers of Dark Red Brown or Black Calfskin, soft and restful on the feet, absolutely bone dry, and keeps its perfect shape, always.
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The Boys' Brogue.
For School or any wear. Splendid wear, and

keep their shape to the last stitch.
Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10, **10/6**;
11, 12, 13, 1, **11/6**; 2, 3, 4, 5, **12/6**;
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The Girls' "Grampian" Brogue.—There are very few better wearing shoes, always reliable, keeping their smart appearance to the last.



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11, 12, 13, 1, **11/6**; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, **12/6** (for Maids).

Note the ease and footshape of them; D. Norwell and Son have studied for 100 years the making of these Brogues—every stitch and welt is there for comfort and for good hard—surprisingly hard—wear.

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